THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE LARGER LEISURE

By FORREST CRISSEY

ALL along the line labor is pressing for a shorter workday, for a larger leisure in which the wage worker will have a better chance in which to live his own life. Employers are all anxiously wondering if this pressure is going to be relaxed short of the breaking point, and a few thoughtful and sincere friends of labor—both within and without its ranks—are asking the pertinent question: "Would the shrunken workday for which the toilers are striving prove the perfect blessing to the worker himself that is assumed in the plans and specifications urged by the champions of the larger leisure?"

Also the ultimate consumer—whose most appropriate alias is everybody—is pointedly asking if the abbreviated workday is going to spell a corresponding cut in production and therefore an increased scarcity of the things which civilized man demands for his existence and comfort.

Mr. Lloyd George has generously declared that "Labor must have happiness in its heart"; and the leaders of labor have declared that this is a fine sentiment, but that to make it effective the worker must have a heap more time to devote to the job of being happy than he has had thus far and that the pursuit of happiness is not a chase that can be followed in shop hours.

In the Mining District of Virginia. Above—Mill Workers' Homes

When Theory Fails

PROBABLY no appeal or demand for a shorter workday was ever made without the plea that the cut in hours would be reflected in a corresponding or increased productive capacity in the worker due to increased rest, relaxation and time for self-improvement. This argument has not lacked for substantial support in the results following a cut in hours in scores of plants. Many employers cheerfully admit this, but want to know how far the game of squeezing the workday can be carried before the equator is crossed and the principle begins to show a reverse action on production.

The great multitude of wage workers are being industriously fed the gospel of the greater leisure and there are plentiful signs to show that they are finding it immensely alluring—especially when viewed under the rosy light radiating from a bulging, not to say burning, pay check. The big vital point of this problem, however, is covered by the question: What would be the effect of a general realization of this demand for the larger leisure on production—and consequently on the whole consuming public, which includes all the workers, all the employers and all who are directly and indirectly enmeshed with them in the great fabric of civilized life?

But first consider the workers, because they are so numerous and also because they are so large a part of the consuming body. Before urging or compelling employers to hand them a liberal supply of the larger-leisure brand of happiness it seems to be the sensible course to make a sincere attempt to determine if it will yield them anything like the satisfaction which its promoters promise or if it is only another case of the deceptive Lorelei singing a new song of enticement.

Eight Hours and Overtime

AT THE outset the chances for finding a convincing answer to this question would seem rather slim, for the simple reason that leisure has been a rather scarce commodity, as a rule, in the experience of most wage earners. True, the eight-hour day has been standardized by the United States Government and has been formally accepted by large employers in various industries, but it is far from universal and in most cases where it has been adopted by private employers or corporations its application is that of a basis on which to figure overtime at overtime premium rather than a limit of actual hours of labor. The twelve-hour day is still in vogue in a considerable number of important industries. Probably the most popular work period, all industries considered, is the nine-hour day.

In short, the volume of actual experience in the effect of leisure on the wage worker is decidedly meager, except as to that class of toilers who insist on taking this precious commodity at their own expense, in the form of voluntary lay-offs.

What the larger leisure will do for the idle rich is not a matter for speculation. There are ample data for a finding in this field. The crop of wild oats from this sowing has filled thousands of front-page newspaper columns and furnished hours of exciting reading

Ingersoll Time

20,000 a Day

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Avenue, New York
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

6 Million a Year

Found—A Watch

It's the stylish 12-size. It is good-looking in all respects; the case is of graceful design, the length of the "stem" is just right, the "bow" belongs with it; the figures on the dial have a dignified appearance and that easy-to-read look.

I have tested its timing quality and it sure keeps time.

It's the new Ingersoll Waterbury—the 1920 Model. Fourteen distinct improvements over its predecessor are to be found—in addition to the new dial designed by Mr. Walter D. Teague. It costs you just $5.50 (no advance over the old model) or $6.25 with the Radiolite dial. I recommend it.

The Man Behind the Counter

My Fairy Light

When I am tucked in bed at night,
I love to see my RADIOLITE,
The watch that makes a fairy light
With hands and figures shining bright.
I see its soft and cozy ray
That twinkles, as it seems to say,
"I'm always working night and day,
But you must sleep as well as play.
Then, with the light of early morn,
Its twinkling face is always gone.
I think, as sure as I am born,
Some fairy turns it off and on.

WIND-UPS

Why Didn't He Use a Radiolite?

A major of the intelligence branch of the British War Office tells the following anecdote.

"On the other side of the Channel the civilian has had to endure all sorts of queer privations and hardships. In many parts of France, for example, there were no matches, no coal, no kerosene.

"A man was staggering along a dark street with a grandfather's clock on his back. Another man stopped him and said:

"'Hello, Gaston! Moving?'

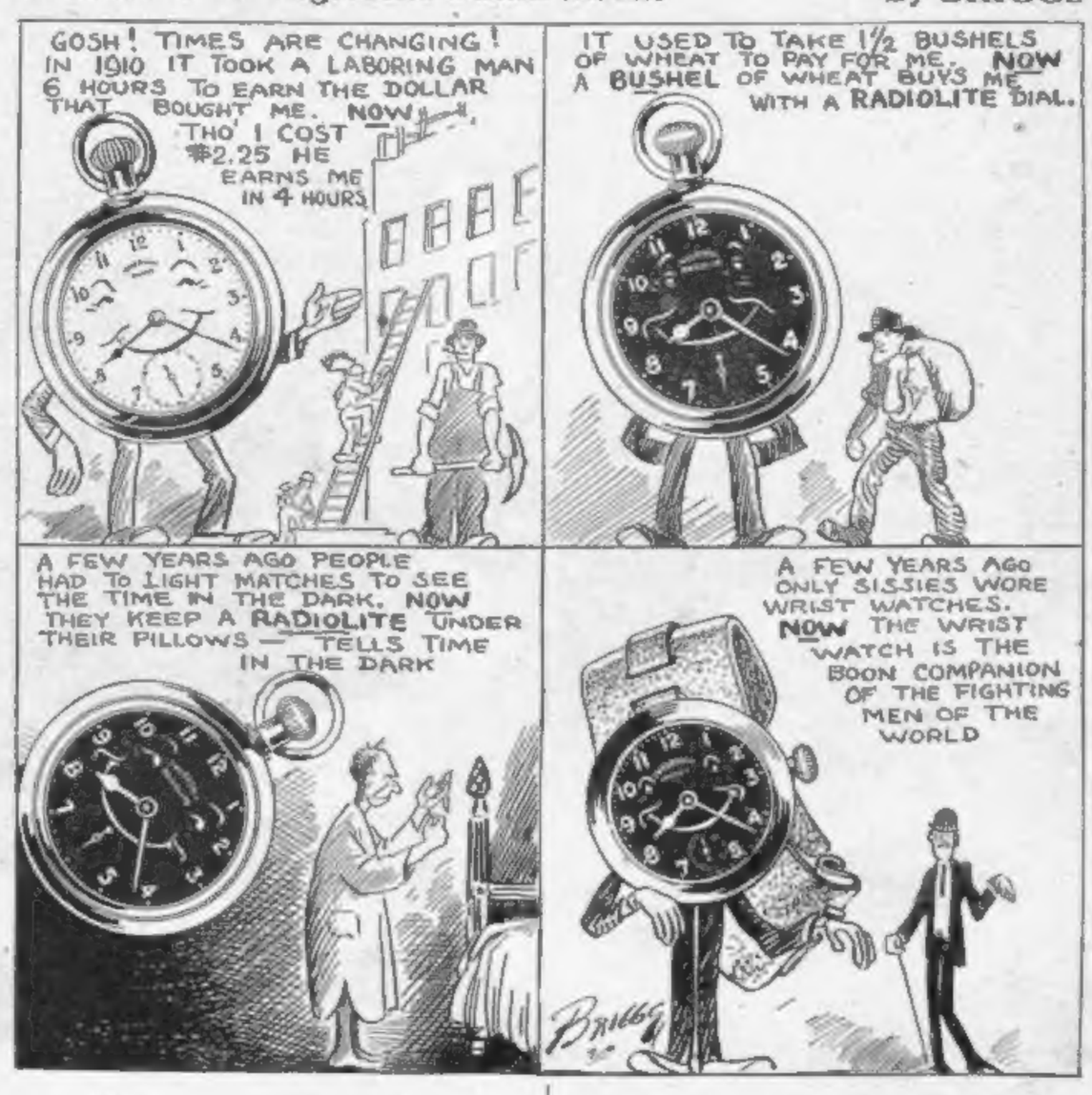
"'Moving? Nothing of the kind,' Gaston answered. 'I'm carrying this clock to the nearest lamp-post so that I can see what the time is.'"

From a Dealer

Mr. M. D. Wise, of Rockford, Ill., an enthusiastic Ingersoll dealer, sent this into "Ingersoll Time":

A bright-faced boy approached the show case and handed over his "Yankee" minus the crystal. With a roguish smile he said, "Say, mister, fit a windshield in my 'lizzie,' will yuh?"

Wonder What Ingersolls Think About By BRIGGS


GOSH! TIMES ARE CHANGING! IN 1910 IT TOOK A LABORING MAN 6 HOURS TO EARN THE DOLLAR THAT BOUGHT ME. NOW THO' I COST $2.25 HE EARNS ME IN 4 HOURS
IT USED TO TAKE 1½ BUSHELS OF WHEAT TO PAY FOR ME. NOW A BUSHEL OF WHEAT BUYS ME WITH A RADIOLITE DIAL.
A FEW YEARS AGO PEOPLE HAD TO LIGHT MATCHES TO SEE THE TIME IN THE DARK. NOW THEY KEEP A RADIOLITE UNDER THEIR PILLOWS — TELLS TIME IN THE DARK
A FEW YEARS AGO ONLY SISSIES WORE WRIST WATCHES. NOW THE WRIST WATCH IS THE BOON COMPANION OF THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE WORLD
BRIGGS

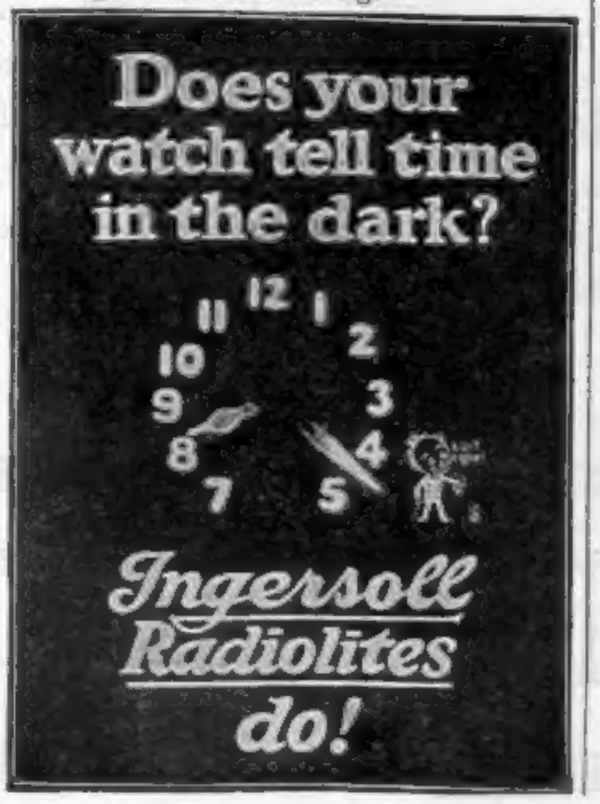
Longer Hours
—for watches

Watches used to work only in the light. Some still do. But Radiolites—Ingersoll Radiolites—work the full twenty-four hours—light or dark—dusk or dawn.

Put one under your pillow. At any time of the night it will tell you the time without your striking a match or turning on the light.

Whose Birthday?

When you think of birthdays, think of Ingersolls. Who wouldn't like an Ingersoll? Any man or woman or boy or girl without a watch! And just as certainly the owner of a high-priced watch who needs a "spare" watch for outing use or for traveling.



Your High-Priced Watch

Treat it fairly. You go to the dentist every six months to have your teeth examined; in the same spirit you ought to take your watch to the jeweler's once a year for cleaning and oiling and a general "going over." It will be money well invested. It will mean longer and better service from your watch.

As a watch to use in the meantime, get yourself an Ingersoll Radiolite. Learn the wonderful utility of the time-in-the-dark feature at first hand. Then when your other watch comes back you'll have a watch that will go under your pillow as regularly as your head goes on top of it.

The Malest Men Now Wear Wrist Watches

Five years ago no "he man" would wear a wrist watch. Even Jack London lost caste with one on. Now—we all wear 'em. The war did it. The Ingersoll Wrist Watch won its spurs by going over the top with the boys. Look for the Ingersoll "strap" on the service man's wrist.

Those Washingtons are Such Sticklers for the Truth!

An argument at Houston between two negroes over the relative merits of an Ingersoll and an Elgin resulted in the death of Willie Jefferson. Officers are searching for Jim Washington, who is charged with having done the stabbing.—Beaumont (Texas) Daily Journal, Dec. 11, 1919.

It Used to Take Thirty Years

"Bill, these high prices is orfull."

"Yeh! Ingersoll watches—$2.25. Almost three full hours' work for a watch. A watch—mind ye!"

Edison Worked on Electric Light by Ingersoll Time

"During the time of my work on the electric light, I always carried an Ingersoll watch in my pocket, as I did not want to risk spoiling more expensive watches on account of the magnetism of dynamo machines, among which I spent a good deal of time."

Those are the exact words of Mr. Edison in a letter to the Ingersoll company. They recall a newspaper article printed a few years ago, in which was said of Mr. Edison and his Ingersoll:

"Time to Thomas A. Edison is only the chance to get things done. In his office safe there is carefully locked away a $2,700.00 Swiss watch, given him by a European scientific society. It is never used. He buys an Ingersoll, breaks the ring off, and thrusts it into his trousers pocket."

Testing the Ingersoll "Pendulum"

The "balance" in an Ingersoll corresponds to the pendulum in a clock. It regulates the time.

Now note carefully the illustration above. It is a "close-up" of the test of the Ingersoll "pendulum" or balance.

The balance in the frame is a master balance. That is, it will vibrate in a minute just the number of times that it ought to. When the photograph was taken this master balance was vibrating.

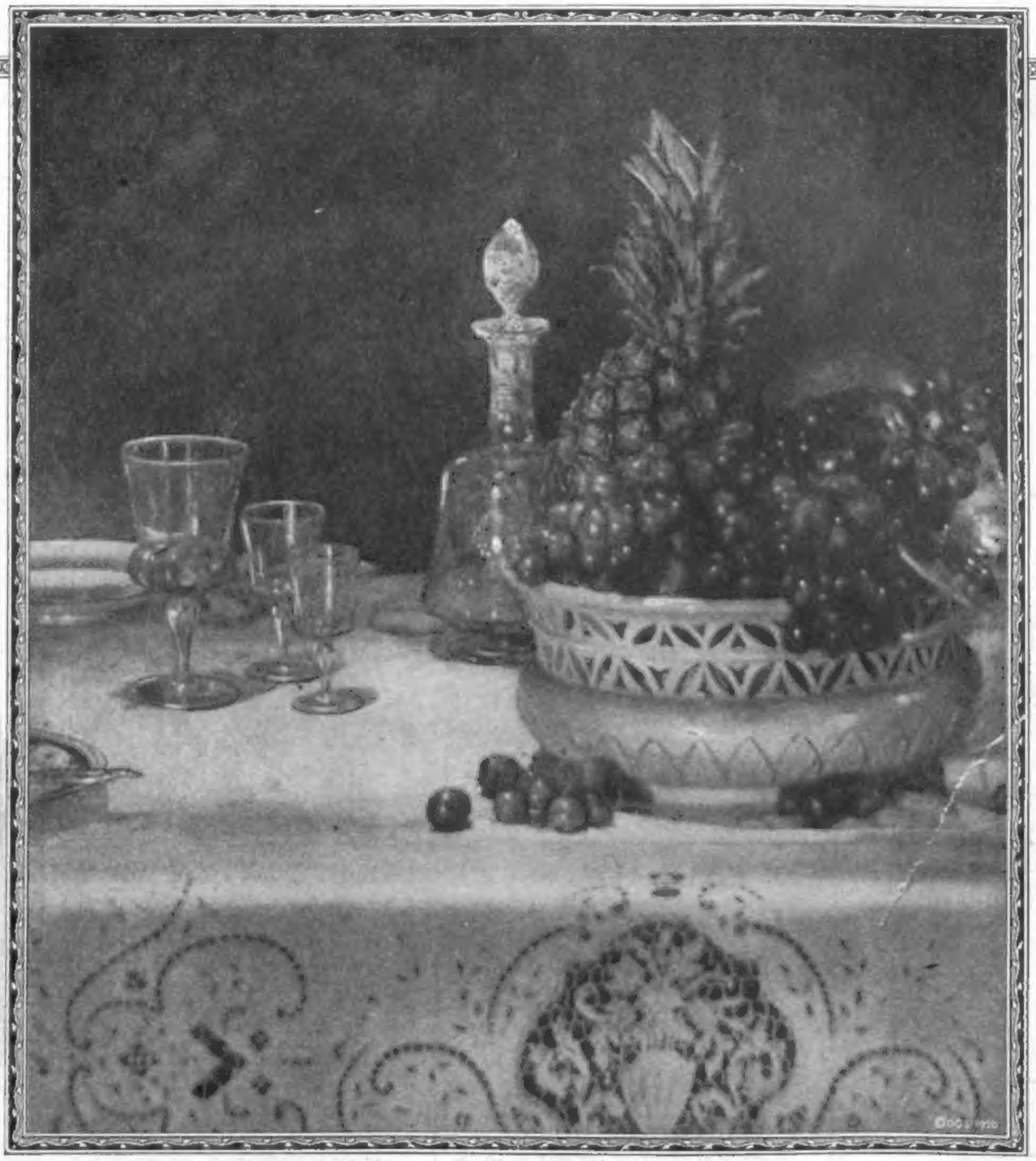
Look at the other balance which is held by the pincers in the inspector's hand. It is in beat. Its beat is being checked against the beat of the "master balance." If it is the same, the balance will be a reliable "pendulum" for the watch of which it is to be a part.

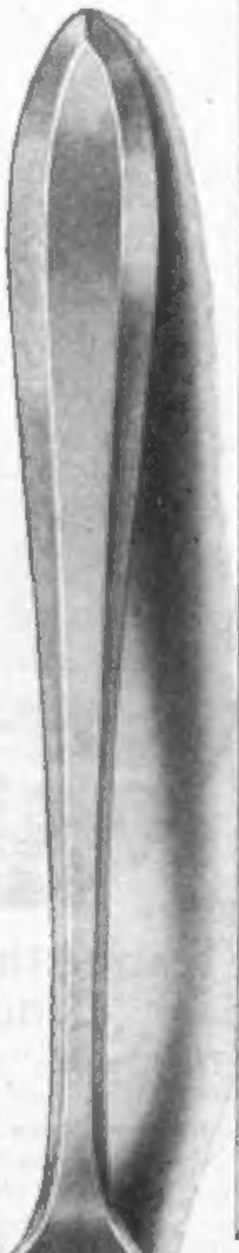
This is only one of the Ingersoll inspections. In the Reliance model, for instance, there are 127.

Then come the tests. All models are tested in at least three positions; the Reliance in six.

Do you wonder that Ingersolls, in spite of their low price, have made a reputation for accuracy?

COMMUNITY PLATE





The Service of Sliced Pineapple, Tomatoes, Croquettes, &c.

$3.50 each, packed in Velvet-lined Gift Cases

THE clever woman of today is as distinctive in her table-service as she is versatile in her cuisine.

No longer will the ordinary tablespoon answer all her ideals of dainty service—but this COMMUNITY SERVER, deftly slipping its flat disk under the slices of *Fruit, Tomato* or *Cucumber;* the *Fritter, Waffle, French Toast* or *Griddle Cake;* the tender fried or poached *Egg;* the savory *Croquette, Fish Cake* or *Timbale.*

CORRECT SERVICE

©OCL 1920

for the shocked and perhaps envious proletariat. The shop man and the factory girl who cannot draw a diagram of the effect of the larger leisure on the wealthy have never read a newspaper, seen a film drama or listened to a spellbinder at a labor meeting.

Of course the leaders in the drive against the prevailing long workday declare that the wage worker will make altogether a better use of his larger leisure than have the idle rich, and that when they get their hands on this coveted prize they are going to show that the old adage "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" was written only for the moneyed class and that it is thrown into reverse, automatically, when applied to the workers. This promise may appeal to those who are inclined to forget the stubborn fact that human nature is very much the same whether embodied in a shameless plutocrat or an unsatisfied wage worker.

Therefore it would appear that perhaps the most sensible basis on which to build a conclusion as to what would be the reaction of the larger leisure on the worker would be a knowledge of what the toiler now does with his free time. The meagerness of the wage earner's adventures in the kingdom of leisure need not wholly discourage all hope of finding an answer to this imminent and interesting question, for floating straws may show the course of a stream's current quite as clearly as a run of logs, and there are in this problem surface indications that afford reasonable basis for a fair conclusion in the matter—indications quite as valid as if they were more statistical and less fragmentary.

The Thrifty Plugger

THESE surface signs, I am well aware, will probably mean little to a certain highly critical section of students of the labor problem—those who take less account of human nature than of statistical tables, graphic charts and complex industrial surveys. But to the wage worker and to the employer who ask: "What will the abbreviated workday do to me?" and to the consumer who raises the question: "How will the docked and trimmed workday affect production and the plenitude or scarcity of the things I need and want?" these adventures into the idle-time sector of the wage worker's life may hold a hint of conclusion as to the desirability of the larger leisure as that doctrine is expounded by the professional leaders of labor to-day.

Of the superintendent of a factory making brass specialties in a typical Mid-Western industrial town of about ten thousand inhabitants I asked: "Taken as a type, which man delivers the better production per hour when on the job—the plugger or the man who takes occasional lay-offs for rest and recreation?"

"The plugger, every time!" was the unhesitating answer. "For example, we have a worker here who never misses a day, always works full time and is eager to put in all the overtime he can be accommodated with. He's a typical plugger. The thing that stands out in his work is that he goes just as strong in the twelfth or the fourteenth hour of his work—when he's on overtime—as he does in his seventh or his first hour. He has one production pace and he holds it steadily without regard to how many hours he's been on the job. His mind is on his work and not on the clock. We have a good number of others of his kind, and they have the same characteristic—a steady productive pace all through the day. And all the men of this class are steady in their attendance. They are not ambitious for leisure. The question of shorter hours or off time doesn't worry them. They are more interested in overtime than they are in off time.

"But this man I have mentioned is a test case, to my mind, in the matter of production, for the reason that he has put in more hours than any other man in the plant. His overtime has increased his earnings in the last year about seventy-five per cent. This means that he has worked long hours compared with his shop mates. I'd rather have his production in his closing hour of work than that of any chronic lay-off man in his third hour. The theory that the man who takes the most leisure is the better producer when on the job falls down flat in actual practice in this plant.

"The difference doesn't stop at production either. The men on our pay roll who are strong on lay-offs are those who are generally in debt to the company. They are the steady touchers, the draw-in-advance brigade. This is not because they earn less money, by reason of their dockage for lay-offs, but because they blow in more of their wages in their off time. Their philosophy of spending their time and their money is no secret; they talk it openly wherever they are and without regard to who may happen to hear them. 'I don't have to work all the time and I'm entitled to a day's fun whenever I choose to take it,' is what they say about spending their time. Their philosophy in relation to their money is even simpler. 'There's plenty more where this came from.' This is a fair statement of the attitude of the workers of the chronic lay-off class, as I know them from intimate daily contact.

"But when it comes to pay day their scheme of spending time and money doesn't jibe with the books exactly. The 'plenty more' they talk about between pay days generally fails to measure up to that standard at the actual moment of drawing pay. The result is that most of this kind live by anticipation. They draw against their future work and pass few pay days without being in debt to the company."

As a check on this statement I visited another plant in precisely the same line of industry, and was talking with the superintendent when the credit man of the concern cut into the conversation with the remark: "I'll bet that next pay day eighty-five per cent of the wage workers on this pay roll will hit you for an advance in addition to what they are drawing—and get it too!"

The superintendent rubbed his chin reflectively and finally replied: "No, I think you've got the percentage a little high—but it'll be not very far below that."

Wages in this plant range between the extremes of eighteen and sixty dollars a week. I gathered that the man who didn't pull down close to forty dollars a week was considered by his fellows as being something in the nature of a lame duck.

PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Typical Workingmen's Homes and a Vegetable Garden in Gary

The Happy Spenders

"WHEN you find," declares a shop superintendent, "one of these devotees of the larger leisure you're in position to put your hand on the shoulder of a member of the Lodge of Happy Spenders. Loafing and spending are twin characteristics. They have always been inseparable and always will be. It's a matter of human nature. Rich men's sons have been working overtime to prove the truth of this statement ever since we had the first bloated fortune—and they've been successful in this effort if in no other. Apparently the only persons who fail to recognize how thorough a job the idle sons of the idle rich have done in this particular are the wage workers who are hot on the trail of the larger leisure. They seem unable to understand why they are always short on pay day—short out of proportion to the amounts that their lay-offs have nipped from their checks." But these are the views of superintendents, of men who look at the problem from the management's point of view. Probably many workers will be inclined to consider this a prejudiced viewpoint. They can scarcely raise that objection to the views of an ardent, not to say radical, union-labor organizer. If any man may be supposed to see this problem with sympathetic eyes as to the worker's interests a labor agitator of this stamp surely should.

Lately I attended a union-labor meeting at which the chief speaker described himself as "The most hated man in the Fox River Valley." This description, I find, will be cheerfully O.K'd by any manufacturer in that prosperous district.

After listening to a fiery speech by this typical labor spellbinder I put the question squarely: "Would a decidedly shortened workday—say one of seven hours, for instance—be a benefit to your men?"

(Continued on Page 132)

New Fashions in Investments

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

WHEN the professor of astronomy who is trying to communicate with Mars at last succeeds in reaching our neighbor planet I have a job ready for the first impartial judicious-minded Martian who makes the journey. Indeed it has long been fashionable to assume that almost any visitor fresh from Mars could settle our most debatable subjects because of his dispassionate point of view. Though recognizing that the first traveler from across the ether must therefore have many other and previous engagements yet I now put in an earnest plea that Professor Todd, with his balloons and telescopes, permit his celestial friend to visit Wall Street on the very first day of his stay among us.

For there is dire need to discover whether the financial center of the country is engaged merely in blowing bubbles or in a constructive and useful extension of the great corporate system of industry. Certainly no one short of a superman could say offhand whether Wall Street is now passing through an abnormal frenzy of promotion or is in reality widening the boundaries of commerce and industry beyond the fondest dreams of enterprise. We know at least that nearly all the old landmarks of conservative, conventional investment have been swept away. In upon the country has poured a flood of new promotions, flotations and financings the like of which the world has never seen.

Replete with war profits and war wages, fairly at the bursting point of inflation the American people have demanded with ever-increasing vehemence an outlet for their money. Has the demand been met? Does the pauper pick up a hundred-dollar bill? Does the promoter sell when and what people desire to buy?

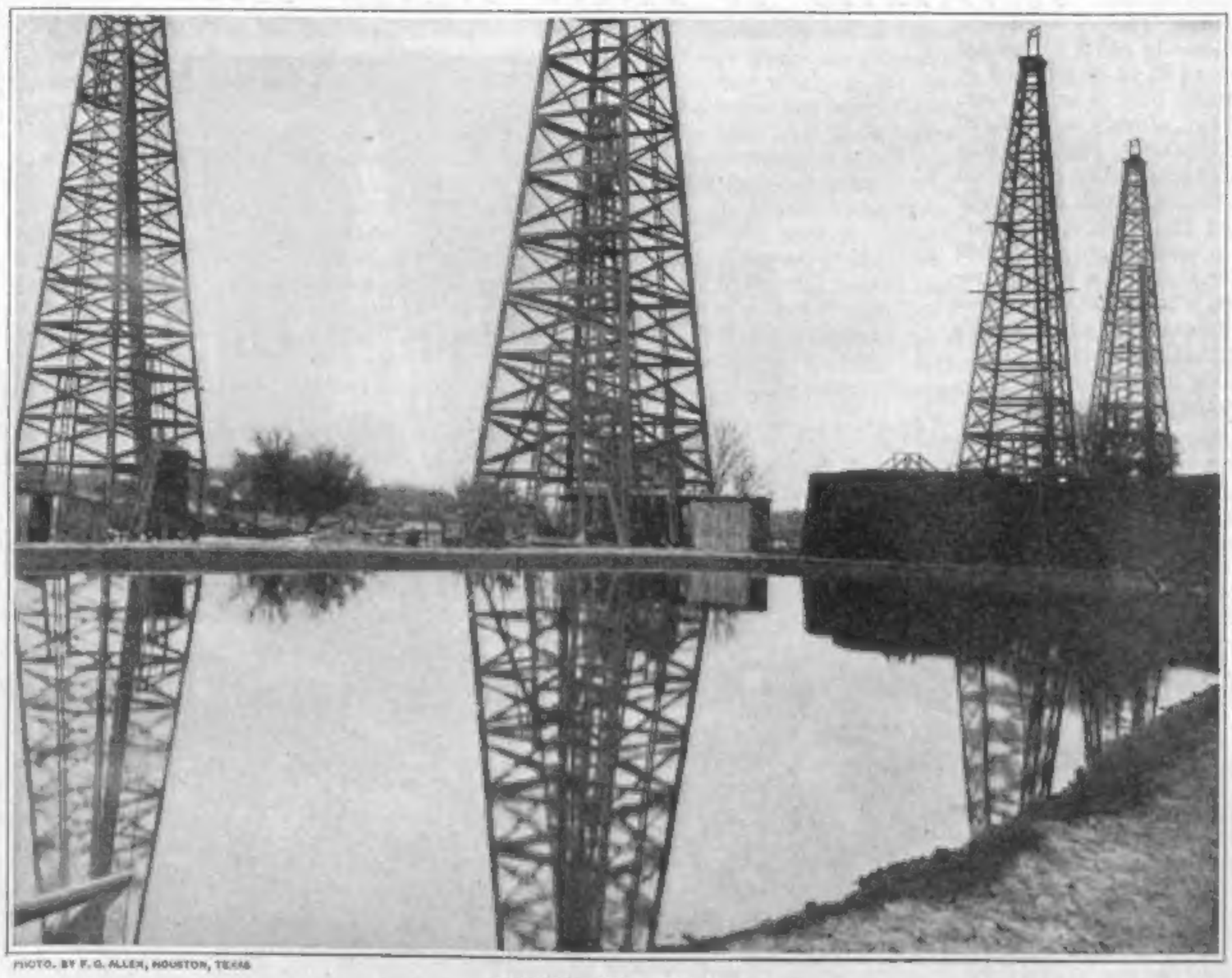


PHOTO. BY F. G. ALLEN, HOUSTON, TEXAS

A Lake of Oil in Texas

New Stocks to Play With

NOT until the tidal wave was fairly upon us could anyone have adequately imagined the job lots of stocks, good and bad, which have been hurled into the breach. For what has been going on is not all pernicious by any means. Topsy-turvy as investment conditions may seem to the old-timer there are deep-seated, fundamental changes which make them inevitable.

New and changing fashions in securities have not come solely out of fickleness and caprice or from the activities of the profiteer and promoter. Industry itself has been undergoing enormous expansion in new and fascinating directions, and the moods and fashions of Wall Street are but the reflection of that mighty drama of economic and social life which sweeps us on into the unknown.

I do not suppose that a school or college boy of twenty-odd freshly back from several years of service abroad and now introduced into a bank or brokerage office would see anything novel or strange in the situation. But an older man, a middle-aged Rip Van Winkle or Robinson Crusoe, would rub his eyes in astonishment and feel himself as alien to the financial world of to-day as the man from Mars.

The middle-aged man, I venture to suggest, still thinks of Wall Street as a place where financial giants struggle for mastery of railroad empires and huge steel and copper trusts. To him it is an arena where Hill and Harriman fought for transcontinental systems, where Morgan and Standard Oil matched wits, where James R. Keene and other secret manipulators directed the efforts of pools, and where the capitalist interests still silently draw into their control the vast basic resources and forms of wealth, such as railroads, minerals, banks, money and the like.

Whatever its evils, Wall Street has seemed to the average observer of the last fifteen to twenty-five years the center of potent forces, soiled at times perhaps, but big, dignified, aloof from small and petty business interests, concerned only with the great stakes of the modern capitalistic system.

Well, it begins to look as if this popular picture of Wall Street needed a revision almost as violent as if it were run by the Bolsheviki. Instead of Hill and Harriman, Morgan and Rockefeller seizing and exploiting the railroad arteries of the nation we find Wall Street in reality engaged in a frenzied attempt to sell to the public the shares of movie theaters, safety-razor concerns, candy stores, lunch counters, underwear factories, manufacturers of silk hose, perfumery concerns, patent soft drinks and grocery-store chains with names like a nursery rime.

I say it with no disrespect whatever for legitimate and no doubt essential industries, but the fact remains that Wall Street has rather suddenly abandoned the sublime if sinister rôle of money trust for the far more ridiculous but perhaps just as useful function of peddling shares while the peddling is extra good in every little mushroom corporation which thinks it can manufacture or merchandise a few socks or neckties. Which statement is not so exaggerated as it seems.

"No matter what one thinks of," says an old-time observer, "there are some new stocks, bonds or notes to represent it. Upon rising these chilly mornings one can very suitably resolve to buy rug and mat securities which ought to come next, and this could be followed with a few hosiery stocks. For the family man there are new securities issued against boys' clothing, and the silk securities might appeal to the ladies."

This is the day of the industrial stock with a little "i" rather than the Railroad bond or stock with a big "R." For the railroad giants lie prostrate and supine, so far as attracting the funds of investors is concerned. In vain do brokers tell their clients that unless the railroads are good, nothing is good. In vain are predictions made that railroad securities will come back. Perhaps they will, but the only point to be made here is that for several years now investment interest in railroad securities has been declining and investment—or speculative—interest in a horde of miscellaneous industrial securities has been on a corresponding increase.

The whole face of the markets, or, to change the metaphor, the center of gravity, has been changed. It is more than a change; it is a revolution. The great speculative market in rails which characterized the entire decade from 1900 to 1910 and for several years thereafter has shrunk away to negligible proportions. Whereas formerly from fifty to sixty per cent of all the dealings on the New York Stock Exchange were in railroad stocks the proportion has now shrunk to round ten per cent.

For many years the conventional, recognized, orthodox media of speculation were the railroad shares, a few shares of the great industrial combinations like Amalgamated Copper, American Smelting and Refining, sometimes American Can and above all United States Steel. Then at times a frenzy of trading broke out in the stocks of a few big local utilities, especially in New York City and Chicago, such as Metropolitan Street Railway and the subsequent Interborough-Metropolitan, Consolidated Gas, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Peoples Gas of Chicago, Chicago Subway, and the like.

No matter how much or how fast fashions change, United States Steel common stock still remains the most popular vehicle of speculation, and to an extent of investment, in this country. Steel is even now the largest single corporation we have, though one or two oil and motor companies may soon push it hard for size. Ever since the United States Steel Corporation was founded its stock has exceeded all others in trading activity on the New York Stock Exchange, and last year its nearest rival, Bethlehem Steel—also its nearest rival in trade—did not come within twenty million shares of being so popular.

Popular Speculative Specialties

TWO railroad stocks, Southern Pacific and Reading, continue to be fashionable among speculators. But one company has valuable holdings of oil and the other owns what is probably the largest anthracite-coal field in America. Beyond this point all is changed. All the old favorites are forgotten and forlorn. Right up in the top of the list for speculative popularity are absolute newcomers—oils like Royal Dutch, Sinclair, Pan-American Petroleum, Ohio Gas, Oklahoma Producing and Refining, and even Transcontinental Oil, which has not been in existence more than a few months; motor and rubber stocks, all but one of them new within a few years; steel stocks, which came into prominence only since the war; a chain store whose newness fairly glitters; a great blind-pool investment trust only a few years old; a shipping combine revivified by the war, and a locomotive company whose stock Wall Street has but recently been able to get its hands upon.

At first glance the pessimist cannot but revel in this strange company. Apparently the basic industries are being neglected and capital is pouring into luxuries at a rate typical of the extravagance of a postwar period.

In the long run it looks like lifting oneself by one's bootstraps. No new capital is going into railroads, but vast sums are being poured into automobiles and oil to propel the motor. Street-car lines and utilities in general are in a rather worse case than the railroads.

Next to automobiles and oil we find an immense number of new tire and rubber and motor accessory stocks. Sheer luxury or amusement industries like tobacco, motion pictures and soft drinks and candy are being either greatly extended or taken up for the first time by the larger financial markets. For it must be understood that when Wall Street supplies capital openly and publicly for an industry like the movies, which it has just begun to do, that industry has arrived in a new sense. Then, too, the promotion, financing and expansion of clothing, shoe, textile, mail order, chain store and merchandising projects in general seem to point to an expansion of merchandising as opposed to production. People's thoughts, one might say,

(Continued on Page 46)

THE LAZY DUCKLING

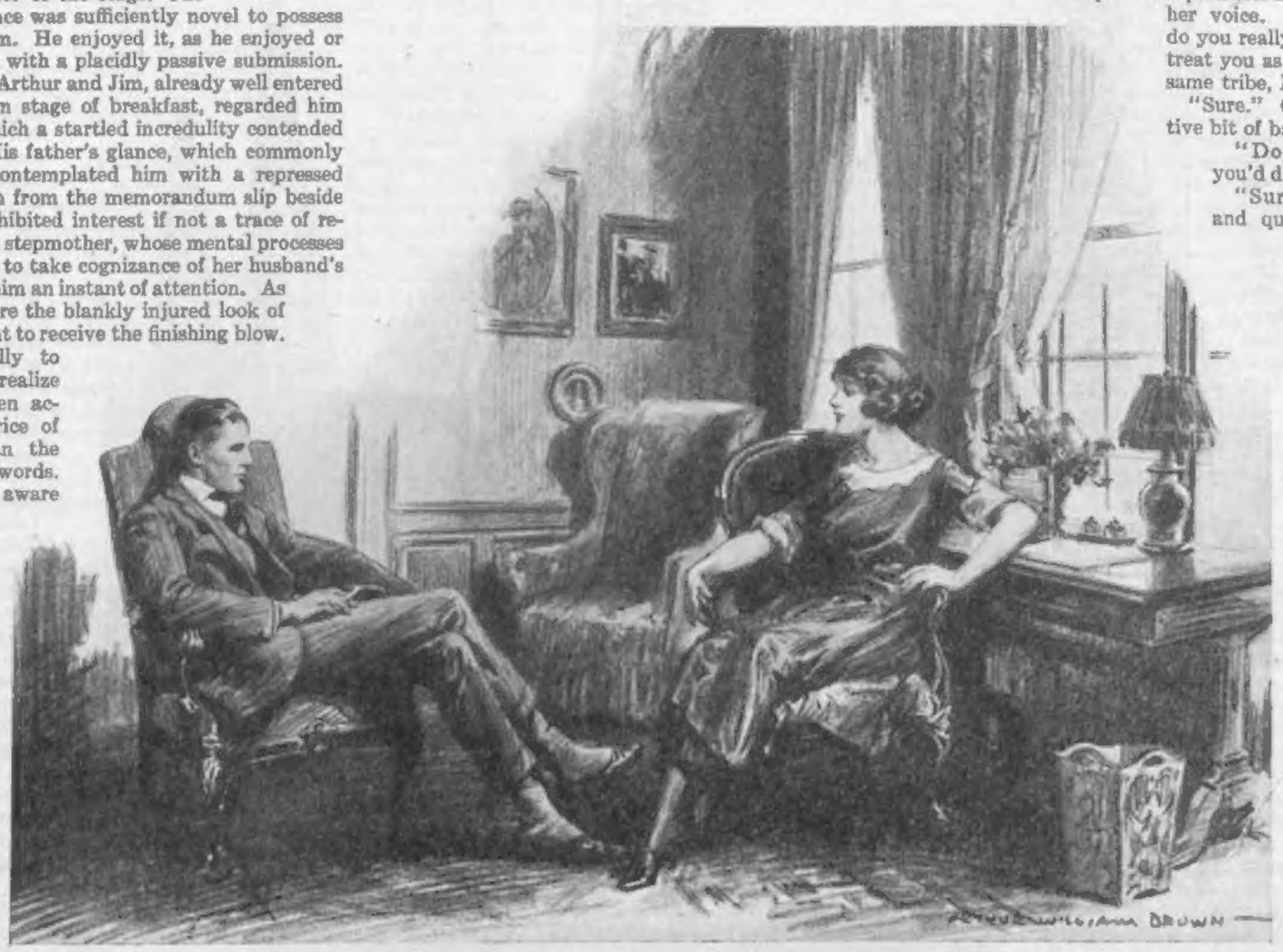
By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FOR the length of time he required to detach and swallow a segment of the halved grape fruit on his plate Gilbert Blaik was remotely and pleasurably aware that he held the center of the stage. The sensation of importance was sufficiently novel to possess a certain gentle charm. He enjoyed it, as he enjoyed or suffered all emotions, with a placidly passive submission.

His older brothers, Arthur and Jim, already well entered on the eggs-and-bacon stage of breakfast, regarded him with alert eyes, in which a startled incredulity contended visibly with envy. His father's glance, which commonly avoided Gilbert or contemplated him with a repressed disapproval, had risen from the memorandum slip beside his coffee cup and exhibited interest if not a trace of respect. Even Gilbert's stepmother, whose mental processes were normally unable to take cognizance of her husband's youngest son, spared him an instant of attention. As for Ethel, her face wore the blankly injured look of stunned pugilists about to receive the finishing blow.

It ministered mildly to Gilbert's content to realize that all this had been accomplished at the price of no greater effort than the utterance of five short words. To make Ethel even aware of his existence was an achievement. Her fixed policy was to ignore him. Arthur and Jim were "my two big brothers." Gilbert, when accident required Ethel to account for him, was, reluctantly, "my mother's stepson," in a tone which besought the listener to press inquiry no further and commanded Gilbert to retreat to his place in the closet with the lesser skeletons afflicting the family.



"All Mistake. Nothing to Me Except Laziness. Bone Laziness. Hate Work"

Ethel found her voice first. Usually it was a carefully played musical instrument, but in moments of excitement it was prone to discordant stresses with which Gilbert was resignedly familiar.

"You know her? You know Agatha Winston—well?" Ethel forgot to be heavily ironic in her first numb amazement at the effrontery of Gilbert's claim, but remembered herself before Gilbert's deliberate habit had formulated a repetition. "I suppose you see her at the Rumleighs' or the Carews'—or the Hunt Club? I sup ——"

Gilbert shook his head. "Bank," he said. "Deposits there. See her every day, about."

He was instantly conscious of the half-resentful collapse of interest which follows the discovery that a seeming miracle has a tamely natural origin. It occurred to him that he might have prolonged his sensation by holding his tongue, but he felt small regret. They'd have bothered him. Easier to tell and be done with it. He returned to his grape fruit, wholly reconciled to his restored insignificance. As a rule he preferred not to attract attention. People noticed him, he had observed, only as a prelude to unpleasant comment or still less agreeable command. The incident was closed, for him. It was Ethel who reopened it. Her sudden explosion into words shattered the silence which Gilbert had begun to enjoy.

"I knew it! I just knew it was something like that! It explains everything. No wonder Agatha Winston treats me like—like a climber! My brother's an—an office boy in her bank! No wonder they don't want to know us."

"Rot!" said Gilbert surprisingly. He had discovered that abstention from speech was infinitely more effective as a turner away of wrath than the softest of soft answers. He had no impulse to dispute Ethel's reference to his own shortcomings, but he felt vaguely that her attitude reflected on Miss Winston. "Friendly's can be."

"Oh, yes!" The menace of tears hung in Ethel's lifted voice. "She'd be apt to be friendly with a common clerk in a one-horse bank, wouldn't she? Friendly!"

"Is." Gilbert discovered an unsuspected capacity for sticking to his point. Argument usually offended his basic principles, but concerning Agatha Winston he found himself possessed of a puzzling positivity of conviction. "Nice jolly girl. Like her lots."

Ethel achieved an expression of elaborate respect. "How nice of you, Gilbert! Not a bit stuck up, are you? And she likes you too, of course."

"Does." Gilbert nodded. "Good friends."

George Blaik intervened. "That'll do, Gilbert."

His glance softened as it moved to Ethel, decorative even in her exasperation. She appealed to him.

"Papa! Can't you make them keep Gilbert out of sight at the bank? It wouldn't be so sickening if he didn't stand there, where everybody sees him, like a clerk in a grocery."

"Bookkeeper," defended Gilbert. "No disgrace."

His father eyed him ominously. "Think not, eh? Think it's all right to stick in the mud for seven years? Ethel's right. I'm ashamed of you, myself. Ashamed to have a son so bone lazy he'd rather be a clerk all his life than try to get on."

"Stop pretty soon. Saved some. Quit when I get enough."

This defense precipitated a ten-minute address of which Gilbert was at once the audience, the text and the horrible example. It swept up to a climax.

"I'm ashamed of myself, by Judas! I've made it too easy for you to be lazy. I've let you live here on the fat of the land, getting just as much as Art and Jim ——"

"Pay board," objected Gilbert.

"Ten a week! It wouldn't cover your breakfasts anywhere else, and you have the impudence to call it paying board! We're going to have a show-down right now. You won't work till you have to. All right, you'll have to, then. I'll give you six months to work yourself into a decent job. After that if you're still stuck at your bookkeeping you can get out and live like a bookkeeper. Maybe a hall room and a cabbage diet'll put some spunk into your system. But I don't believe it. You're too lazy to get up if you sit on a tack. By Judas, you're a disgrace to Satan—they say he finds mischief for idle hands, but he's never found any for yours! A fine thing for a man like me to have a son like you! Six months, mind! After that ——"

He left the sentence suspended. His staccato steps sounded a diminuendo in the hall, whither Jim and Art followed, exchanging sympathetic grins. Gilbert returned tranquilly to his breakfast. Ethel lingered, her enmity a trifle damped by the impending exile, her incredulity tempered by persisting recollections of Gilbert's invariable truthfulness—a veracity, the family tradition alleged, which rooted in his antipathy toward the mental effort required for plausible invention. She lowered her voice. "Honestly, Gilbert—do you really know her? Does she treat you as if you belonged to the same tribe, I mean?"

"Sure." Gilbert pursued a fugitive bit of bacon.

"Do you mean you'd—you'd dare to go and see her?"

"Sure." Gilbert paused and qualified: "Would if it wasn't so much trouble."

Ethel embarked upon a scornful giggle, thought better of it and considered. She leaned across the table.

"I dare you, Gilbert. I just dare you!"

"Dare ahead," said Gilbert, rising regretfully.

But Ethel had succeeded in precipitating an idea which had hung in suspended solution. He contemplated it at leisure as he rode downtown.

II

GILBERT BLAIK could not remember a time when his attention had not been affronted by the detestable and mysterious phenomenon of work. From the beginning of things he was at once displeased and bewildered by the fevered, scurrying labor engaging the family to which, by what is often less accurately described as the accident of birth, he had happened.

A vivid recollection of his mother served as the foundation for his hostility toward industry, abstract and concrete. A tall, gaunt woman, generally turbaned with a towel, she had led a wistful, observant Gilbert an endless chase over wet, glistening floors, redolent of aggressive soap, through minor hurricanes of dust rising from a dampened broom or billowing out of carpets ravished from their anchorage and hung across the clothesline in the yard. He stood back cannily out of the channel to behold the plush-upholstered chairs and lounge wheeled out to be beaten with rods on the front porch and rolled back with a distressing smell of kerosene about them.

He quickly learned that mothers were not meant for playmates, and presently discovered that a boy who hung about within reach of eye or ear invited an involuntary participation in the matter of steaming laundry tubs and clattering masses of china and tinware in the kitchen sink. He gradually forgot an instinctive desire to be near her and hid among the burdocks and rusting cans of the vacant lot, avoiding the society of other youth obsessed with a strange mania for plays involving speed or effort or the bodily discomfort of rude contacts.

He learned to cower down behind the weeds instead of answering a shrill, petulant wail of "Gi-i-il—*bert!*" aware that punishment for failure to remain within call might easily be overlooked during the scurry of mealtimes, and that even when administered it was preferable to prying rusty tacks from carpets or extracting dust from the intricate convolutions of black-walnut furniture. Once he overheard a neighbor woman tell another that his mother was working herself to death. The phrase lodged, and troubled him. It seemed curious that people should enjoy anything at once so uncomfortable and so sinister in its potentialities.

Watching more shrewdly he distinguished between inevitable labors and those which were seemingly affairs of choice. He could understand the necessity of cooking and bed making, but the daily rite of blacking the kitchen stove or the weekly porch parade of chairs or the recurrent

carpet beating impressed him as a wholly voluntary indulgence in a stupid and revolting vice.

He was seven when his mother fulfilled the ominous prophecy. He was puzzled at the change in her, motionless and peaceful in the dimness of the parlor. He had never seen her in repose, and something tightened in his throat as the ashen face appealed to some nebulous longing for beauty. A deeper detestation of the thing to which he charged the loss of her rooted in him. You died of work, just as you might die of scarlet fever or diphtheria.

He conceived a fear of it, which blended easily with his puzzled hatred. He avoided it more carefully than ever, and the relaxed discipline which followed Aunt Minnie into the house afforded him a better opportunity for evasions. Aunt Minnie wasn't a real housekeeper, by Gilbert's exigent standards. She was contented with a monthly cleansing of the plush parlor, and the rear windows often went unwashed for even longer intervals. She didn't object, either, to cooking on a stove that had burned to a rusty red nor to window curtains faintly gray with a film of city soot. But she was sufficiently industrious to forfeit Gilbert's incipient respect, and, he discovered, unpleasantly able to remember derelictions in the matter of appointed tasks.

His horizon broadened to include his father and the two older sons. Their addiction to the mystifying pastime of labor was less uncomfortable and obtrusive, but he came to understand that it was equally intense. He gathered an understanding of George Blaik's activities as a vendor of insurance from supper-table talk, and a reverence for his father dwindled into a bemused and pitiful contempt.

"Called on that prospect forty-eight times before I landed him," seemed more like a confession than a boast, to Gilbert. "Well, Minnie, I saw twenty-six prospects to-day and sold two of 'em." Gilbert regarded George Blaik with a tolerant compassion as he listened to such admissions. The compassion gave way to scorn when he correlated descriptions of the day's labor with complacent references to money in the bank and six per cent mortgages on other men's houses, and realized that no pressure of necessity drove his father into these excesses.

He was even more contemptuous of the unmanly condescension to lessons. George Blaik spent his evenings submerged in paper-bound textbooks and printed question sheets based upon them. He had three sections of glass-fronted casing filled with previously conquered courses, and his single extravagance lay in the purchase of book after book bearing on his business or on business in general. The redeeming feature of this passion was that Blaik was too engrossed to pay much heed to his youngest son. He was absently affectionate toward Gilbert, and occasionally presented him with nickels or even dimes for which no equivalent in labor had been forthcoming.

Arthur and Jim sometimes commented enviously on this bounty. "That kid's got it soft. Any time we got a cent out of papa we worked for it."

This was just enough. They continued to work for their private funds. Arthur owned a flourishing newspaper route and a savings-bank pass book. Jim devoted his leisure from school to selling patented specialties at kitchen doors—a display of hereditary talent which delighted his father. Gilbert felt no envy for their prosperity. They didn't even spend the money for which they exchanged the infinitely preferable possession of leisure. His own windfalls ministered to his desires, but nothing in the glass counters of the candy store or the show window of toy shops even tempted him to attain it at the price of work.

A stepmother, replacing Aunt Minnie when Gilbert was twelve, made no appreciable difference in his attitude, though she brought with her a daughter a few months older than Gilbert and introduced the innovation of a hired girl and washwoman. In her way she worked even harder than his own mother had done. She slaved desperately in the service of the church and of a dozen other organizations, for most of which she seemed predestined to act as secretary. She infused a new atmosphere of work—a sort of mental pressure which Gilbert could feel dimly and which he resented even more than he had hated the damp miserable bustle of house cleanings. The new Mrs. Blaik treated him kindly enough, but he sensed that she was aware of him only half-consciously, and he kept out of her way for fear of errands, an occupation for which she appeared to believe all male humanity had been created.

His stepsister Ethel would have interested him if she had not made it apparent from the beginning that she disapproved of him as much as she admired Arthur and Jim. Ethel at twelve had a shrewd eye for the difference between successes and failures. And she had the bald frankness of childhood in stating her opinions. She forbade Gilbert to claim kinship at school.

"You're not my brother. You're no relation at all. I wouldn't have such a lazy, stupid thing in my family!"

Gilbert accepted this philosophically, though he observed that Ethel was fond of talking about her two big brothers and their prowess. Arthur and Jim liked her outspoken approval and were gentle and thoughtful toward her. It was through her that the word "lazy" fastened itself permanently on Gilbert. Arthur and Jim adopted it readily, and even Mrs. Blaik, sorely tried over undelivered messages, made frequent use of it. Gilbert in secret regarded it as complimentary. If you weren't lazy you liked work. He was glad that he escaped that folly. As between being lazy and crazy he felt that the advantage lay heavily with him. But he did not argue the matter. He was always indolently thrifty, even in words.

Echoes of the family verdict reached his father and led to hurried rebukes and warnings, heard in silence which Blaik construed as agreement. He was too busy to spare much thought for the detail of a son. He had an office now, and employed several men, besides continuing to solicit in person. A sudden outpouring of business literature bade fair to overwhelm his evenings too. The advertising pages of his favorite periodicals were spattered with insidiously seductive descriptions of correspondence courses in business management, in the command of English, in the construction of persuasive letters, in the art of salesmanship. The sectional bookcases multiplied and filled. Arthur and Jim took naturally to this type of literary indulgence, and Gilbert, under compulsion, plodded sorrowfully through a welter of words the essence of which affronted and appalled him with a gospel of work for work's sake.

He passed a hasty oral examination without disaster and kept his opinions to himself. His father dismissed him on several occasions with a declaration of his belief that no son of his could possibly contain a single lazy bone. Gilbert himself wondered mildly whence his rational view of life could have emanated.

A forcible-feeding system of instruction accounted for his passage through the high school. Enough of the tiresome matters discussed in classrooms soaked into his memory to save him at examination time. He graduated at seventeen, already a man in inches, overtopping his father and brothers, who were alike in their compact aggressive pattern. Gilbert was lank and loose-jointed. He walked with a deliberate shambling stride utterly unlike Blaik's brisk decisive gait. He stooped a little, and his pockets sagged from the constant weight of his hands.

Graduation precipitated the climax he had dully foreseen. His father interviewed him in the upper room which had been refitted as a family study, against a background of golden-oak desk and bookshelf, framed mottoes appreciably after Franklin, and photographs of insurance divinities, living and deceased.

Gilbert surveyed his father with a mild impersonal interest, as a misguided but well-intentioned inferior. It was impossible to look at George Blaik without thinking of work. He radiated energy and industry. His keen acquisitive face with the abrupt white mustache suggested the portraits of successful men which Gilbert had seen as frontispieces in his father's pet periodical—a fat advertisement-ridden magazine shamelessly labeled Business.

"Well, Gilbert, you'll be wanting a job, I suppose?"

Gilbert shook his head. His father hesitated.

"You don't care for insurance?"

Gilbert repeated his negative wag. He liked conversations that called for no complicated answers on his part.

"Well, I doubt whether you'd make good at it anyway. It's the greatest business in the world for the right man, but it takes more hustle and hump than most. And with Arthur and Jim there already I don't need anybody at the office just now. What's your idea?"

Gilbert lifted his shoulders three-quarters of an inch.

"Oh, come! You must have some preference. What do you think you would like to do?"

"Nothing."

Gilbert stated the fact calmly. He never lied. Lying involved an initial effort plus a subsequent and complicated job of remembering. It was easier to tell the truth. For a moment or two his father seemed not to have heard. His blunt restless fingers drummed lightly on his desk. He studied the photograph of Lucius G. Hitchcock, as if merely to contemplate the dynamic image of the author of Business First might lend him wisdom for what confronted him. He spoke quietly when he broke the silence at last.

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"I Wouldn't Have Believed It if You Hadn't Told Me Yourself! So—So All-Fired Lazy That You'd Actually Turn Down a Promotion Rather Than Let Even Your Feet Work!"

IMMIGRATION CONTROL

By A. Warner Parker

FORMER LAW OFFICER OF THE BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION

REGULATION of immigration has been attempted in this country to a greater or less extent for more than a quarter of a century. Is it not about time we commenced to attempt the actual control of immigration? Perhaps during most of that period no one subject has occupied public attention more completely than has the matter of properly restricting or effectively supervising immigration. Nevertheless the problem of the foreigners in our midst and still coming remains unsolved. Many improvements have been made from time to time in the system by which we have sought to regulate. Yet it must be conceded by thoughtful observers that the regulation, even with such improvements in system, has been wholly disproportionate to the fundamental importance and increasing gravity of the problem—that the numerous excellent additions made to the law periodically have failed to produce results altogether satisfactory. And there still goes up from almost all quarters a persistent demand for better protection from the evils that rise from a large immigration of foreigners; or from an influx of such quality or of such quantity and quality combined as to be a real menace.

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Italian Immigrants Arriving in Boston

This demand a short while ago seemed about to assume the proportions and persistency of that of the old Know-Nothing days; and a number of bills were introduced in Congress having in view what at least purported to be absolute exclusion for varying fixed periods. Though that extreme demand seems now to have abated there is still—unless the press is no longer even an approximate guide to public opinion—a widespread and earnest desire that some steps shall be taken having in view a real constructive remedy—that something shall be done to control, not simply to regulate, immigration.

Existing Laws Nonconstructive

IMMIGRATION is not of itself necessarily an evil. The history of the United States has demonstrated that. There is beneficial immigration and detrimental immigration, just as there are good immigrants and bad immigrants. So long as men are moved by good impulses and laudable ambitions, operating from within their own hearts, to improve their political or economic condition by removing into a new country; so long as their immigration is not falsely or artificially stimulated from without; so long as they are persons who are sound morally, mentally and physically; so long as there are in the country to which they migrate real opportunities for them to find happiness and prosperity without crowding to the wall others already there and entitled first to the opportunities there existing; and so long as there is not an irreconcilable disparity between the political ideas and ideals of the immigrants and of the people into whose midst they come—just so long will immigration continue to be a blessing to both the entrants and the country entered. But in order that it may be a good not mixed with evil these conditions as to its motives, quality and quantity must obtain; otherwise either actual conflict or else a distinct lowering of the standards of the people thus peaceably invaded must result.

Immigration of the right kind is still needed in this country; that cannot be controverted. We must have labor, skilled and unskilled, for our growing industries; we must have farmers and farm laborers for our vacant lands and our expanding agricultural enterprises; our railroads must be kept in repair. And the supply in this country in times of normal progress and prosperity is not equal to the demand. This condition, especially so far as skilled labor is concerned, is likely to increase rather than decrease; for the war has caused the starting in this country of many new industrial enterprises. Dye manufacturing alone—in which some of our most enterprising manufacturers seem determined we shall hereafter lead even Germany—will, as the plants are completed and expanded, call for the use of many men skilled along lines in which our laborers have not been trained, at least not in great numbers. It is fortunate therefore that the Act of 1917 contained several improvements in the exceptions to the contract-labor provisions, under which upon a proper showing made in advance skilled labor may be imported if labor of like kind unemployed cannot be found in this country. And it is quite possible that if further restrictions should be placed upon immigration it would be found necessary to extend this same principle to unskilled laborers, thoroughly safeguarding their entry to and if necessary their departure from the country—making their admission temporary or probational only.

In view, however, of the situation mentioned concerning the normal supply of labor in this country it hardly seems likely that on sober reflection the people of the United States will demand the absolute exclusion of foreigners, at least not for years to come. But it can scarcely be doubted that many if not the majority of our people are becoming quite impatient because immigration is being inadequately regulated, not completely controlled.

In a nutshell what are the facts regarding immigration which confront the United States to-day? During the decade immediately preceding the World War immigration averaged almost a million people a year. It may be some time before that annual rate is again approached, but most students of conditions in Europe seem to be agreed that the stream may be expected to commence flowing in this direction with constantly increasing volume in the spring of 1920. Even if it does not assume large proportions for yet another year, still we are on the eve of a return to conditions approximating those existing before the war, so far as quantity is concerned; and who can doubt that in the matter of quality the situation will now be even worse than it was before? Under the laws regulating immigration which were in force before the war the utmost the immigration officials could accomplish was to exclude less than three per cent of the applicants, and though some were expelled after entry the number so deported was almost negligible. It is true of course that the literacy test, added to the law just before the United States entered the war in 1917, has not yet been fully tried as a means of reducing immigration, but it was long ago conceded to be of little value as a measure for testing the quality of immigration. The experiences of the war and those gained with the radical elements since the signing of the armistice surely do not by any means point to the conclusion that on the average the most dangerous aliens are the illiterate.

Confidently starting with the premises that immigration is hereafter going to be controlled, not simply regulated—but on the other hand not actually stopped—and that so far the proper remedies for the evils of immigration and the best methods of deriving the greatest possible benefit from immigration have not been devised; that the laws heretofore enacted have proved and will continue to prove insufficient measures with which to solve the real difficulties—the writer wishes to lay before the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some views with regard to the kind of legislation needed, and the reasons for his beliefs in that regard gained as the result of seventeen years' experience, but recently terminated, in the immigration service.

The deficiencies of laws heretofore passed are fundamental. The present law—the Act of February 5, 1917, as amended by the Act concerning the anarchistic classes of October 16, 1918—is negative and nonconstructive practically throughout. It is good enough so far as it goes, but for a real solution of the immigration problem it approaches the subject from wrong standpoints. This law from a slight beginning has gradually been evolved into a very comprehensive set of regulations, categorically enumerating certain classes to be excluded or expelled, taking no particular thought for those admitted at the ports or permitted to remain, and providing no method or means for keeping any watch over them or for determining in any way whether they prove fit or are given real opportunities to prove themselves fit to remain among us, but leaving that matter practically to chance.

The Johnson Registration Bill

IT IS indeed doubtful whether, proceeding along the accustomed lines, this body of law could be made to evolve much nearer than it already has toward affording a remedy for the immigration problem. A new start must be made, new methods must be devised—if the nation is to meet the difficulty in an enlightened and constructive manner. Something more than the negative, something more than the thou-shalt-not methods must be used; something affirmative must be done.

During the early part of the year 1919 it was the writer's privilege to assist the Commissioner General of Immigration in preparing a bill dealing with this subject, which bill was later presented to the chairman of the Committee on Immigration of the House of Representatives, and was then, with certain changes and additions, introduced by him, becoming known as the Johnson Registration Bill (H. R. 663). That proposed measure is the result of many years' experience with laws of the same general nature as the existing statutes, and contains all of the constructive propositions described in this article.

One fundamental defect in the laws heretofore passed has risen from the fact that it seems to have been regarded as a necessary guiding principle that all aliens are prima

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The Coming Struggle for Russia

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

EUROPE'S statesmen are preparing for settlement of a problem almost as vast as the world war settlement—the problem of who is to rule, restore, exploit and commercially dominate Russia. Half of Europe and half of Asia are directly involved; all of Europe and Asia, and perhaps all of the other continents, are involved indirectly. Financially, industrially, commercially, Russia's restoration is the biggest problem that has ever faced mankind; and politically it is a bigger problem still. It is bigger because, as most Europeans know, the empire or the alliance that wins Russia may easily win all the rest that there is worth having.

Russia is the only material force in the world that could conceivably help Germany to regain her lost world position; Russia on the side of the Allies would equally certainly seal forever the results of the victory of the Marne and of the Treaty of Versailles; and Russia tied exclusively to any one of the Allies would give that ally such preponderance of military power and wealth that all other countries, America perhaps excepted, would fall automatically into the rank of second-rate states. And to America, with complicated obligations and commitments in Europe and with a struggle probably brewing in Eastern Asia of which the Russian Empire is—among other things—a part, the outcome of the impending struggle for mastery is perhaps most vital of all.

Europe cannot—and America also cannot—escape shouldering this task. Even if they wished to escape it, Russia herself would not let them. Whether one studies the problem on the spot in convulsed, starving Petrograd, in London and Paris, or in the small neutral countries where refugees from Bolshevism teem, one meets everywhere the same Russian demand that someone shall intervene. That is the demand of the refugees. It is also the increasing demand of even the antiforeign Bolsheviks; and that explains why peace and a raising of the blockade are the basis everywhere in Europe of soviet negotiation and intrigue. In Copenhagen the Bolshevik Litvinoff is trying to tempt the Allies with a peace offer from Lenine; in Dorpat sits the all-powerful soviet Commissary of Communications, Krasine, who under the mask of peace negotiations with Esthonia and Livonia is negotiating for German help; and in Stockholm for nearly four months past have been secret soviet agents who offer all sorts of promising concessions to England if only she as the strongest of the European Allies takes the leadership.

For more than two years Russians of all parties, in the manner of the citizens of Novgorod a thousand years ago when they invited the Varangians to rule them, have been pleading for help: the Bolshevik, Maxim Gorky, has founded an Americanizing association under the belief that only American methods will avail; the strongly anti-Bolshevik ex-Minister of Trade, Paltchinsky, has published a plan for leasing to Americans 79,000,000 acres of timber-bearing and mineral-rich land if Americans will only give capital and lend technical aid. The meaning of this is that Russia does not believe that she will ever be able to help herself; that theeconomist, Count Alexander Saltykoff, now in Stockholm, is right when he declares that Russia has not the moral or mental resources for self-restoration; that she has never in the past been saved from peril and ruin except by foreigners; and that her fate and happiness in the present crisis will be to fall as quickly as possible into competent foreign hands.

Russia is ruined—politically, materially, morally. That is the fact that is in all European statesmen's brains. With the political and moral ruin Europe's statesmen are not worrying much; they have their own easy reconstruction formula and, in fact, take the problem no more seriously than did the late Count Sergius Witte when he declared that fifty intelligent men seated round a council table for a month could save Russia. Europe confidently believes in the easy expedient of a democratic constituent assembly which would replace Bolshevik minority despotism and allow the Russian people to have their own say. Were that really the problem, any European Power would gladly undertake the work and feel well repaid by the political influence thereby gained with the new Russia. But Europe hesitates because it knows that such political reconstruction will not last a month unless it is accompanied by grandiose schemes of financial, industrial and commercial regeneration—schemes which are far beyond the present abilities of the richest European state. The fact that no European nation has the resources to accomplish this task speedily is the fundamental reason why all European Powers—except Germany, whose own desperate position justifies desperate remedies—have left the material side of Russia's reconstruction severely alone.

A Vast Area of Desolation

THE vastness of the task lies in the fact that Russia is ruined. Three and a half years of war, followed by two years of Bolshevism, have practically wiped out her whole wealth; the accumulations of centuries have been lost; and even the momentum toward increase of wealth and toward improvement of the standard of living has been reversed. Russia before the war was a country that progressed rapidly in industry and trade. Between the Peace of Portsmouth and the delivery of Kaiser Wilhelm's ultimatum in July, 1914, economic development progressed by leaps and bounds.

"Every muzhik is doubling his hoards," boasted the oppressive but competent Prime Minister Stolypin in 1908.

Between 1908 and 1914 Russia's bank deposits rose from $918,000,000 to $1,938,000,000; and her savings-banks deposits from $399,840,000 to $812,940,000. The capital in her banking, industrial and trading corporations doubled every five years and in 1913 had reached a total of $2,022,150,000. The number of registered trading and industrial firms and partnerships grew from 862,000 in 1901 to 1,850,000 in 1911. Russia's railroad mileage increased to 39,706 English miles, which being only 3.2 miles per 10,000 of population is a trifle compared with the twenty-nine per 10,000 of the United States, but was a great achievement for a poor country which, as a whole, is far more thinly populated than America.

Before the war Russia's agricultural production was rising steadily. Between 1901 and 1911 the total production rose from 54,170,000 tons to 74,200,000 tons. The coal output grew so rapidly that Russia bid fair to be one of the world's greatest coal-producing countries. From 16,750,000 tons in 1901 the output rose to 40,000,000 tons in 1913. Between 1910 and 1913 the production of pig iron rose from 2,850,000 tons to 5,000,000 tons. In 1901 Russia smelted 9600 tons of copper; in 1913 she smelted 40,000 tons. When war broke out, in all these domains, particularly in railroad construction, vast plans were under way. Had there been no war most of the above figures would certainly have doubled or trebled and Russia would have risen from her position as a second-rate factor in finance and commerce and have taken her place with—and not very far behind—the United States, England and Germany.

War, revolution and the wasteful and unproductive Bolshevik despotism have wiped out nearly all of this wealth. Therefore about the condition of Russia to-day and about the magnitude of the task of the Power or Powers taking Russia in hand there is no doubt. The Bolsheviks, with the brutal frankness which is their only merit, every week reveal the truth. Bolshevik reports published in the official journal, Economical Life, and in the budget statements of Finance Commissary Krestinsky, show that in food production, in communications, in raw material output and in manufacturing industry Russia is so completely exhausted that one may say that she has nothing left except a dwindling stock of uncut forests, vast fields of minerals which have only a potential value and the dilapidated shells of several score million dwellings. Were these dwellings and the rusted, half-abandoned railroads swept away to-morrow there would be nothing to differentiate Russia from the wastes roamed over by Scythian nomads two thousand years ago.

At the present moment, reveling in quasi-secrecy in Stockholm, is an agent of the soviet magnate, Volkoff, alias Hartung, whose chief work at Moscow is the organization of German industrial aid. This agent, who is negotiating with a German group from Hamburg, has brought with him Volkoff-Hartung's report on Russia's industrial and commercial state and with it a copy of the report of the soviet reconstruction commission of last fall on the foreign capital needed to put Russia tolerably firmly on her legs. Russian agriculture, reports Volkoff-Hartung, is totally ruined. In the first two years of the war production declined only three per cent, but in the winter of 1918–19 sowing had fallen off all over soviet Russia by an average of thirty per cent, in some places by forty-five per cent, and in a few districts by more than fifty per cent. On June 6, 1919, the soviet Commissariat of Agriculture reported that

(Continued on Page 181)

The Chezvochayna or the Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of Counter-Revolution in Kieff. This Commission, Which Was the Real Government of Kieff for Seven Months, Executed Over 2000 Persons. The Banner Reads, "Death to Our Enemies"

THE BLOODHOUND

"So You Thought You'd Beat it Out of Here, Did You, Dad?" Finlay Was Saying. "After What Happened I'd of Beat it Too. Some Things is Hard to Explain."

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

I HAD heard whispers of Kesten in Chicago through Bob Seymour, of Salinas Trestle fame, but my first sight of him was had in California, following the Bald Ash murder. On the last Friday morning in May the money to meet the pay roll of the Bald Ash Mining Company—$351,268.38, to be exact—had been placed as usual in a laundered canvas bank pouch and sealed, and as usual this pouch had been borne to the post office in the presence of Cashier Ames, registered, stuffed bodily down the throat of a mail sack by a clerk, this sack in turn sealed, and the whole dragged off under guard to the train, to be delivered to the assistant postmaster at Bald Ash. Along came a thief with a pistol and a knife, shot down the assistant, ripped the bank pouch out of the mail sack, and like Tom the Piper's Son away he ran—to a confederate in a waiting high-powered car.

The money had been guarded by men with eyes, yet its keeper had been murdered and the money stolen. The murderer was known to everybody with eyes, yet no one with eyes could find him; neither him nor any of his cronies. Then one day Lippett sent for little Kesten to take the place of some of these men with eyes, and in due season he arrived.

Kesten was not exactly blind; he was able to see through his thick glasses very well; well enough certainly to tell his thumbs from his big toes, and to keep his bones from being mashed into tire patterns when crossing Hill Street—which is creditable, good average vision. Yet of course in a detective sense he was as blind as a tutor in languages.

But Lippett only smiled when he saw the lighthouse lenses and shell frames. Seymour had told him that Kesten could hear the scratching of a pen from Boulder Creek to Kalamazoo, and that he could track a man by scent like a bloodhound. He had neglected to tell him that the young man was as shy as a schoolboy in a new alley.

Kesten arrived in the outer office between ten and eleven o'clock, the day being the first Saturday in June, with three of Lippett's old eagles present. Turner took his embarrassed name and heard his diffident inquiries. A few minutes later the newcomer was bashfully seating himself in Lippett's private den, wrapped to the throat in self-consciousness; after which for a half hour or so Lippett stitched him up with questions until he became as helpless as a wadded Chinaman.

"I'm going to take you calling," Lippett suddenly announced. "The Bald Ash offices close at twelve on Saturdays. The Bald Ash is the company that lost this money."

"Surely," replied Kesten, searching in his empty bins for words. "Surely."

"But before I do I have something else for you."

"Surely."

Kesten had noticed a pair of gray gloves lying on a clean sheet of white bond paper at the corner of the desk. These Lippett now pushed across toward him, but touching only the sheet of paper with his fingers.

"I hear you have a keen sense of smell," he said. "I wish you would take the scent of these gloves."

The gloves were a pair belonging to Cashier Ames, of the Bald Ash, who had dropped them in the outer office the afternoon before. Lippett had in mind a test of Kesten's acuteness of nostril. He wished to see whether the young man would or would not be able to recognize the cashier by this keen sense of smell. He was beginning to have his doubts.

"Surely," replied Kesten.

Whereupon he seized the sheet at either end and raised the gloves to his nose.

Kesten at this time looked more like a student than a trained sleuth. His skull was neither flat on top like a shed nor round like a balloon, his lower right cheek had not been expanded by tobacco into a pouch, his coat did not sag in front over a bulging blue waistcoat, he did not affect flat-arched feet or bull-nosed shoes; above all he was not of a suitable height or weight for the profession, being barely five feet four in stature and as lean as the years of famine. Old Martin O'Galloway, in the outer room, called him a profanely condemned myopic upstarting preacher; not because he looked like a preacher or talked like one but because he did not look like anything else. Certainly he did not resemble O'Galloway closely.

But Lippett's doubts were directed at his impossible keenness of smell and his distressing irresponsiveness and timidity.

I once saw a loutish butcher's boy begin sparkling like Vichy merely from being asked by a congressman to distinguish between two turkeys. Kesten was not loutish—he was only sensitive and shy. The action of weighing the gloves sensuously, of distinguishing between their complex scents, was different in kind from the coarser judging of turkeys by the yokel. Yet it had a similar effect upon him. He raised the gloves to his nostrils, and in that moment forgot his embarrassment in the zest of the expert. He was doing that which not even Lippett himself could do.

"Notice anything peculiar about the gloves?"

"The man I spoke to in the outside room—his scent is on them."

"They're Turner's gloves, you think?"

"Not his gloves, no. If they are somebody else has been wearing them. I think he only handled them; his scent is on the outside. Maybe they were dropped and he picked them up. They smell slightly of the floor."

Lippett had planned a somewhat delicate test for his young man with glasses, but this demonstration of intelligence made that test seem wooden and hollow. For Kesten, merely from whiffing at a pair of strange gloves, had seen into their history. Turner had handled the gloves; he had, in fact, picked them up from the floor. Further than that, this was on the preceding afternoon, so that by now his touch upon them was stale and cold. Yet Kesten had distinguished this stale scent from others and had identified it.

He might have reflected that such sensitiveness to odors is not uncommon among primitive peoples, as Humboldt and Parkman testify; that the case is known of a Louisiana negro who could follow a spoor like a dog; that the same sensitiveness is found, though rarely, in highly developed white men, whether through atavism or by chance, as witness Thoreau, whose sense of smell was so acute, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, that he could tell when he was passing human habitations he could not see.

"What you say is true," he admitted. "Turner found them on the floor and brought them in." And then in a warmer, friendlier tone, from which he did not attempt to exclude the admiration: "How do you do it? Seymour told me, but I didn't believe him. If you can do miracles like that one you can do anything. I believe," he continued with increasing enthusiasm, "you could follow a track with the hounds. Anybody who can pick out a scent as stale as Turner's is a bloodhound. I doubt if a bloodhound could do it. The more I think of it the harder it looks. You could, couldn't you, if the spoor was fresh?"

Kesten by now had entirely lost his self-consciousness, and in the stimulating interest of the older man became almost voluble.

"I have done it," he said. "You don't have to possess such a very keen sense of smell as you might think, for when you get close to the ground the scent is stronger. Scents are always heavy—as heavy as air or heavier. They stick to the ground. You've noticed that yourself in an orchard."

Lippett disclaimed this, saying that he was a city man and not familiar with orchards. "But I've noticed it in cities—the smell of gas is always stronger on the ground."

"The fragrance of flowers is just the same. Any odor. If you climb a windmill in an orchard on a calm morning you can hardly smell the blossoms below at all. Besides, a scent always holds together until something scatters it. That's why animals can smell their enemies at such great distances when the wind isn't too strong. Smells aren't like sounds. A sound spreads in every direction and becomes weaker very rapidly. A scent doesn't spread at all of itself, and being heavy it lies near the ground, where the air isn't disturbed much. In the hollows close to the ground it may not be disturbed at all."

"You mean the smaller hollows."

"The very small ones. Besides, there's another reason you wouldn't likely think of, why tracking isn't as hard as it seems. Scientists say that all the lighter gases are without odor; the lightest gas the ordinary man is able to smell is fifteen times as heavy as hydrogen. But animals have nostrils that can smell lighter odors than that, and the lighter odors are sometimes the plainest of all, if you can only smell them. Moths are so plainly scented that they can smell one another at great distances, yet few men can smell the moth scent at all, it's so light."

"I remember Henri Fabre's account of his moths."

"Other animals too. I am merely able to smell those lighter, plainer odors like these animals."

By now he had grown quite out of his shy dumbness. His face was alight with interest; even his heavy glasses could not conceal the ardor of his eyes.

"Put it this way," he went on hurriedly: "Suppose you take a man with dull nostrils who cannot smell odors as

light as gasoline, yet who can smell the heavier odors, like that of musk, very plainly. You might saturate my clothing with gasoline and put me in a room with other men and ask him to pick me out, and he couldn't do it, because he couldn't smell me at all."

"The gasoline odor would be too light for him?"

"That's it. But you yourself can smell odors much lighter than gasoline. You would smell the gasoline the moment you opened the door. That's something how it is with me. I don't so much smell the same odors, only very faint, that you smell, but I smell plain odors that are too light for your nose. No matter how plain they were you wouldn't smell them at all."

"Much as with one's hearing," said Lippett. "Most men can't hear the squeak of a bat, because the pitch is too high. I can hear it plainly. Probably some of the higher sounds are louder still, but I can't hear them."

"Some of them are," said Kesten. "And some of the soft low sounds have loud sounds too high to hear mixed up with them. But sounds are different—they spread more. My ears are sharper than my nose, but I can smell better than I can hear."

"Too bad we had no track for you to follow at Bald Ash."

"I saw a name in the papers."

"Lade Lammeter did it—we know all about that. The station agent at Bald Ash saw him on the platform before the train came in, and a rancher named Pratt saw him as he was escaping from town. We have Bertillon descriptions of him, and the other kind—late photographs, all that. I'll show you later. I know him well—very well. He was waiting on table here in the city up to the day of the murder. All we don't know about Lammeter is, where we can find him. I wish you could smell him out. You can't of course. But if you ever do, don't wait. Drop him if he even hesitates. He's all bad."

"I wonder if I could have something of his for his scent," said Kesten. Lippett crossed to the safe and took out a package wrapped in waxed paper.

"This is his scent. One of his coats."

Kesten opened up the package at one corner and sniffed thoughtfully at the contents. He lowered it, looked at Lippett, raised it, sniffed at it again. Then he rearranged the disturbed wrappings and handed it back.

"Make anything of it?"

"The scent is very plain."

"Plain, how? Like the smell of camphor?"

"Nothing like that. It smells more like a taste—like the taste of orange rind, only fainter. It doesn't really smell like orange rind, but that's the nearest I can come. It's a very peculiar pleasant scent."

"It smelled like old coat to me," said Lippett, replacing the package in the safe. "The taste of orange rind—not!"

"The scent is too light for your nose, you see."

"Just old coat. Let's go to lunch."

The entrance of Finlay into the quest for Lade Lammeter was a noon-hour surprise to everybody connected with it. Finlay had no police record. He had never been associated with the murderer in any slightest way, even indirectly. Few so much as knew where he lived or who he was. Finlay was a waiter in the Ross Haven, Lippett's favorite restaurant.

The way of it was this: When Lippett asked little Kesten to have luncheon with him he had in mind the Ross Haven, whither he at once repaired with his guest, arriving in time to secure his usual table in a corner removed from the press.

Kesten had begun sniffing the air the moment they entered the room, but had kept his own counsel; the scent was extremely faint and might have come in with him on his clothing or on Lippett's. But when after seating himself the extremely faint scent became plainer he wondered.

"Funny thing I get it so much plainer over here," he thought. "Why is that, now?"

That which he smelled was the unmistakable scent of Lade Lammeter.

"I didn't smell it when I first went into Lippett's office, so that it can't be scent from his hands after wrapping up the coat. He was careful not to touch the cloth later—I noticed that at the time. I know I didn't touch it. I'd like to tip him off if it wasn't for the waiter."

But the waiter was already standing in front of their table with menu cards, and reference before him to the murderer's scent was inadvisable.

"Well, Tom," began Lippett, "I hope you have something especially good to-day. We're hungry."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "The sweetbreads are very good to-day, sir."

Kesten at this point thought he noted two facts. One was that the scent he had been smelling had again become plainer. This fact he was sure of. The other fact, which may not have been a fact at all but only an impression, was that the waiter addressed as Tom seemed more interested in him than in Lippett.

"You might change the linen, Tom," said Lippett.

"Yes, sir. I was intending to change it, sir."

Yet he did not go for the linen on the instant, but tarried to complete some minor dispositions of the silverware that would have to be rearranged anyhow when he laid the new cloth.

"That waiter is trying to find out who I am," thought Kesten.

Then he began to perceive a connection between this fact that he knew was a fact and the other fact that might have been only an impression. He had thought he detected the scent of Lade Lammeter. Lammeter he remembered had been a waiter. The scent that he thought he detected became stronger as this waiter called Tom drew near, and fainter as he moved away. When finally the man passed behind his chair he became certain; for he left in his wake not only his own scent but this fainter but plain scent of Lade Lammeter.

He saw the necessity of speaking to Lippett at once, and suddenly became seized with a fit of coughing.

"Get me a glass of hot water," he gasped, after he had recovered a little.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom; and since the order was not to be disregarded he left in haste for the kitchen.

The moment he was out of hearing Kesten leaned over the table toward Lippett.

"I did that to get rid of him. There's an odd scent in this place I wanted to speak to you about."

"Stool"

"This scent," he said slowly, "is something like the taste of orange rind."

Lippett, who was seated with his back to the room, looked up, startled.

"Don't seem too much interested in what I say," continued Kesten. "Something like the taste of orange rind, very penetrating and peculiar."

"I get you," said Lippett.

"It's on that waiter you called Tom. I think he's wearing this man Lammeter's waiter's clothes. And I think he's watching me. He sees I'm with you and suspects me, but he can't quite make me out. I'd like to trail that man."

"I want you to," said Lippett. "We'll finish our meal now. Then I'll put men on him. You can take him on to-night.

"Take him now if you want him, but that way you'll be fresher."

"He's back," warned Kesten, resuming his attack of coughing.

Whereupon Lippett began explaining to him that the dry air of California sometimes had an irritating effect upon the tonsils of visitors from the East, and that he would become accustomed to it.

"Another of my cousins had the same trouble when he first came out. It won't last."

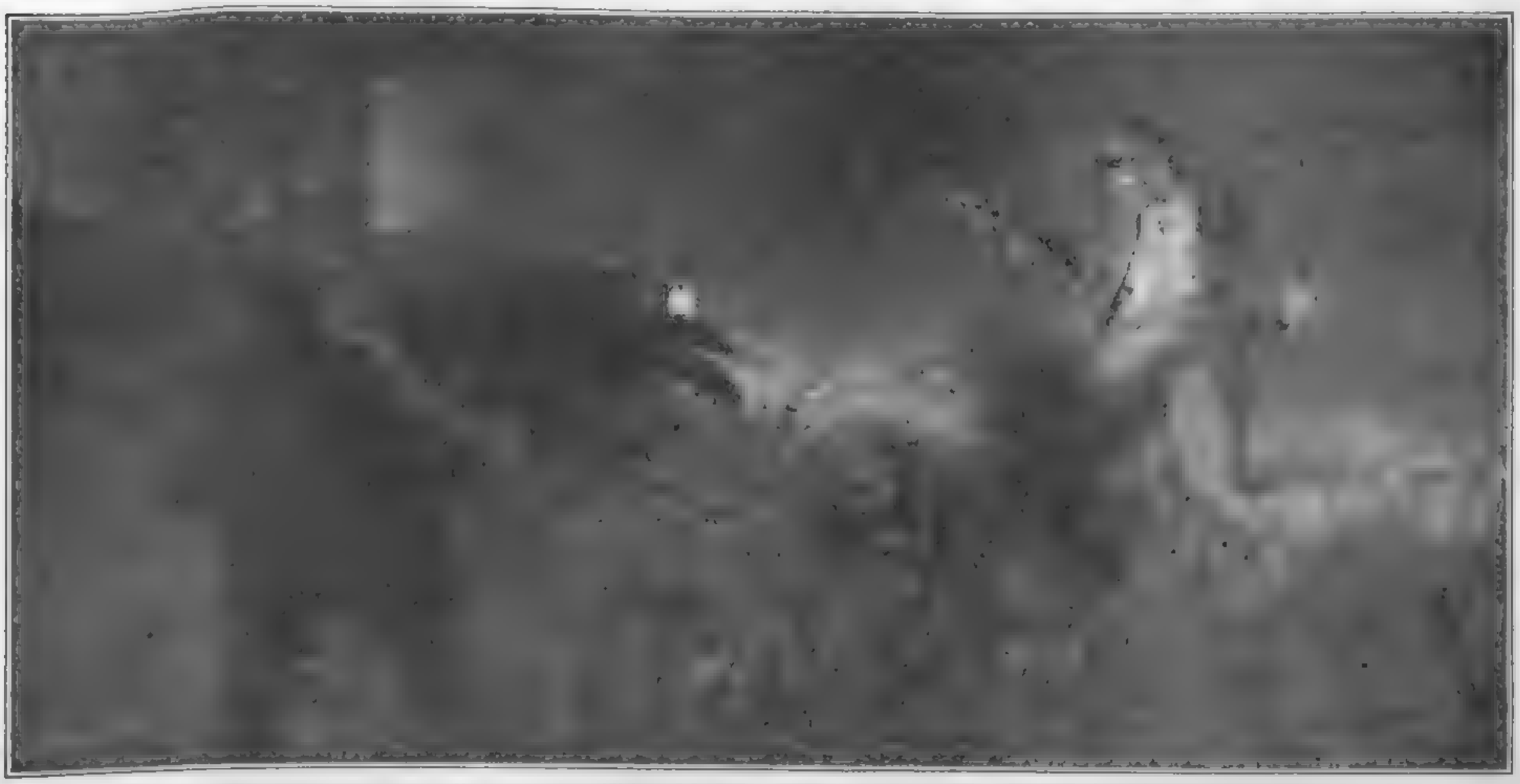
II

THE train was running on time. Kesten consulted his watch; in five minutes by prearrangement the engineer would slacken speed as if for a block, whistle for Bayard, and proceed the remaining mile to the station short one first-class Pullman-compartment passenger off the dark rear platform.

In five minutes Kesten would be outside in the blackness of the night, alone on the desert. The suspense made him nervous. Taking his automatic pistol from his coat pocket he again inspected it. Then he once more looked at his watch.

He would be alone on the desert, and yet not so entirely alone either. Somewhere out there ahead in the desert was Edwards, waiting for the moon to rise. The moon rose to-night at twelve. His watch told him that it was now ten-twenty-three. Somewhere ahead out there in the desert was Lade Lammeter. Kesten planned to arrive in the murderer's presence a full hour before Edwards could possibly arrive with help.

(Continued on Page 114)



Somehow He Pulled the Gear Shift into Second, Released the Clutch, Stepped on the Accelerator and Shot the Car Forward in a Great Leap

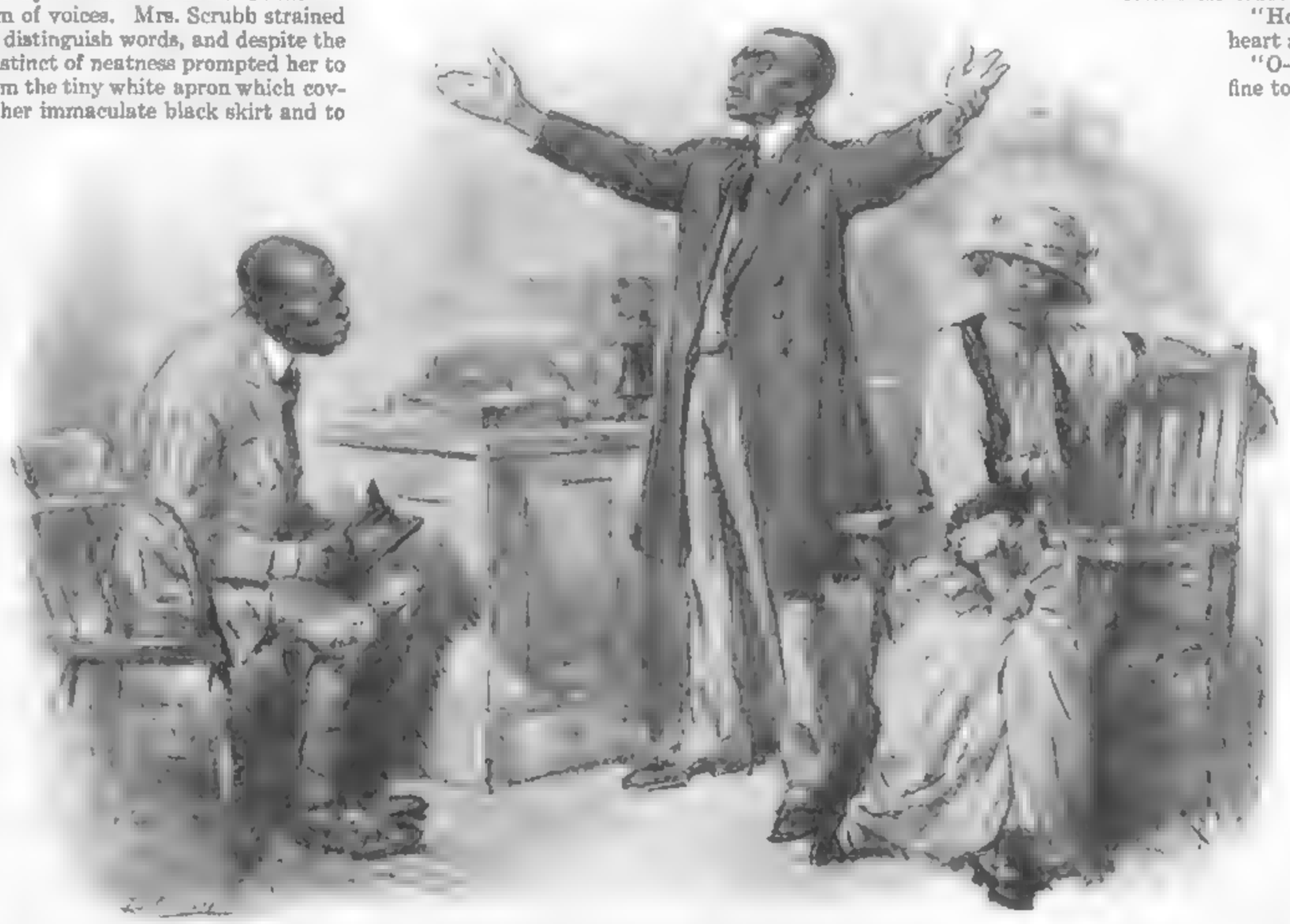
HERE COMES THE BRIBE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MRS. MARGERINE SCRUBB heard sounds from the kitchen; suspicious sounds; sounds which served to saturate her bridal heart with fierce jealousy. Mrs. Scrubb passed through the breakfast room and came to an abrupt halt by the kitchen door. From the other side came the hum of voices. Mrs. Scrubb strained her ears in the effort to distinguish words, and despite the seethe within her the instinct of neatness prompted her to smooth the wrinkles from the tiny white apron which covered a small portion of her immaculate black skirt and to adjust the nurse's cap which adorned her shapely head.

Her effort to distinguish words was futile. But she did recognize voices—two voices. One of them belonged to her bridegroom. The other was unmistakably the almost-too-barytony contralto of Clematis Creech, cook. Margerine wrapped her slender fingers carefully about the knob of the kitchen door. She turned it slowly and noiselessly. She allowed it to swing back a few inches. Then, as she peeped through, her newly married heart set up a violent thumping and she flushed a pale lavender beneath her coat of racial brown. Horrible suspicion had become damning certainty!



Lawyer Chew Talked. No Jury of Twelve Men Could Have Withstood, However Little They Might Have Understood

Near the highly polished gas range stood her husband of four months, resplendent in the uniform of a chauffeur. Jasper Scrubb, while not much on avoirdupois, cut considerable figure in his uniform. He lacked about six inches of heroic six feet and thirty pounds of ideal weight. But his uniform had been well tailored and it fitted every line of his not-unattractive figure in a manner which was fairly irresistible to the adoring—if jealous—eyes of his ardent young wife.

Mr. Jasper Scrubb was not alone. He was not only not alone but he seemed on terms of exasperating intimacy with his companion. In the doorway Mrs. Jasper Scrubb balled her hands into two hard fists and soliloquized:

"I knowed it! Jasper'n that wuthless biggity Clematis Creech! Reckon they ain't no man never been bohn which could keep away fum a good-lookin' widder."

Jasper did not appear exactly happy, but on the other hand his well-modeled face expressed no enormous degree of misery as he gazed into the éyes of Mrs. Clematis Creech, cook for the household in which Jasper chauffeured and his bride nursed. If Clematis had been treated a trifle liberally in all of the three known dimensions it was more than atoned for by the fact that curves had been placed where curves belonged, and the contour of her handsome face was punctured by a single fascinating dimple. Each of her physical perfections became more acute in the spotlight of Mrs. Scrubb's jealous gaze. Margerine's impulse was to break in upon the conference. Words from the lips of her husband halted her and she stood eavesdropping in petrified horror.

"How much money you desires?" queried Mr. Jasper Scrubb of Mrs. Clematis Creech.

Mrs. Creech sniffed.

"You knows ve'y well how much I wants, Jasper Scrubb."

"I ain't on'y got ——"

"How much you is got I gits it. Ev'y copper."

Jasper ran a reluctant hand into his trousers pocket. He extracted therefrom a thin roll of disconsolate bills. These he handed over to Clematis. She counted the collection swiftly and raised level eyes to his.

"'Tain't on'y six dollars," she accused.

"Tha's all what I is got."

"How I knows that?"

"I gives you my word an' honor."

"I p'efers cash."

"But Clematis, is you rememberin' I is got a wife, or ain't you?"

Clematis turned loose an expressive shrug.

"I ain't studyin' 'bout no wifes."

"But I is. An' if'n she ever knowed 'bout I an' you ——"

"You is gittin' mighty s'lisitoodinous 'bout Margerine all of a suddint."

"Well," flared Jasper, "if'n a man cain't show s'lisitood fo' his own wife, whose wife c'n he show it fo'?"

"That ain't botherin' me, Jasper Scrubb. You owes me money. I adwises that you pays it soon if'n you has wishes to remain happy with the wife you is ma'ied to!"

"But, Clematis ——"

"What I is had to say I is said it. If'n you is got any fu'ther words to remahk kin'ly remember that money talks."

"Ain't you gwine tell me ——"

"Ain't gwine tell you nothin' mo'. I is th'oo!"

Clematis turned and flung out of the room, leaving a doleful Jasper staring mournfully after her. He was a perfect picture of misery unadorned. But at that he was jubilant by comparison with his pretty young wife, who softly closed the door connecting breakfast room and kitchen and slowly and heavily made her way to the front of the house and thence to the empty guest room, where she slumped into a rocking chair.

From the day of Clematis Creech's advent to the Kohler home Margerine had known apprehension. Apprehension had changed to suspicion and now suspicion had crystallized into certainty. And Margerine had been so happy!

Margerine Scrubb—née Jonas—had been a rare matrimonial prize. She had an air—there was no denying that. She could wear a bungalow apron and appear modish. And during her reign she had bestowed her favors upon a multitude of eager suitors with discouraging impartiality. Then Jasper Scrubb appeared.

Jasper Scrubb drifted into Birmingham from Montgomery. Margerine was formally introduced to him at an ice-cream festival given under the auspices and for the benefit of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. They had shaken hands, gazed into each other's eyes, heaved chorused sighs, eaten two plates of ice cream together—and mutually fallen. The passion of Héloise for Abelard was pale and languid by comparison with that lavished by the hitherto impregnable Margerine upon Jasper Scrubb. And Jasper returned her devotion with compound interest. Within forty-eight hours of their introduction he was swearing violently that she was the first and only love of his life. She had snuggled close.

"Does you really mean that, Jasper?"

"May ace deuce be the best I ever th'ows if'n 'tain't so, darlin'!"

"Hones' an' true?"

"Hones' an' true! Crost my heart an' hope to bust!"

"O-o-oh! That sho'ly soun's fine to yo' li'l' Margerine, honey, 'cause'n I soht of feels that if'n I wa'n't the fust woman in yo' life I an' you coul'n't never be happy together."

"If me ever havin' loved another woman," lied Jasper glibly, "is the on'y thing you is worryin' yo' pretty haid 'bout, then it's plumb sho' we is gwine to be the happies' ma'ied couple which ever was."

And so they were married—shortly thereafter. Followed a honeymoon trip to Nashville during which the young couple found themselves fairly paralyzed with happiness. They returned to Birmingham and Jasper to his job as chauffeur in the household of the wealthy Ethan Kohler.

Within a week they concurred in a resolution that the daily separation was unbearable. Whereupon Jasper got busy with his employer. Jasper fairly oozed arguments and the upshot of the business was that Margerine was employed as nurse to the two Kohler children, while she and Jasper were given the servants' room in the basement of the handsome Highland Avenue home. Their beatitude was incomparable, and Margerine excelled herself in her eagerness to make good on the job that she might remain with her husband.

Before her marriage Margerine had never shown any great passion for daily labor. Not that she was opposed to work as such, but she preferred to see someone else undertaking it. But the delighted Mrs. Kohler found her a paragon, and the matrimonial bark of the dusky couple floated placidly, serenely, until Clematis arrived.

Clematis Creech succeeded a cook whose allurements had been culinary rather than pulchritudinous. She was from Montgomery, where she had worked in a single establishment for two years, and she arrived armed with references superlative. And upon her arrival the leering face of trouble poked itself into the domestic Elysium of Jasper and Margerine Scrubb and the bride quaffed her first draft from the cup of misery.

Within a week it was obvious that there was something between her adored husband and the sturdy, rather coarsely handsome cook from Montgomery. At every mention of Clematis' name Jasper ducked. At such times he appeared more than a mite apprehensive. Yet it was very plain that he was closeted with Clematis for private conversations on every opportunity that presented itself. Margerine couldn't understand it and she was too sensible a bride to question direct. So she nursed her unhappiness and watched, and listened, and now at last she had seen and heard. She had seen and heard too much for comfort, and yet not enough for satisfaction. Her suspicion that there was a strictly sub-rosa affair between Jasper and Clematis was proved beyond peradventure. There was the damning evidence of the six dollars which he timidly tendered the Amazonian cook and which she accepted and scoffed at. It meant something—something terrible—and yet ——

What? What could it mean? Had not Jasper sworn to her that she was the first woman in his life? True, she reflected bitterly, he had taken no oaths that she would be the last, but Margerine was more than a little suspicious that Clematis figured prominently in that past of Jasper's which the guilelessness of his face had caused her never to question. Eventually she made her way to the pretty little basement room which she shared with her husband. She flung herself on the bed and abandoned

herself to an orgy of wild weeping. From that she emerged refreshed and calculating. And at that inopportune moment Jasper entered. Contrary to custom she did not throw herself into his arms for a series of long and ardent kisses. In fact, she evaded his outstretched hands and backed behind the little table at the foot of the bed. Across his colorado-maduro-complexioned face there came an expression of pained surprise.

"Wha's the matter, sweetness?"

"Nothin'."

"You ain't kissed me ontil yet."

"Ain't I?"

"No, you ain't."

"I didn't notice I hadn't."

Jasper's noble brow creased in a frown. He knew Margerine sufficiently well to understand that she had noticed. It was therefore obvious that something was wrong and that that something concerned himself and his domestic relations.

"You ain't feelin' sick, is you, honey?"

"Ain't never felt no better in my life."

"Then why ——"

Margerine was growing exceedingly peeved in the face of his attitude of pained innocence. Her voice grew a bit chilly.

"Jasper?"

"Yes, sweetness?"

"How much is six fum two?"

He scratched his head.

"Six fum two?" he echoed blankly.

"Tha's what I said."

"Six fum—oh, you means two fum six!"

"I means what I said—six fum two is how much?"

He shook his head in dire puzzlement.

"They ain't no such of a thing, Margerine."

"Yes, they is."

"Lis'en heah, sweetness—what you is talkin' is foolishment."

Margerine stared hard at her husband. His frank, almost boyish face gave the lie to the guile which she knew lurked in his heart.

"I means," she remarked coldly, "six dollars fum two dollars leaves how much?"

The light of understanding began to penetrate the cranium of Mr. Jasper Scrubb. He commenced to become conscious of the fact that she had come into possession of some very embarrassing information. He sparred desperately for time—and air.

"Now, honey," he chided, "how come you to go botherin' yo' haid bouten 'rithmetic?"

"Ain't studyin' 'bout no 'rithmetic," she retorted frigidly.

He conscripted a smile and plastered it across his face with an effect rather ghastly. "Then it's all right?"

"Wha's all right?"

"Bouten that thing you was astin' me?"

"What thing?"

"'Bout two fum six leaves how many?"

"Six fum two," she corrected. "Las' time I seen you you ain't had but two dollars lef' in yo' pockets, but you is done gone an' spent six sence then. Now I asts how much is you got lef'?"

"Honey ——"

"How much?"

"You is so s'picious."

"S'picious I is," she flamed. "Fac' is s'picions of you is 'bout the on'y things I ain't got nothin' else but."

She paused and glared. The righteous wrath was gathering steam within her bridal bosom and threatening to blow off the safety. And finally it did.

"'Tain't that I objec's to yo' makin' fumadiddles with other wimmin, but it does soht of seem to me that yo'd be mo' of a gen'leman than to pick out a big rawboned hussy what wuks right heah where yo' wife does."

Jasper was as near pale as nature permitted. He gasped, strangled, and finally, "I—I—ain't picked her out."

"No-o?"

"No'm. Honest. She went an' puck me out."

"Cain't say I admires her taste," she flamed. "Not none whichsoever. An' it don' tell me nothin' bouten that six dollars which you ain't had an' yit which you give to her."

An idea came to Jasper. Perhaps she was bluffing. "How comes you to know I give her six dollars?"

"I seen you when you done it!"

He came closer to her. His original intention was based on sound strategy. He knew that she cared for him very deeply and he planned to infold her in his arms and lull her suspicions against the husbandly breast. But a certain gleam in her eyes warned him against the move. He paused suddenly and folded his arms across a narrow chest. Immediately thereafter he assumed an expression of one whose escutcheon has been ruthlessly blotted. "I is s'prised at you, Margerine."

"Cain't say I ain't s'prised at you, Mistuh Scrubb."

"Havin' s'picions bouten me thisaway."

"Does you think you ma'ied a loonytic? Ain't I done saw ——"

"Co'se you is. I wa'n't tryin' to conceal nothin' fum you, was I? I asts you that?" He gazed triumphantly upon her. "You ain't even ast me what explination I is got to make."

"Humph! You is got to make one all right. What is it?"

Jasper came to earth with a thump. He had started blithely off, got going good and didn't see whither he was bound. Now he was stalled.

"What is which?"

"Yo' explination bouten how come you to make monkeyshines with Clematis Creech ever sence she done come heah, an' give her six dollars a li'l' while ago. What you is got to say 'bout all of that?"

Jasper thought with record-breaking speed. And finally he made a last despairing effort to gain time.

"Says which?"

"What is you got to say bouten it, Mistuh Scrubb?"

"If a You is Got Any Fu'ther Words to Remahk Kin'ly Remember That Money Talks"

Jasper opened his mouth, closed it again, opened it once more and finally gasped forth his domestic swan song.

"Nothin'!"

Margerine said the same thing and she said it eloquently. Jasper, miserable, pleaded with her. He maintained with praiseworthy intensity that things were not as they seemed and that some day she would understand. Margerine turned her back upon him and crossed to a white dressing table which he had presented to her some time since and commenced making up her face with Madame Scarrow's Lavender-Brown Complexion Cream and Guaranteed Beautifier. Jasper might as well have been pleading with the enameled bedstead for all the response that came his way. And finally—principally because there was nothing else for him to do—he gave it up as a bad job, whirled, clapped the military chauffeur's cap violently on the back of his head and dashed madly for the kitchen upstairs.

"Now I is Tellin' You, Shrimp, That I Wouldn't Go Hangin' Roun' Clematis Any Mo'n You Hafter If'n I Was You—or Even Less'n That"

Mrs. Clematis Creech had departed. The housemaid knew where she lived—she gave Jasper a North Twenty-fifth Street address. Jasper made his exit. And no sooner had he whisked himself away than Mrs. Margerine Scrubb entered the kitchen and questioned the unsuspecting maid.

"Jasper gone?"

"Yeh."

"Where to?"

"I dunno. He ast me did I know where Clematis lived?"

"What did you tell him?"

"I tol' him yes."

"You knows the house number?"

The maid gave it cheerfully. Margerine hustled to her room, donned a natty little tam and arrived at the front of the house just in time to see Jasper at the wheel of his employer's car streaking it down Highland Avenue at an ordinance-breaking speed. Clematis' afternoon off, and Jasper obviously gone to call upon her. The fact that Mr. Scrubb had not known her address mattered little to Mrs. Scrubb. What need for that when Clematis' job brought her into inevitable daily contact with the chauffeur?

Margerine got busy. She stopped a passing Lakeview car and traveled townward, alighting at Second Avenue. She walked eastward toward Twenty-fifth Street. Meanwhile Jasper had located Mrs. Creech's number. He parked his car against the curb one block away and started for the house. A four-year-old girl of Afro-American extraction toddled out onto the sidewalk and ran into the street. A truck veered sharply to one side, narrowly missing the child. Jasper clutched violently at the youngster and deposited her safely on the curb. The incident left him a trifle shaky. He brushed a speck of dust from his immaculate uniform and started toward the front door of the Creech home. As he set foot on the nethermost step the figure of Mrs. Clematis Creech bulked in the frame of the doorway and her eyes focused on the now loudly crying little girl near the curb. Jasper explained the incident. Clematis chuckled.

"If that don' beat all quincidence."

"What?"

"Yo' savin' of li'l' Clematis thataway."

Jasper was puzzled. He eyed the child with renewed interest.

"Li'l' Clematis?"

"Tha's which."

Jasper was dumfounded. He had visioned situations similar to this in the movies, but even with that precedent to assist him he was at a loss as to how to handle himself.

"Geemanety!" he quavered. "You ain't standin' up there an' tellin' that's my own chile, is you?"

Clematis snickered. "Reckon I is. Yours an' mine. Ain't you gwine kiss her?"

Jasper placed a shaking hand on the head of his daughter.

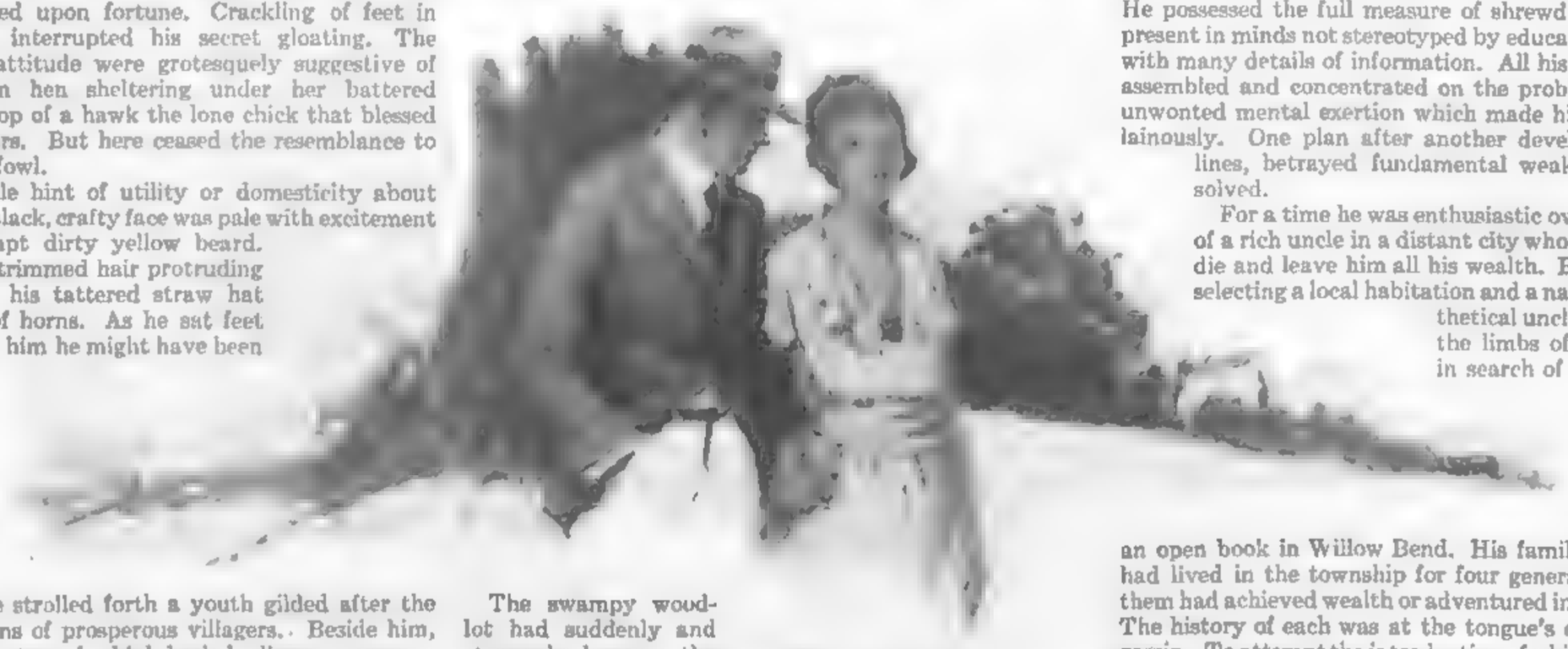
"Jiminy tripe!" he breathed. He stooped and awkwardly kissed the little girl, who rewarded him with a gaze

(Continued on Page 123)

OLD HUTCH LIVES UP TO IT

By Garret Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



"What a Horribly Fascinating Old Tramp! Do You Know Him?"

OLD HUTCH, aquiver with alarm, softly and swiftly closed the cover of the rusty tin box, thrust it back into the shallow hole in the creek's bank and sat on it. His startled eyes were fastened on the thicket bordering this mucky hollow into which he had come bent on fishing and had stumbled upon fortune. Crackling of feet in underbrush had interrupted his secret gloating. The movement and attitude were grotesquely suggestive of a weather-beaten hen sheltering under her battered wings at the swoop of a hawk the lone chick that blessed her declining years. But here ceased the resemblance to that respectable fowl.

There was little hint of utility or domesticity about Old Hutch. His slack, crafty face was pale with excitement under its unkempt dirty yellow beard. Tufts of long, untrimmed hair protruding through gaps in his tattered straw hat gave the effect of horns. As he sat feet hunched beneath him he might have been a satyr partially disguised in ragged shirt and overalls. One half expected to see goat's feet peeping from the wide gaps in his shoes.

Presently there strolled forth a youth gilded after the manner of the sons of prosperous villagers. Beside him, picking gingerly steps in high-heeled slippers, came a young woman evidently of urban origin. They were Thomas Gunnison, Jr., son of the Willow Bend General Store, and his girl cousin from Buffalo.

"Hello, Hutch! How they comin'? Catch many?" condescended the young gentleman, passing negligently on, a reply neither expected nor considered of any importance. For has not a benign Providence ordained to each village its Ort Hutchins that its Thomas Gunnison by contrast may shine the more resplendently?

Old Hutch shifted his glare to the neglected bamboo pole at his side and affected sullen indifference. He did not fail, however, to note the comments of the young people, who were not too careful to withhold personalities till they were beyond earshot. Willow Bendites were that way. They had a habit of talking about Ort in Ort's presence much as one—usually unwisely—discusses a very young child.

"What a horribly fascinating old tramp!" exclaimed the girl. "Do you know him?"

"Sure I know him! He ain't a tramp exactly. Might's well be. He's our village loafer. Ort Hutchins's his name. Came from good family, too, way back. Ain't s' old's he looks. Gotta wife and a raft o' young kids that manage to pick up enough to support him. Lives in a tumble-down shanty across the track. Used to be a carpenter. Been a farmer too. Too lazy to work though—only odd jobs now an' then. Dad tried to help 'em this spring. This farm this woodlot's on belongs to us and's without any tenant. Can't get anybody, account of the war. Dad offered to let Ort move on it and lend him tools, rent free, just to keep the place from runnin' down. He wouldn't do it. Rather loaf an' fish."

The couple passed beyond distinct hearing. Old Hutch snorted wrathfully. There was a new light in his ordinarily dead blue eyes.

"I'll show 'em!" he muttered. "That fresh young Gunnison talkin' that way 'bout me! He won't long! Why, his dad ain't got maybe mor'n, say, fifty thousand to his name, and me—I'm worth a hundred thousand this minute!"

He peered cautiously about, listening intently for a moment, then reached under him and retrieved the tin box. After further suspicious eying of the tangled shrubbery he pried open the lid and awesomely fingered over once more that unbelievable pile of little yellow bundles. There were ten of them, each bound with a paper band on which was stamped a fabulous figure. In each bundle were ten one-thousand-dollar gold certificates. Feverishly he fingered them over again one by one. He still half believed that he might be suffering from sunstroke, that the crisp certificates would presently prove mere one-dollar bills.

How contemptible that modest denomination had suddenly become! And an hour ago a hundred such would have seemed a fortune. He had gone forth that morning with just one of them to his name, the total of the Hutchins family resources, obtained from his wife after the usual stormy negotiations. He still had a worn fifty-cent piece, the change left after buying some new fishing tackle. This beggarly coin he drew from his pocket now and gazed at it whimsically. He held it in one hand and the tin box in the other.

"Before 'n' after takin'," he chuckled.

The swampy woodlot had suddenly and strangely become the scene of rosy visions, a place where dreams come true.

Now Old Hutch knew well that this was no legitimate treasure-trove which he had so accidentally unearthed. He never read the papers. But in Gunnison's store he had listened in awe to gossip of the spectacular bank robbery in Buffalo some two weeks before. The robbers had been interrupted in their work and had no time to select the most negotiable plunder. They had escaped with a hundred thousand dollars in one-thousand-dollar certificates.

There had been since—as far as Ort knew—no clew to the whereabouts of the thieves or their booty—that is, until while digging for bait in this mucky hollow by the creek he had unearthed the tin box under a mossy bowlder. The thieves had evidently been forced to cache their booty.

But thought of returning the money never entered his crafty mind as he sat dreaming of the glorious future thus magically opened for him. True, with all his faults Ort in his whole worthless life had never stolen a cent from anyone excepting his long-suffering wife. Active thievery was beyond the scope of his craven and indolent nature.

But being thus suddenly overwhelmed with the fruits of another's crime was quite a different matter. As far as he reasoned out the ethics of the case at all the taking of stolen money from a thief was no dishonesty. It did not belong to the thief on the one hand, nor on the other hand had Ort taken any money from the bank. It was perfectly clear in his mind, nevertheless, that were he known to have the money the highly matter-of-fact authorities would be quite likely to hold him guilty of something or other. They would most certainly see to it that he and his money were parted even sooner than in the case of the proverbial fool. Moreover, he was aware that any sudden display of wealth on the part of the notoriously impecunious Ort Hutchins would create a sensation followed by suspicion, investigation and confiscation.

Ort had a feeling that even in such rarified financial altitudes as those in which Thomas Gunnison, Sr., soared, thousand-dollar bills were not common enough legal tender so that one of them could be passed nonchalantly without undue comment. How, then, could he manage to realize on even one of the bills without thrusting his neck into a noose?

Now Old Hutch, with all his limitations, was, nevertheless, nobody's fool—as Willow Bend frequently declared. He possessed the full measure of shrewd craftiness often present in minds not stereotyped by education or burdened with many details of information. All his cunning he now assembled and concentrated on the problem in hand, an unwonted mental exertion which made his head ache villainously. One plan after another developed hazy outlines, betrayed fundamental weaknesses and dissolved.

For a time he was enthusiastic over the invention of a rich uncle in a distant city who would presently die and leave him all his wealth. But while he was selecting a local habitation and a name for the hypothetical uncle and examining the limbs of his family tree in search of a suitable place for the grafting, it occurred to him that the short and simple annals of his clan were an open book in Willow Bend. His family on both sides had lived in the township for four generations. None of them had achieved wealth or adventured into distant parts. The history of each was at the tongue's end of every old gossip. To attempt the introduction of a hitherto-unknown one without setting tongues wagging skeptically and inquisitively was out of the question.

At any rate Sarah—his wife—could hardly be deluded with an avuncular invention. And Sarah was troubled at times with "a still small voice" that would permit her connivance in no such deception and much less in any using of stolen money. Sarah used to go to meetin' when she still had a Sunday dress.

"However I rig it, it's gotta be so Sary thinks she knows all about it an' wouldn't be 'shamed to tell it to the goshdarned minister," he grumbled disconsolately. "I gotta live up to it. I reckon, too, I gotta look out fer thes peskey income-tax fellers. They hafta know every gol-blamed thing 'bout a man's property," he added after another season of mental wrestling.

But finally certain fundamentals evolved out of the chaos of these numerous abortive suggestions. It was clear that before he could use this money he must develop a reputation for having money. He must do it right in Willow Bend. He had no funds with which to travel. He must go to work. He must build a revolutionary reputation for industry, to be followed by as much apparent prosperity as possible as soon as possible. But this must be accomplished gradually and plausibly enough so as to be accepted at face value even by those of his household.

"Can't have there seem to be no mystery about that money when I begin to spring it. Can't be in too much of a hurry," he warned himself.

But what to do with his treasure pending the time when he could safely put it to use was a problem that would brook no delay in solution. With the thought that at any moment the desperadoes who had cached it might return to reclaim their plunder, Ort's terror rose again. He snatched up the box, scraped the earth back into the hole and replaced the bowlder. Then he fled swiftly through the darkening woods, falling over roots, bumping into trees and miring himself in swamp holes. He ran till his crippled wind was spent, then dropped panting and palpitant as a rabbit at bay.

He was in the very edge of the woodlot now. Near him ran a zigzag rail fence that marked the rear boundary of the abandoned farm. It was a good quarter of a mile from the original hiding place of the loot and that much farther from the highway. He lay on a bare little knoll thinly surrounded by trees, a place exposed to view by day from the farmhouse, but now safely obscured by the evening shadows.

As Hutch's panic subsided he grasped the fact that this would be an ideal hiding place. It was too exposed for the robbers returning for their booty to search without attracting attention. It was, in fact, the last place they would think of searching. It was an isolated spot seldom passed by thoroughfares and by reason of its lack of shade had no attraction for loiterers. Moreover, it

A Rude and Unappreciative Shotgun Poured Its Contents into a Tree Trunk

was comparatively dry in all weather and treasure buried there would escape water soaking.

Near the center of the knoll grew a low huckleberry bush. Hutch poked the dead leaves carefully away from round its roots. Then with a stout branch he picked the earth loose about the shrub until with a final wrench he was able to tear it half out of its bed. Under it he clawed at the soil with his bare hands like a woodchuck until he had made a narrow hole more than a foot deep. Into this he thrust the box, threw back the earth, replanted the bush above it and carefully replaced the carpet of leaves. There was left just enough of the dying afterglow to satisfy him that his work was well done and he rose contented.

"Ain't nobody never goin' to find that till doomsday," he declared.

A moment he gazed raptly at the humble bush that had suddenly become the guardian of so much potential high living.

"There ye be, li'l' ol' bush! You an' me gotta secret. You can't tell it and I won't. Lord a'mighty, think of it! Me worth a hundred thousand!"

In a vision he saw a broad rosy vista stretched away to the sunset and on into the far future, lined profusely on either side with such fundamental creature luxuries as his primitive imagination could conjure. Along this primrose path he saw himself swaggering in gay raiment far outshining young Thomas Gunnison, the Willow Bend Beau Brummell. As his daydream reached the sartorial phase he suddenly came back to earth and looked ruefully down on his hunched, tattered and dirty frame.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "This ain't no way fer a man to look that's worth a hundred thousand! Gotta clean up!"

It was probably the first time in a dozen years that Ort had taken thought of his unkempt appearance, much less proposed so revolutionary a thing as a cleaning. After a moment's hesitation he scrambled through the bushes to the stream and removed his filthy rags. He surveyed them with newly wakened disgust. With his old jackknife he trimmed off the frayed edges and hanging tatters. Then he subjected them to a dry-cleaning process of sorts consisting of thrashing them against a tree trunk to beat out the loose dust, scraping off tenacious mud spots with the finger nails and swabbing particularly refractory blemishes with leaves dipped in the stream.

Next, despite the evening chill of mid-May, he waded shuddering into the water and scrubbed himself unmercifully. Back in trimmed and scraped garments, he even combed his tangled hair and beard with his fingers and gave his nails a rough cleaning. His hat he pronounced hopeless and threw away. The dimlight helped the illusion that his appearance was greatly improved. He drew himself up to his full height and imagined himself clad in new and radiant garments.

"Your Supper'll Be Right on the Table, Ort," Whined His Wife

"Good enough ez I be fer a starter," he pronounced.

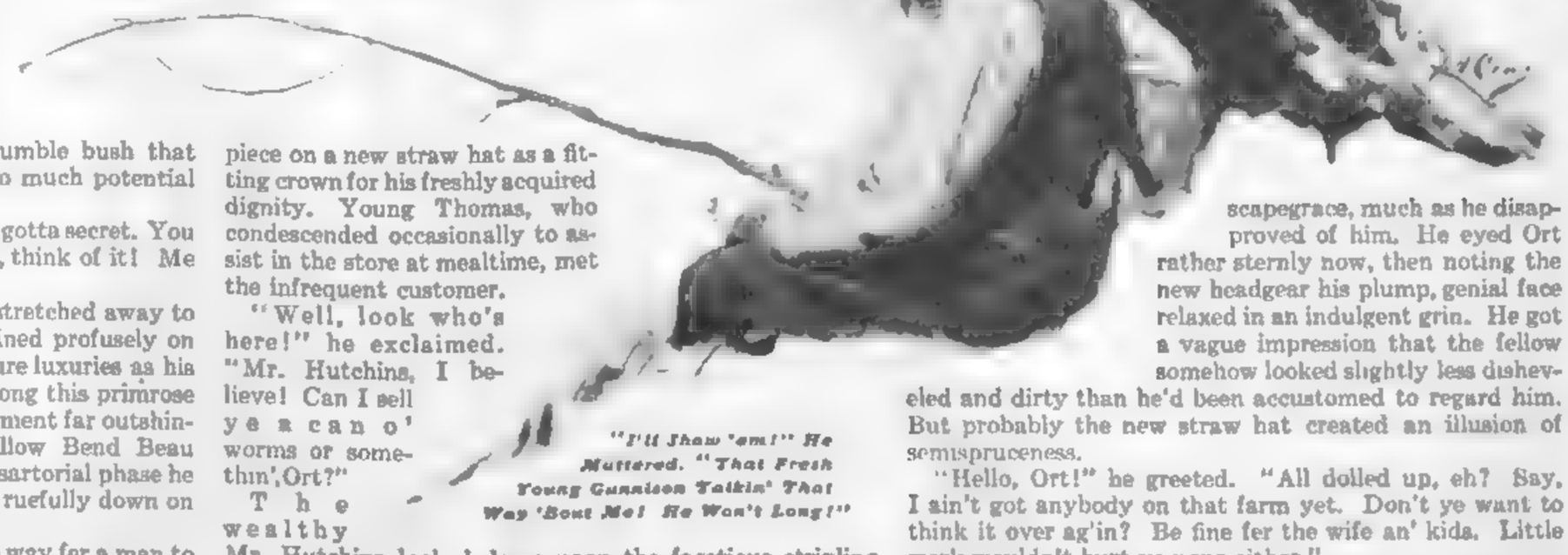
"Gotta git folks kinda gradual to fergittin' I ever was dirty and ragged; gotta go slow so they won't talk."

Down the road he strode toward the village, head held high. "Rich! Rich! Rich!" declared the peepers in chorus as he passed the mill pond.

"Ort's rich! Ort's rich!" iterated a bullfrog under the willows.

"Hundred thousand! Who's got it? Ort's got it!" gossiped the katydids in the hedgerows.

Thomas Gunnison himself never entered his own store with more assurance than did Ort, who had decided suddenly as he was passing that he would spend his remaining fifty-cent piece on a new straw hat as a fitting crown for his freshly acquired dignity. Young Thomas, who condescended occasionally to assist in the store at mealtime, met the infrequent customer.



"I'll Show 'em!" He Muttered. "That Fresh Young Gunnison Talkin' That Way 'Bout Me! He Won't Long!"

"Well, look who's here!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Hutchins, I believe! Can I sell ye a can o' worms or somethin', Ort?"

The wealthy Mr. Hutchins looked down upon the facetious stripling with a mixture of dignified condescension and contempt.

"Funny boy, ain't ye?" he commented coldly. "I come in here to buy a hat, young feller. If they ain't no regular man round, s'pose I'll have to buy it from you. Now see if yer ez handy waitin' on customers ez ye be with that flip tongue o' yourn."

"Is that so?" retorted the young man feebly, startled out of his normal aplomb by this unexpected display of dignity on the part of the usually meek butt of his badinage.

"Got any money to pay for it?" he demanded skeptically as he picked up tentatively the hat that Ort had indicated.

The customer's air of pitying contempt intensified. He was thinking of his hundred yellowbacks out under the huckleberry bush. Also he was improvising rapidly and joyously.

"Have I got any money?" he demanded rhetorically, thrusting a hand into his only whole pocket and loudly clinking the fifty-cent piece against his jackknife and an assortment of fishhooks and sinkers. Presently he drew out the collection and feigned examination of an imagined handful of coins.

"Have I got any money?" he repeated. "Say, folks think I don't work 'cause I don't git jobs round here where I gotta hard name 'cause I wa'n't well enough to work much fer quite a spell. Folks don't seem to remember I got hurt fallin' offen a scaffoldin' twenty year ago."

This was a pure invention of the moment, and the inventor promptly recognized it as one on which he could ring the changes in explaining away his past and accounting for intended reform.

"Why, gosh durn it," he went on with growing mendacity, "when I start out mornin's folks say Ort's goin' out to fish and loaf ez usual! They don't know I kin git work steady so long's I go five er six miles out. Ask any o' the farmers round Miller's Hollow way. I work an' I save—different from some folks not more'n a mile from here. Course we had to live economical 'count o' my health. Young feller, I got money enough to hire you an' pay you all yer worth seven days in the week an' also Sattaday nights."

He extracted the coin from the collection in his hand and grandly threw it on the counter.

"There's your half dollar, bub," he sneered. "Don't fergit to put it in the till."

Jauntily he swung the new hat down on his damp, tangled hair and strode out. On the store steps he encountered the senior Gunnison returning from supper. The storekeeper was a thrifty self-made citizen, but kindly withal. He and Ort had attended district school together and he had always entertained a sneaking liking for that scapegrace, much as he disapproved of him. He eyed Ort rather sternly now, then noting the new headgear his plump, genial face relaxed in an indulgent grin. He got a vague impression that the fellow somehow looked slightly less disheveled and dirty than he'd been accustomed to regard him. But probably the new straw hat created an illusion of semispruceness.

"Hello, Ort!" he greeted. "All dolled up, eh? Say, I ain't got anybody on that farm yet. Don't ye want to think it over ag'in? Be fine fer the wife an' kids. Little work wouldn't hurt ye none either."

"Now, Tom," Ort remonstrated, looking his old schoolmate squarely in the eye and calling him by his first name probably for the first time in twenty years, "you got the same wrong idee's the rest of 'em round here. I jest been remindin' your boy thet I ain't been strong enough to work much since I fell off that scaffoldin' twenty year ago. But I been doctorin' with a man over in Batavia that's helped me a sight. I been workin' by the day all spring off round in the hills. Find I kin work pretty good ag'in now. Mebbe I'll try that farm. Let ye know in a few days."

Ort stalked grandly away, leaving the storekeeper looking after him in puzzled wonderment. He couldn't recall the accident that had blighted the career of the Hutchins family, but maybe now people had been misjudging Ort all these years—hadn't helped him as they should. He remarked as much to Mrs. Gunnison that evening and received a skeptical sniff in reply.

"I'm sorry fer his wife, but not a mite fer him," she added. "Poor half-witted thing! If she was bright she'd 'a' turned him outa the house years ago."

In fact, the long-suffering Sarah Hutchins had often thought of sending her family encumbrance packing. But though Mrs. Gunnison's characterization of her as half-witted was unfair, it cannot be denied that the poor slatternly creature was far from gifted mentally; hence her marriage to Ort in the first place and the ease with which her shiftless but stronger-minded spouse continued to hold her in subjection. Then, too, her early religious training caused her to regard Ort as her particular cross, the uncomplaining bearing of which would insure for her rich rewards in a section of the hereafter from which she was piously confident the cross in question would be very justly excluded.

As the metamorphosed Ort approached the tumbledown shanty he called home, Mrs. Hutchins was bent over the kitchen table engaged in the double task of clearing up the cracked dishes and quelling her brood of seven still-hungry children. If the Hutchins table ever groaned it was from hunger pains.

At the unfamiliar sound of a firm, brisk tread on the steps instead of her husband's familiar shuffle, the mother's whining tirade was abruptly silenced. An awed hush fell over the brood, with the exception of the baby, who took this as a cue for wailing in a still higher key.

The infrequent calls of strangers usually meant trouble in the Hutchins home. Just now the truant officer was uppermost in the minds of the youngsters. Various possibilities flitted through the woman's harassed head. Nervously she made an ineffectual dab at her thin wisps of straggling gray hair and hastily tore off her ragged and dirty gingham apron and thrust it back of a chair. The faded and patched calico dress thus revealed did little to make her more presentable to the eyes of company. After a moment Johnny and Mary, being under school age and not yet awed by truant officers, pressed dirty little faces against the equally dirty windowpane.

"Don't be starin' at folks!" hoarsely whispered Mrs. Hutchins, snatching her offspring from the window, but, nevertheless, peering timidly out herself.

She saw first a new straw hat shining in the feeble lamp ray. Then as her eye traveled down the stiffly erect figure she gasped in astonishment at recognizing her husband. Ort meantime stood surveying in deep disgust such details of his shabby littered premises as were revealed by the

(Continued on Page 155)

CON

By W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

AMERICA is on the crest of the greatest tide of stock frauds in all its history. Compared to the amounts of money being taken from the pockets of the people by swindlers dealing in corporate issues, everything the country has ever experienced will have been dwarfed. The Crédit Mobilier was a small thing in comparison with the totals of to-day and I doubt whether the public of France was so exhaustingly bled in the Panama affair. The greater part of this astounding mulcting is being accomplished by means of devices which strip the people of their Liberty Bonds.

Repeated warnings from the Treasury Department, the breathless activities of public prosecutors in all parts of the country and endless newspaper exposures have had no appreciable effect on the campaign of plunder. Every few weeks fresh reminders are issued from Washington.

"Where Liberty Bond holders are urged to give up their securities for stocks of a speculative character," said Mr. Carter Glass, then Secretary of the Treasury, in one of his recent statements, "good sense suggests the presumption that the offer is made because the Liberty Bonds are worth decidedly more than the stock. Experience in a great number of cases shows that the stock is worthless."

This is putting the thing mildly. The office of the district attorney of New York County, where the most copious frauds have been and are being committed, supplies some illuminating figures. In the six months between June 1 and December 1, 1919, this office received more than five thousand stock-fraud complaints. Nearly four thousand of these complaints, or well over three-fourths of the total, involved the extracting of Liberty Bonds from their holders. The tricks employed were, to be sure, almost incredibly various. After the compilation of these figures the evil showed no abatement. Mr. Edwin P. Kilroe, one of the district attorney's assistants, who confines himself to stock frauds, was receiving as high as fifty complaints a day, with weekly totals of two hundred and fifty cases. This was the situation toward the first of the year.

Staggering Losses

"WE SHALL certainly roll up ten thousand Liberty Bond complaints in the year," says Mr. Kilroe. "Nothing even remotely approaching this was heard of before the war. In ordinary years a few hundred stock-fraud cases passed through our hands. Nearly everyone has patriotically put some savings into Liberty Bonds and this fact has made a field for sharpers such as never before existed. The total loss to the public is incalculable. I have seen it estimated at six hundred million dollars for the year."

"Fred," said the Widow, "the More I Think of It the More I Believe You Ought to Go Into This Thing for Your Son's Sake"

These figures permit of some interesting deductions. It is a well-known fact that not one victim in ten ever complains. Even this is a very high estimate and can be said to refer only to cases that become notorious through arrests and newspaper sensations. In one recent New York case it was found that sixteen thousand persons had been swindled. Yet there were only three complaints before the arrests and the attendant publicity. When all had been said and done, less than one thousand of the total victims ever came forward with their claims. Most of them preferred to pocket their losses in silence. Thus the ten thousand complaints to the New York district attorney mean that probably from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand persons have been robbed of their Liberty Bonds in the limited district contributary to New York. What the national total may be I leave to bolder imaginations.

District Attorney Edward Swann, of New York, writing to the state legislature, says:

If the proceeds of all the burglaries, highway robberies and common-law larcenies committed in this city per annum were added together they would not equal one-thousandth part of the moneys extracted from the pockets of the investing public by the promoters and underwriters of corporate stocks and bonds.

As I may have said before, the man who robs his dupe by an utterly worthless stock proposition, on the market or off, is just as much a confidence man as the veriest bunco steerer who ever sold his rustic the Brooklyn Bridge, the Masonic Temple or the power rights to Niagara Falls. All this enormous skinning of the public comes under the head of con. It is true that present-day laws do not reach the speculative swindler with any degree of effectiveness. Those of this crew who go to jail are few and sparsely strewn. Our attitude toward business morality has not yet reached that point where a successful crime is as heinous as a miserable failure. But the day of the saner justice will come and I should not be surprised to see it rise out of the present situation.

Meantime let me tell you how and by what means the public is being done out of its good-as-gold Liberty Bonds, so that you may avoid the pitfalls. I shall try to give a representative list of such games with a brief account of each.

Perhaps the commonest of all the Liberty Bond frauds is accomplished by what is politely called understating the market. A so-called broker sets up an office and advertises that he buys and sells Liberty Bonds. Such schemers generally attract only the most humble and ignorant, but it seems there are endless human unfortunates in this class, for houses of this sort have sprung up in every part of the country. New York City alone numbers hundreds of them, and the metropolis likes to believe that its inhabitants are at least as wise as the rur. of Americans.

Let us say that some poor devil who bought a fifty-dollar or one-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond must have money immediately for his rent, for a case of illness, for any of the thousand small reverses that come to the humble. He goes to the nearest bond buyer and offers his security. It is off a few points in the market, to be sure. The broker magnifies this fact, says the bonds are bad, the people have been cheated, the Government has done things amiss. He wrings his hands and is very sorry for his client, but it is doubtful whether he can find a market for the bond. He will try, however. Will the client call to-morrow? The unfortunate cannot wait, as the sharper well knows. He must have money at once. He pleads, allows himself to be haggled with and bullied, and eventually sells a bond worth fifty dollars for thirty. Cases have been recorded in which people were duped into selling Liberty Bonds for one-tenth their value.

Liberty-Bond Frauds

MANY persons of this same class, including hordes of foreign-born citizens, know enough to realize that Liberty Bonds have a borrowing value. But these good people have no bank accounts, no ready access to banks and no friends who can introduce them. Moreover they stand in awe of the banking house, with the result that they resort to the advertising neighborhood broker, who may be a crook. Here the owner is persuaded to take perhaps half the value of his bond as a loan. If he is lent some fairly decent amount the broker charges him an exorbitant commission. In one case which came to my notice six hundred dollars was lent on a one-thousand-dollar bond, but in addition the broker charged a one-hundred-dollar commission, pleading that it was almost impossible to get the money out of the bond—there were so many in the market. So he had a one-thousand-dollar bond for five hundred dollars. The next day he had sold the bond, pocketed the stolen profit and moved his office.

In other cases the broker follows this identical procedure, except that he does not decamp. When the loan is due he demands payment. In three cases out of four the borrower wishes to pay the interest and renew the loan. He is refused, to be sure, since his bond was sold the very day he hypothecated it. If a borrower comes in and lays down the cash various pretexts are used to put him off. If he knows his rights and becomes too troublesome a bond of the cheapest issue is bought and he must be satisfied with it, but in most cases he is no match for the swindler and takes his loss.

These frauds are so simple and barefaced that they have almost no place in the quasi-respectable company of con, but they have been worked in so many thousands of cases that I cannot disregard them.

One of the most pathetic and yet astounding cases which have come to light concerns that once high and luminous figure, Dr. John Grant Lyman, certainly one of the most opulent personages in confidence history. A few years ago this man rolled in spoliated millions, owned a string of horses, lived like a maharaja and dreamed of being admitted to the Paris Jockey Club. From that he fell to the kind of fraud men go to jail for. After his release he descended to ordinary get-away games, though for large stakes. These are swindles so crude that the

perpetrator plans flight from the outset, like a housebreaker. Lyman was caught, to be sure, and sent to Atlanta for a short term. On his release he was utterly without funds. He had the irrepressible need of money, the overweaning desire which explains the acts of so many criminals who get caught. Lyman went from city to city, setting up as a Liberty Bond broker. Innocent people brought him their bonds and he uttered worthless checks for them, taking to flight as soon as he had made a few turns. He was captured in Baltimore and sent to prison for ten years—this fellow who was once rated a genius in the Street.

J. Frank Lilly, whose curb brokerage house recently failed in New York for $1,500,000, had taken Liberty Bonds as margins for stock trading from several thousand persons.

Instead of using the bonds for this purpose he is said to have bucketed the orders of his customers and used their collateral for his own trading on the bigger market. He was overwhelmed by his own losses and the claims of his bucketing clients, and fled. Then began that sad procession of victims in and out of the offices of the helpless and distracted district attorney, that doubly sad procession of people, shorn in one slash of their money and their inflated dreams.

Souvenirs of Speculators' Folly

BUT by all odds the simplest form of swindling in Liberty Bonds in which another supposed security is used is that known as the plain trade. Probably half the great total of persons who bought the government securities have been approached with this game. It involves nothing more than the constant and repeated booming of some highly speculative and usually worthless stock, carried on until the victim is hypnotized into exchanging his bonds for stock. For a little while the wholly fictitious market is kept going in the right direction. The purpose of this is to induce still further exchanges. Finally the bottom drops out under the stock and the former bondholder finds himself stripped of his savings. The arguments, convincers, tricks, false reports and other devices employed to bring about these trades are almost as various as the kinds of human stupidity. How many thousands of honest people have been tricked no human being knows.

But it is not always so easy to trade men out of their bonds, particularly those prosperous enough to own these sterling securities in larger amounts. For the benefit of such people several variants or complications of the trade are employed. The most common form of the complicated-trade game is accomplished as follows:

A broker canvasses by mail a large number of persons known to have Liberty Bonds or to have bought them. How such names are procured will be considered hereafter. After some tempting through the mails the victim is approached by a salesman, who tries to talk him into exchanging his bonds for a stock. He does not succeed at the time. The mail canvass continues and the stock is arbitrarily advanced in price from day to day. After a stock which was originally offered at one dollar, let us say, has been boosted to three dollars the salesman returns.

Now the stock has never been quoted on any market anywhere and has no salable value whatever. It has been arbitrarily raised in price on the books of the broker. The salesman forgets this. He takes out his quotations and shows the victim what a fool he has been. Had he traded his Liberty Bonds for the stock when it was a dollar a share he would now have trebled his money and he could if he so desired buy three times as many Liberty Bonds as he possessed. More than three times, for the bonds are actually below par. What a fool has this man been to hold bonds that are paying a mere four and one-quarter per cent and are off on the market into the bargain! Will he persist in such folly?

In most cases the victim is overpersuaded and yields at least part of his bonds. The market continues to go up and he is stripped of his honest savings bit by bit. The stock remains with him as a token of his folly.

This general scheme may be varied and made complex ad infinitum. The case of a Chicago gentleman will illustrate. He had invested about four thousand dollars in the first Liberty Loan and was cheerfully accepting three and one-half per cent when a salesman representing what was supposed to be a reputable stock house approached him with arguments. He was suspicious, but the salesman and the rank of his house soon disarmed the investor and he was shortly led to exchange his low-interest government bonds for a corporate issue bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. The dividends were paid, for the issue was safe enough in its way, and the investor was pleased with the salesman and ready to believe in his own acumen. When he was asked a few weeks later to make a second trade, by which he converted his bonds into a preferred stock paying eight per cent dividends, he did no more than hesitate. Three months passed and the dividend was declared and paid.

Of a sudden he began to be bombarded with letters concerning a highly speculative mining stock which was just then being heavily dealt in. In a short time the salesman, who had already made what seemed to be advantageous trades for him, summoned him to put his money into the mining venture. The investor had seen the stock rise from forty cents to one dollar and ninety cents. He was assured it would go to twenty dollars. With some slight misgiving he invested his whole hoard. Two months later he needed a little money and went to take a loan on his stock. The bank declined the security and he determined to sell. I regret to record that once again there was no market. The supposedly reputable house had been a common stock-washing concern. I ask my readers whether this is not a complete con game, with all the elements of build-up, convincing and hurrah.

On the Washboards by the Curb

ARE we to suppose by any chance that such stock houses are few or that this game has been played only here and there? Emphatically not. This very trick has been worked in every part of the country, and to what extent may be judged from the case of a broker who is now awaiting trial. This man is charged with having bought a large block of oil stock from the company at fifteen cents a share. He thus became an underwriter, with a strong inflection on the under. The broker is charged with having thrown this stock upon the curb washboards at an initial price of fifty cents and with having run it up as high as six dollars. At prices between these two figures he disposed of all or nearly all his shares. Then he stepped from under and the market collapsed, causing losses of very nearly two million dollars. One man was worked up to the point of converting seven thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds into this stock, having been led along by gradual stages.

Precisely the same tactics were used in a Western mine promotion, where the stock was run up to eight dollars for

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"My Boy," Said Fawcet, "We're Potential Millionaires This Minute"

COURT-MARTIAL

By Alfred Noyes

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

DADDEE! Daddee-e-e!" The voice of a small boy, alone in the dark and frightened, wailed from an upper room of Number Six, Acacia Villas. "All right, Pickles, all right! Daddy's coming," cried Mr. George Mason cheerfully as he put down his evening paper and dashed upstairs.

Mrs. Mason, a young woman with a pretty tip-tilted nose, large dark eyes and only the shadowy beginnings of the harassed look that comes eventually to all who live in Acacialand, laid her sewing down and looked at the fire. She smiled faintly as she listened to the two voices overhead. George was really almost as excitable as the small boy.

She could not distinguish the words of the nursery rime with which he was soothing the frightened child, but his foot beat the time on the floor above like a muffled-drum tap and she tried to identify the tune by counting:

One, two, three; and a
one, two, three;
And a one, two; one,
two, three.

"Say it again, daddy," piped the clear treble of Pickles.

"Time—asleep."

Only the emphasized words of the tenor reply reached the listener below. The small voice expostulated. There was an instant surrender.

"George is so weak," thought his wife, smiling again, while the drum taps began more loudly—as if they had drawn nearer; and the thin tenor rose quite clearly now, lilting:

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Then there was a brief duet of laughter, the sound of a kiss, a well-pleased good night from Pickles, a creak on the stairs, and George reëntered the sitting room.

"Dreaming again," he said. "It was a man with long thin legs this time. He was as thin as a telegraph pole, three times as tall as the house, and he tried to get in by pushing his legs through the bedroom windows. Nasty spidery legs they were too. I've put a night light in a basin for him now. Pickles never dreams if he knows the light's there, which proves that it isn't indigestion."

"It's very extravagant. We're burning a great many night lights, George."

"Yes, I know, and personally I should prefer the dark to shadows on a lighted wall. But Pickles doesn't think so, and I know what a comfort it used to be to myself."

His wife smiled at him affectionately as he sat on a cushion at her feet.

"Were you just as troublesome, George?"

"Oh, worse—heaps worse! People don't understand what agonies nervous children can suffer. That's why I always hop upstairs at once when Pickles begins to holler. You see, one might just arrive in the nick of time to save him from one of those ghastly things that live in Nightmareland. The poor little chap was trembling all over just now. He's a bundle of nerves. Let's hope he'll outgrow them."

"You See, One Might Just Arrive in the Nick of Time to Save Him From One of Those Ghastly Things That Live in Nightmareland"

"Doctor Morison says it's just as much a child's illness as measles."

"Yes, only nobody really knows when you've got it, so you don't get looked after properly. I'm afraid Pickles inherited some of his troubles from me. I know that I was made worse by sheer foolishness when I was a kid. Good Lord, Ellen, the earliest recollection of my life is a big dark garden behind a schoolhouse—a sort of kindergarten it must have been! I remember an older boy making me come with him to the end of it and telling me to look into the summer house, where he said there was a ghost. As soon as I did it he pushed me inside, locked the door behind me and left me there alone in the pitch dark. Then something, I thought it was the ghost, clutched me by the hair—I had long curls then—lifted me off my feet and dropped me on the floor. I was found lying there half an hour afterward in a dead faint, but my recollection was that I had been tortured for about a century. Schoolboys can be little devils. It sounds very silly, but I'd rather live a hundred years in hell, I think, than be asked to become a child and go through that experience again."

His wife touched his forehead.

"Why, your forehead's quite damp even now," she said.

"Is it? Quite likely. I honestly believe it affected me for years afterward and made my nerves shaky in all sorts of unexpected ways. I never quite knew when they were going to let me down. I remember when I was a boy of about fourteen getting halfway up a cliff, then looking down and losing my nerve so completely that I couldn't move in any direction. I stayed there for about three hours expecting to slip and be killed at any moment. A sailor climbed up at last and helped me down again. It's extraordinary, but I still dream about it."

He resumed his seat on the other side of the fire and picked up his newspaper.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason had always looked upon wars as something entirely outside the life of respectable people who lived in cities like London. Wars were a matter for history books; and they, the mysterious they who ruled the country and ordained that there should be postmen, policemen and paved streets, would of course carry on all necessary wars elsewhere and end them whenever they pleased.

"I see they have sent an expeditionary force. I see they say it will last three years," Mr. Mason would remark; and it was quite likely that his wife would reply, "I see they are wearing shorter skirts this winter."

On one occasion, when he had read out from the evening paper an account of the casualties during a disastrous retreat, she had said without a single pause to take breath, "It's terrible, isn't it? I can smell scorched leather! Your slippers are too near the fire, dear. Are you going to hear Pickles say his prayers to-night, or shall I?"

But this detachment did not in the least mean that either of them was callous, or even unimaginative. Nature has provided that all men shall be more seriously disturbed by a broken finger in their own household than by the slaughter of a million men in a far-off country. The great events of the world had never troubled Mr. and Mrs. Mason in the past. Distance is sometimes a question of modesty rather than of mileage. They looked at historical events, even in their own day, as one looks at constellations on a clear night It never occurred to them that those remote splendors and terrors could affect their own insignificant lives.

Then came the day when Dawkins & Son began to make it plain that they didn't want to lose anyone, but they thought that everyone ought to go. It was a little startling, not so much because of the gravity of the situation as because Mr. George Mason, who was one of their clerks, had never looked at it in that light. Of course he knew that they wanted the men. Hitherto he had belonged to neither party. But he was perhaps the most sensitive of the employees of Messrs. Dawkins, and on the evening of that same day, after a serious talk with his wife, he went to hear the speeches—this was all that they admitted to themselves—at a local recruiting meeting. His wife accompanied him. There was a very jovial member of Parliament on the platform, and as it was in December, 1914, before the tragedy had struck very deep, he was able to draw a laugh occasionally, even from Ellen Mason. His peroration was in terms of football.

"Now, come along, my boys!" he cried. "Let's put up a good team here to-night and see if we can't help to send the Kaiser's team back to Germany with a score of six goals to nothing against them!"

The speaker was aided by a burly soldier to whom he sometimes alluded as Sergeant Pym. This man, who looked extraordinarily like Bismarck in the face, except that there was a depth of amiability in his eyes, the eyes of a faithful mastiff, moved about the hall, accosting likely youths and seldom failing to enlist them. At last he stood in front of George Mason and smiled down at him.

Mr. Mason's undernourished physique hardly suggested a warlike disposition. He stood about five feet four inches in his socks. He had the round shoulders and narrow chest of a confirmed desk worker and he had to be very careful about catching cold. Twice a day also, immediately after meals, he took a mysterious white globule said to contain iron. He was thirty-five years of age and his prematurely lined face had an anæmic expression, which in the days of their courtship Mrs. Mason had associated with a hungry angel, an imitation of Burne-Jones, in a certain church window. She had gazed at it during many a sermon and a framed photograph of it still hung in her bedroom, but the globules and other domestic details had quietly disassociated it from her husband. Her affection for him was far more real now, but she knew that he was neither an angel nor a viking. Sergeant Pym apparently thought otherwise.

"You're just the young fellow I've been looking for," he said. "'Arf a dozen more like you and we shall 'ave the war over before Christmas. There's a good lot 'ere tonight, everyone of 'em joinin' up to do his bit for Old England except that funny little blighter under the platform there, and 'e's got an 'arelip and no roof to 'is mouth, so I couldn't really say whether 'e wanted to join up, or whether 'e was usin' bad language."

"Shall I join up, Ellen?" said Mason. "I'd better do it now, I think. Dawkins & Son will make up the salary to you now and keep my place open till after the war. They mightn't be so ready to do it if I were to wait. What do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know, George. It's for you to decide. Of course I don't think you're really strong. You mightn't be able to stand the hardships."

"'Ardships? Don't you worry about 'ardships," said Sergeant Pym. "Nobody in this country is going to get anything to eat except the men in the army. You won't know yer 'usband when 'e's been in the army a few months. Why, it's the best 'ealth resort in the world! Look at me! I was twenty years in the marines before I got transferred to the army and I've seen active service all over the world, from Greenland's icy mountains to Injia's coral strand, same as the 'ymn says. When I was your 'usband's age you could 'ave knocked me down with a feather—and now look at me!

"Wot's the reason the taxes are going up all the time? Why, because of all the 'earty old soldiers the country 'as to pension! Look at all them old boys in Chelsea, going on to ninety, some of 'em, all of 'em eating 'earty, drinking 'earty, smoking 'earty and swearing 'earty, and not one of 'em that 'asn't a sweet'eart for every day in the week."

Sergeant Pym carried his point.

The experiences of the next few months were like a wild incomprehensible dream to millions of men and women, and not least among them to George Mason and his wife. In July, 1914, if anyone had told these two that within a very few months they would be parted and that the city clerk would be a private in the Downshires learning how to plunge a bayonet into the human body, they would have attributed the prophecy to drink or lunacy. Yet this thing had happened, and in a very few months George Mason found himself in France surrounded by an extraordinary pageantry of movement that recalled vaguely what he had read in the history books about the trekking of whole nations from one continent to another. It hardly suggested warfare. It was as if whole races had struck their tents and were migrating to new camping grounds beyond the horizon.

Always he seemed to be moving in a dream world. The letters that he wrote to his wife at first were full of the new things that he discovered in France. It was as new a country to him as America to Columbus, and walking about over a country that hitherto had been a part of his land of story books did not make it more real. It merely added to the dreamlike quality of his life.

"I went into a church here the other day," he wrote. "It was full of lighted candles." And once when he was in the south, "there are a great many palm trees here and the last week in March was like July at home."

But his chief impression was of a gigantic house-moving, a pilgrimage—or a crusade—on a continental scale. He was perhaps quietly relieved to find that victories depended on the marching up and down of soldiers at a considerable distance from the ferocious hand-to-hand contests that he had pictured. But occasionally a feeling of impatience would overtake him that the movement would only proceed at a foot pace. The streams of motor lorries flowing in the direction of the guns or returning empty appeared to be adapting themselves to the pace of the dusty men on foot.

He was as homesick as a schoolboy in his first term. His chief desire, he wrote, was to get the whole thing over and to settle down in the old routine, by which he meant his daily round between Acacia Villas and the city. He began to survey the future with despondency, as one contemplates a very long railway journey with many stops at wayside stations, and in this case the train would obviously take many months, perhaps years, before it arrived at its destination.

This comparison was constantly in his mind. One of the most leisurely things he had ever seen was the spectacle of some big guns in action. It reminded him of shunting operations at a railway junction. There was the same leisurely waving of signals, though in this case the signalers were aided by airplanes. But the whole business was on too large a scale for the hurry his soul desired. The British Empire could hardly be expected to move with the rapidity of Mexican raiders. Men in their shirt sleeves strolled about carrying buckets. Occasionally there was a quick stab of flame from a hidden gun pit, an explosion that shook the ground under his feet and jarred his bones. As for the alleged but always unseen enemy, Private Mason began to accept the constant thunderstorm of artillery on the horizon, and even the sound of shells traveling overhead like invisible express trains, as a part of the routine of Nature; and though he had been caught up by the military machine, he was moving not upon a field of war, but in a world of confused dreams.

He hardly realized this phantasmagoric quality of his life until he found himself—one might almost say woke and found himself—a prisoner, not of the enemy, but of his own countrymen. He was charged with an offense that had no legal existence in civil life, but in the army was a serious crime and punishable by death.

Though he had been a volunteer and ready to do everything in his power to help his country, some obscure nerve had given way at a critical moment. He had tried to escape. He was charged with desertion and the motive attributed to him was cowardice.

On a certain night three weeks after the court-martial he sat on an old packing case in the barn where he was imprisoned trying to write a letter to his wife by the light of a dim oil lamp. In the main farm building, where the officers were billeted, across a wide yard, somebody was pounding a piano and the voices of half a dozen young men rose in one of the latest songs of the army. It was a still night and the prisoner heard every syllable of the solo.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his corporals three."

Then with a tremendous clatter and banging—what children they all were!—the voices rang out in chorus.

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He Sat There in the Dimly Lighted Barn, His Prison. He Heard the Sounds of That Other World—the World That Had Condemned Him

THE ROUND-UP

By EMERSON HOUGH

ON THE morning of New Year's Day our village lay in peace and quiet, sleeping off the effects of a hip-pocket holiday wherein, after all, joy had been more or less unconfined. All bloodless lay the untrodden snow. In the afternoon men who were able to do so put on their long black coats, some of which buttoned hard at the middle, and sallied forth for receptions where they might expect at least tea and macaroons; or perhaps something else in the houses of such friends as had something laid by. Strong men wept as they discussed the possibility that it might be later than January sixteenth when the world formally and officially would be declared at peace. The world seemed sad among our best people, who have macaroons for breakfast. Not everybody knew that before the stroke of midnight there would be in our town many another home where dinners or suppers would remain untouched.

Not everybody knew—as it chanced I personally for some time had known—that New Year's Day had been selected as the date for the start of a general raid against the radical element.

Big New Year's Reception at the Jail

SOMETHING very considerable was doing in our town on the first day of the glad new year. The thermometer was five below, which is pretty cold when you have a wind off the ice; and we have ice in our town. It was not a good night to be arrested. It was not an especially good night to talk with those who had been arrested, particularly when the night must be prolonged until daybreak of the following day. A good police reporter, however, cannot consider details of that nature. As to myself, I never before had been a police reporter, more is the pity, but it seemed not too late to learn. Therefore, having received the right word from my informant that the big raid was to start at four o'clock, I wrapped the drapery of my long black New Year's coat round me, left a well-lighted interior where they had tea at least, and wandered to the county jail.

I found it difficult to break into the jail, which I now saw for the first time. I suppose it is a good enough jail in its way, but it impressed me as being inhospitable. I did not like the upholstery of the anteroom, which it seemed to me would be the better for some Oriental rugs, some murals in soft pastels and some Louis Seize couches. But at last I succeeded in attracting the attention of the jailer, who told me to go next door, to the criminal court building. I did so, and found there the greatest New Year's reception we have ever known in our fair city.

For a month or two a very few persons in our town had known that something of this sort was going to happen. Now it had happened; that was obvious enough. The corridors and offices of the criminal court, all the court chambers, the reception rooms, linen closets and filing cabinets were literally full and running over with representatives of the Communist Labor Party, the I. W. W. headquarters, the Syndicalist Club, the officers of the Embassy of the Soviet Government, the Russian Anarchists' headquarters, the Russian and Italian anarchist clubs, and many other select social organizations. Not to mention a number of society halls, bookstores and private residences of suspects, it would seem that all the main hangouts had been combed. At its best the criminal court interior does not resemble a pink tea on the Avenue, and now it resembled nothing that ought to be in America. But it was America.

A strange slouchiness of carriage seemed to mark all of these people, of whom there were a hundred or so already

Maclay Hoyne, Who Now Carries the Title of "The Red Raider," is State's Attorney of Cook County. Above—A Group of the Prisoners

in custody. Their caps were pulled down low. Their collars were turned up high. Their ears averaged low, their cheek bones averaged high. Some of them would look you in the eye as you passed, and a good many would look anywhere else. They averaged dark in complexion and in hair—they were Russians in very large part. There were also Germans, Scandinavians, one or two Swiss, one or two negroes, some English.

Scattered among all these, hustling them and herding them under guard in the different rooms as new batches kept on coming in, were the officers of the law—policemen in uniform, plain-clothes men of the city, quiet men of the unidentified services. One roomful of women prisoners was guarded by a quiet little policewoman, kind of eye and mild of voice, who sat near the door. If you looked into the door next beyond that you might see certain Russians, pale of face, black of hair, wise enough not to talk. Beyond that again you would see a group of officers frisking a line of mixed prisoners as they were brought in, taking away from them their buttons, all that sort of thing. Heaped up in bales and bundles in half a dozen rooms were thousands of pounds of anarchistic, communistic and socialistic pamphlets in many languages, but largely under red covers. In one corner were piled a lot of the lodge banners of the I. W. W.'s—a red guidon with a circle on the left inscribed "Industrial Workers of the World"; and on the right hand of the banner the strange device One Big Union—that same device under whose name it was intended this winter to pull off at one and the same time the steel strike, the railroad strike, the coal strike and the packing-house strike.

Had that all been done there would have been such want, distress, loss of life and physical discomfort as no American ever yet has dreamed of. It had been planning to pull off the universal strike and the one big union this winter, when it would pinch worst. The steel strike and the coal strike both have failed. The stockyards strike is not yet in evidence.

So here we were on the glad New Year, all of us, and all of us Americans! Some of us had been in America for a year. We had not achieved a bath in that time, but we had achieved the vote in the state of Indiana, the state of Missouri, and yet others. We were examples of labor gone mad, of altruism gone mad, of democracy gone mad to the nth power of leniency and weakness. At least this raid was now under way.

Mr. Maclay Hoyne, state's attorney, apparently had secured what is technically known as a scoop, beat or priority. Considerations unknown moving him thereto, he apparently had concluded that it was about time to begin a few deportations from our town. Certainly he was first on the streets with the story. I collared a young assistant in the festivities and asked him how many prisoners had been taken at that time, round eight o'clock in the evening.

"Two or three hundred by now," he replied; "and more coming in. We've pretty near depopulated the entire West Side, not to mention choice portions of the South and North Sides. We've had our plans all laid for a long time, and we couldn't wait. Someone tipped off one bunch who were going to have a big meeting, and when we got to the hall there was no one there. We had everything planned to make a big haul at that place. We got a great many in their own homes, some of them in stores and hangouts, and some in their society halls."

I asked Mr. Barnhart, assistant then in charge, for the legal status of the raids.

The Illinois State Law

"WE ARE not acting under the Espionage Act," said he, "nor under any national law, but only under our own state law, and our dragnet is out on the general charge of a conspiracy among all these different branches of the anarchists, syndicalists, members of the communist party, the Communist Labor Party, and all the rest. Our law was passed with special view to precisely this situation, and it became operative July 1, 1919."

He gave me the following synopsis of the law:

It shall be unlawful to advocate the overthrow, by violence or unlawful means, of government secured by the constitution.

It shall be unlawful for any person to publish, issue or knowingly sell or distribute any book, paper, document or other written or printed matter which advocates crime or violence to overthrow constitutional government.

It shall be unlawful to organize, aid in the organization of or become a member of any society or association the object of which is to advocate the overthrow of the government.

It shall be unlawful for any person to be present at any meeting or assembly at which the reformation or overthrow of the government by violence is advocated.

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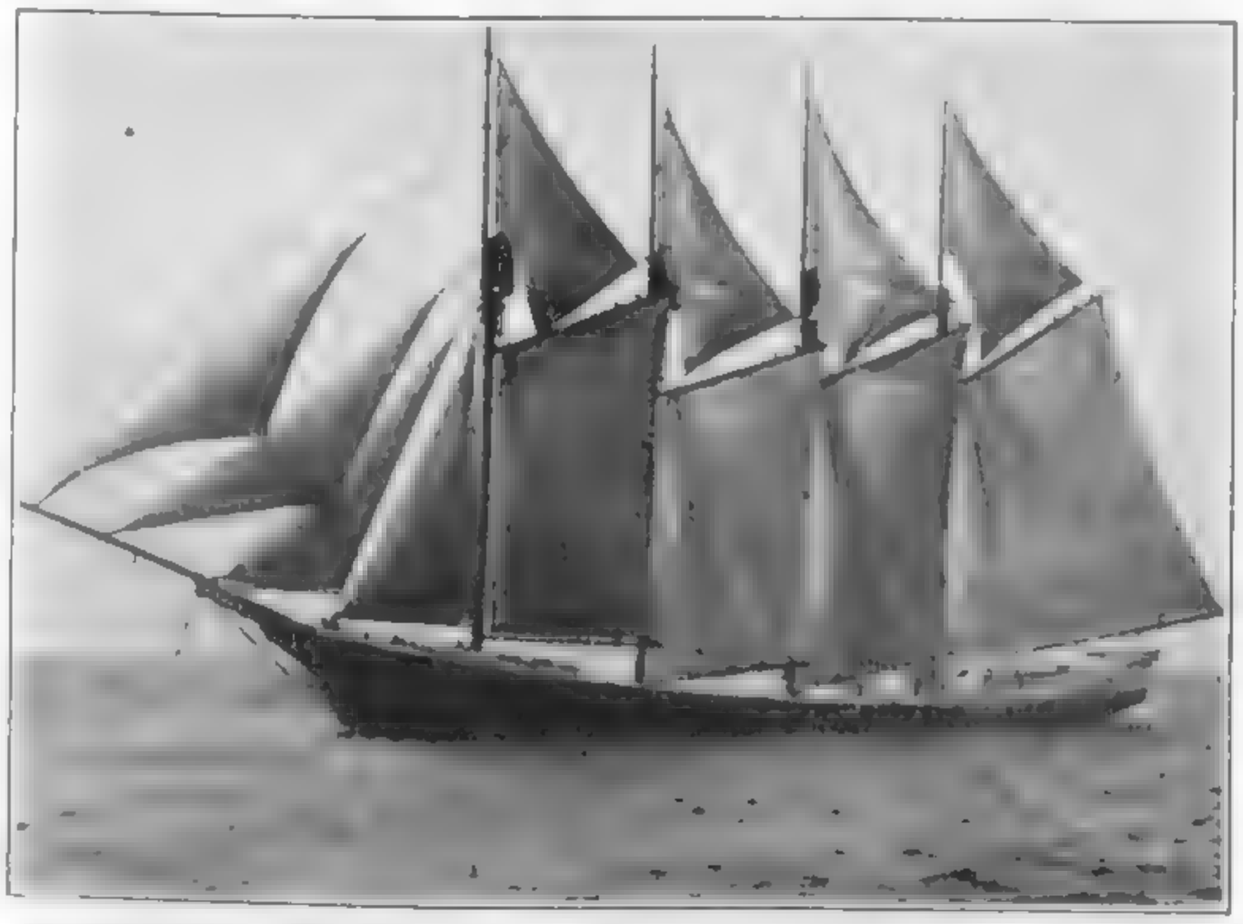
The Destiny of Our Merchant Marine

By Walter C. Teagle
President Standard Oil Company of New Jersey

TO THE hour that the world went to war America was in the export business on the cash-and-carry basis. Those who wanted our merchandise came to the front door, bundled their ships full from the litter along the water front, laid their money on the counter and sailed away. Our exporters followed the process of production and sale from the fields of Kansas or the mines of Pennsylvania just to the point where the shipments crossed tidewater mark. Few undertook to deliver goods on the other side of the sea—and this group had been growing relatively smaller year by year since the Civil War.

Time was, as every one knows, when we had a sizable merchant marine under the American flag. In the period between the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 American ships were carrying more than ninety per cent of our exports. The effect of the War of 1812 was to give American shipping a setback, which in the end proved to be but a temporary reverse, and there came a day in the early years of the nineteenth century when our flag was the premier flag of the seas. It floated over the fastest ships. New England ingenuity had created the Boston clipper and the Yankee packet, records of whose sailings stand even to this day in a favorable light as compared with some of our modern freighters. In 1860 we were carrying eighty-four per cent of our imports and nearly eighty per cent of our exports.



The Schooner Lyman Law, Sunk in the Mediterranean

Then three events with an important bearing on our maritime development happened in rapid succession—the Civil War, the birth of the iron ship and the opening up of our own West. It required all three together to bring about one result—namely, the swift decadence of American shipping. During the Civil War many ships were sent to the bottom, and, what was almost as ruinous, many more rode at anchor while their markets and trade were being absorbed by the fleets of other nations. When the war ended a crippled mercantile marine was faced with the task of reëstablishing itself in a carrying trade that had forgotten its existence, and just at this time along came the iron steamship.

Iron Ships

AS A BUILDER of wooden ships America had been preëminent, for one reason because she had the timber—untold quantities of the finest in the world. But as a builder of iron ships Great Britain, the then home of the iron industry, was supreme. Our own Gogebic, Menominee and Mesaba had not so much as been discovered. Lloyd's Register gave the iron steamship a classification which vastly strengthened its position as a competitor, and gradually the sailing vessels began to tie up, while construction of this type of craft practically ceased. For a very plausible reason its passing occasioned no apparent setback in the country's development.

The conquering of a continent was gradually weaning the American people away from the sea. The lure of the West, stimulated by an incident in far-away California at Sutter's Mill, turned the eyes of younger New England toward the setting sun. A race of seamen became a race of agriculturists, miners and industrial workers. The doughboy who, passing the statue en route home, told Liberty that if she ever wanted to see him again she would have to turn around expressed it neatly. The plains and the mountain ranges, not the sea, constituted the natural habitat of the generations that came after our seafaring fathers. And so from the Civil War until the world war the American mercantile marine went steadily into eclipse.

During the first decade of the present century our ships brought only about fifteen per cent of the imports and carried away less than ten per cent of the exports, and this circumstance perhaps explains something in our financial balance which has always appeared at strange discord with our trade balance.

We Paid the Freight

YEAR after year we shipped goods to Great Britain and to Europe and then at the end of each period we sent gold bars or more securities to square the account. How was it, with this trade balance in our favor for years, that at the outbreak of the war Britain alone had five billion dollars of our securities? The shipping office knows one answer. Owning relatively few bottoms, we, as a nation, were out of pocket the freight earnings; the Britishers, or if not the Britishers the Norwegians or the Dutch, collected it. If it cost twenty cents on the dollar to get our commodities to the foreign markets where they sold in competition with the world's goods we got the dollar less the twenty cents, which went to the foreign shipowner. If we exchanged a dollar's worth of our goods for a dollar's worth of their goods we still had to get the commodities home, so we paid the foreign shipowner another twenty cents.

We had traded them dollar for dollar in commodity value, but to complete the transaction the owners of the ships, mainly British, received forty cents for transportation. They usually loaned us back the difference and took as a token thereof various railway bonds and other collateral of stabilized interest-bearing character. In brief, the five billion dollars which at the outbreak of the war we owed to Europe was largely a manifestation of what it cost us to remain for half a century without a merchant marine. The real costs were the stacks of grain and meats and cotton and sometimes gold that had

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The Jacandaga in Culebra Cut, Panama

EVERED

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

VIII

THE day of Mary Evered's burial was such a day as comes most often immediately after a storm, when the green of the trees is washed to such a tropical brightness that the very leaves radiate color and the air is filled with glancing rays of light. There were white clouds in the blue sky; clouds not dense and thick, but lightly frayed and torn by the winds of the upper reaches, and scudding this way and that according to the current which had grip of them. Now and then these gliding clouds obscured the sun; and the sudden gloom made men look skyward, half expecting a burst of rain. But for the most part the sun shone steadily enough; and there was an indescribable brilliance in the light with which it bathed the earth. Along the borders of the trees, round the gray hulks of the bowlders, and fringing the white blurs of the houses there seemed to shimmer a halo of colors so faint and fine they could be sensed but not seen by the eye.

The trees and the fields were an unearthly gaudy green; the shadows deep amid the branches were trembling, changing pools of color. A day fit to bewitch the eye; with a soft cool wind stirring everywhere.

Evered himself was early about, attending to the morning chores. Ruth MacLure had fallen asleep toward morning, and the woman with her let the girl rest. John woke when he heard his father stirring; and it was he who made breakfast ready, when he had done his work about the barn. He and his father ate together, and Ruth did not join them.

Evered, John saw, was more silent than his usual silent custom; and the young man was not surprised, expecting this. John himself, concerned for Ruth, and wishing he might ease the agony of her grief, had few words to say. When they were done eating he cleared away the dishes and washed them and put them away; and then he swept the floor, not because it needed sweeping, but because he could not bear to sit idle, doing nothing at all. He could hear the women stirring in the other room; and once he heard Ruth's voice.

The Minister Turned to John, and John Had to Listen to Him With What Patience Could be Mustered

John's grief was more for the living than for the dead; he had loved Mary Evered truly enough, but there was a full measure of philosophy in the young man. She was dead; and according to the simple trust which was a part of him she was happy. But Ruth was unhappy, and his father was unhappy. He wished he might comfort them.

Evered at this time was soberly miserable; his mind was still numb, his emotions were just beginning to assert themselves. He could not think clearly, could scarce think at all. What passed for thought with him was merely a jumble of exclamations, passionate outcries, curses and laments. Mary was dead; and he knew that dimly, without full comprehension of the knowledge. More clearly he remembered Mary and Dane Semler, sitting so intimately side by side; and the memory was compounded of anguish and of satisfaction—anguish because she was false, satisfaction because her frailty in some small measure justified the monstrous thing he had permitted, and in permitting had done. Evered did not seek to deceive himself; he knew that he had killed Mary Evered as truly as he had killed Dave Riggs many a year ago. He did not put the knowledge into words; nevertheless, it was there, in the recesses of his mind, concrete and ever insistent. And when sorrow and remorse began to prick at him with little pins of fire he told himself, over and over, that she had been frail, and so got eased of the worst edge of pain.

A little after breakfast people began to come to the house. Isaac Gorfinkle was first of them all, and he busied himself with his last ugly preparations. Later the minister came—a boy, or little more; fresh from theological school. His name was Mattice, and he was as prim and meticulous as the traditional maiden lady who is so seldom found in life. He tried to speak unctuous comfort to Evered, but the man's scowl withered him; he turned to John, and John had to listen to him with what patience could be mustered. And more men came, and stood in groups about the farmyard, smoking, spitting, shaving tiny curls of wood from splinters of pine; and their women went indoors and herded in the front room together, and whispered and sobbed in a hissing chorus indescribably horrible. There is no creation of mankind so hideous as a funeral; there is nothing that should be more beautiful. The hushed voices, the damp scent of flowers, the stifling closeness of tight-windowed rooms, the shuffling of feet, the raw snuffles of those who wept—these sounds filled the house and came out through the open doors to the men, whispering in little groups outside.

Ruth MacLure was not weeping; nor Evered; nor John. And the mourning, sobbing women kissed Ruth and called her brave; and they whispered to each other that Evered was hard, and that John was like his father. And the lugubrious debauch of tears went on interminably, as though Gorfinkle—whose duty it would be to give the word when the time should come—thought these preliminaries were requisites to a successful funeral.

But at last it was impossible to wait longer without going home for dinner, and Gorfinkle, who was accustomed to act as organist on such occasions, took his seat, pumped the treadles and began to play. Then everyone crowded into the front room or stood in the hall; and a woman sang, and young Mattice spoke for a little while, dragging forth verse after verse of sounding phrase which rang nobly even in his shrill and uncertain tones. More singing, more tears. A blur of pictures photographed themselves on Ruth's eyes; words that she would never forget struck her ears in broken phrases. She sat still, steady and quiet. But her nerves were jangling; and it seemed to the girl she must have screamed aloud if the thing had not ended when it did.

Then the mile-long drive to the hilltop above Fraternity, with its iron fence round about, and the white stones within; and there the brief and solemn words, gentle with grief and glorious with triumphant hope, were spoken above the open grave. And the first clod fell. And by and by the last; and those who had come began to drift away to their homes, to their dinners, to the round of their daily lives.

Evered and John and Ruth drove home together in their light buggy, and Ruth sat on John's knee. But there was no yielding in her, there was no softness about the girl. And no word was spoken by any one of them upon the way.

At home, alighting, she went forthwith into the house; and John put the horse up, while his father fed the pigs and the red bull in his stall. When they were done Ruth called them to dinner, appearing for an instant at the kitchen door. John reached the kitchen before his father; and the pain in him made him speak to the girl before Evered came.

"Ruthie," he said softly. "Please don't be too unhappy."

She looked at him with steady eyes, a little sorrowful. "I'm not unhappy, John," she said. "Because Mary is not unhappy, now. Don't think about me."

"I can't help thinking about you," he told her; and she knew what was behind his words, and shook her head.

"You'll have to help it," she said.

"Why, Ruthie," he protested, "you know how I feel about you."

Her eyes shone somberly. "It's no good, John," she answered. "You're too much Evered. I can see clearer now."

They had not, till then, marked Evered himself in the doorway. Ruth saw him and fell silent; and Evered asked her in a low steady voice, "You're blaming me?"

"I'm cursing you," said the girl.

Evered held still for a little, as though it were hard for him to muster words. Then he asked huskily, "What was my fault?"

She flung up her hand. "Everything!" she cried. "I've lived here with you. I've seen you—breaking Mary by inches, and nagging and teasing and pestering her. Till she was sick with it. And she kept loving you, so you could hurt her more. And you did. You loved to hurt her. Hard and cruel and mean and small—you'd have beat her as you do your beasts, if you'd dared. Coward too. Oh!"

She flung away, began to move dishes aimlessly about upon the table. Evered was gripped by a desire to placate her, to appease her; he thought of Dane Semler, wished to cry out that accusation against his wife. But he held his tongue. He had seen Semler with Mary; he had told John; Ruth knew that Semler had been upon the farm. But neither of them spoke of the man, then or thereafter. They told no one; and though Fraternity might wonder and conjecture, might guess at the meaning of Semler's swift flight on the day of the tragedy, the town would never know.

Evered did not name Semler now; and it was not any sense of shame that held his tongue. He believed wholly in that which his eyes had seen, and all that it implied. Himself scarce knew why he did not speak; and he would never have acknowledged that it was desire to shield his wife, even from her own sister, which kept him silent. After a moment he sat down and they began to eat.

Toward the end of the meal he said to Ruth uneasily: "Feeling so, you'll not be like to stay here with John and me."

Ruth looked at him with a quick flash of eyes; she was silent, thoughtful.

She had not considered this; had not considered what she was to do. But instantly she knew.

"Yes, I'm going to stay," she told Evered. "This thing isn't done. There's more to come. It must be so. For all you did there's something that will come to you. I want to be here, to see." Her hands clenched on the table edge. "I want to see you when it comes—see you squirm and crawl."

There was such certainty in her tone that Evered, spite of himself, was shaken. He answered nothing; and the girl said again, "Yes; I am going to stay."

The red bull in his stall bellowed aloud; a long, rumbling, terrible blare of challenge. It set the dishes dancing on the table before them; and when they listened they could hear the monstrous beast snorting in his stall.

AFTER the death of Mary Evered the days slipped away, and June passed to July, and July to August. Gardens prospered; the hay ripened in the fields; summer was busy with the land. But winter is never far away in these northern hills; and once in July and twice in August the men of the farms awoke in early morning to find frost faintly lying, so that there were blackened leaves in the gardens, and the beans had once to be replanted. Customary hazards of their arduous life.

The trout left quick water and moved into the deep pools; and a careful fisherman, not scorning the humble worm, might strip a pool if he were murderously inclined. The summer was dry; and as the brooks fell low and lower little fingerlings were left gasping and flopping upon the gravel of the shallows here and there. Nick Westley, the game warden for the district, and a Fraternity man, went about with dip net and pail, bailing penned trout from tiny shallows and carrying them to the larger pools where they might have a chance for life. Some of the more ardent fishermen imitated him; and some took advantage of the trout's extremity to bring home catches they could never have made in normal times.

John Evered loved fishing; and he knew the little brook along the hither border of Whitcher Swamp, below the farm, as well as he knew his own hand. But this year had been busy; he found no opportunity to try the stream until the first week of July. One morning then, with steel rod and tiny hooks, and a can of bait at his belt, he struck down through the woodlot, past the spring where Mary had been killed, into the timber below, and so came to the wall that was the border of his father's farm, and crossed into the swamp.

Whitcher Swamp is on the whole no pleasant place for a stroll; yet it has its charms for the wild things, and for this reason John loved it. Where he struck the marshy ground it was relatively easy going; and he took a way he knew and came to the brook and moved along it a little ways to a certain broad and open pool.

He thought the brook was lower than he had ever seen it at this season; and once he knelt and felt the water, and found it warm. He smiled at this with a certain gratification for the pool he sought was a spring hole, water bubbling up through pin gravel in the brook's very bed, and the trout would be there to dwell in that cooler stream. When he came near the place, screened behind alders so that he could not be seen, he uttered an exclamation, and became as still as the trees about him while he watched.

There were trout in the pool, a very swarm of them, lying close on the yellow gravel bottom. The water, clear as crystal, was no more than three feet deep; and he could see them ever so plainly. Big fat fish; monsters, if one considered the brook in which he found them. He judged them all to be over nine inches, several above a foot, one perhaps fourteen inches long; and his eyes were shining. They were so utterly beautiful, every line of their graceful bodies, and every dappled spot upon their backs and sides as clear as though he held them in his hands.

He rigged line and hook, nicked a long worm upon the point, and without so much as shaking an alder branch thrust his rod through and swung the baited hook and dropped it lightly in the very center of the pool, full fifteen feet from shore. Then he swung upward with a strong steady movement, for he had seen a great trout strike as the worm touched the water, had seen the chewing jaws of the fish mouthing its titbit. And as he swung the gleaming body came into the air, through an arc above his head, into the brush behind him, where he dropped on his knees beside it and gave it merciful death with the haft of his heavy knife, and dropped it into his basket.

Fly fishermen will laugh with a certain scorn; or they will call John Evered a murderer. Nevertheless, it is none so easy to take trout even in this crude fashion of his. A shadow on the water, a stirring of the bushes, a too-heavy tread along the bank—and they are gone. Nor must they be hurried. The capture of one fish alarms the rest; the capture of two disturbs them; the taking of three too quickly will send them flying every whither.

John, after his first fish, filled and lighted his pipe, then caught a second; and after another interval, a third—fat heavy trout, all of them; as much as three people would care to eat; and John was not minded to kill more than he could use. He covered the three with wet moss in his basket, and then he crept back through the alders and lay for a long time watching the trout in the pool, absorbing the beauty of their lines, watching how they held themselves motionless with faintest quivers of fin, watching how they fed.

A twelve-inch trout rose and struck at a leaf upon the pool's surface, and John told himself, "They're hungry." He laughed a little, and got an inch-long twig and tied it to the end of his line in place of hook. This he cast out upon the pool, moving it to and fro erratically. Presently a trout swirled up and took it under, and spat it out before John could twitch the fish to the surface. John laughed aloud, and cast again. He stayed there for a long hour at this sport, and when the trout sulked he teased them with bits of leaf or grass. Once he caught a cricket and noosed it lightly and dropped it on the water. When the fish took it down John waited for an instant, then tugged and swung the trout half a dozen feet into the air before he could disgorge the bait.

"Hungry as sin," John told himself at last; and his eyes became sober as he considered thoughtfully. There were other men about, as good fishermen as he, and not half so scrupulous. If they should come upon this pool on such a day

He did a thing that might seem profanation to the fisherman who likes a goodly bag. He gathered brush and threw it into the pool; he piled it end to end and over and over; he found two small pines, dead in their places among their older brethren; and he pushed them from their rotting roots and dragged them to the brook and threw them in. When he was done the pool was a jungle, a wilderness of stubs and branches; a sure haven for trout, a spot almost impossible to fish successfully. While he watched, when his task was finished, he saw brown darting shadows in the stream as the trout shot back into the covert he had made; and he smiled with a certain satisfaction.

"They'll have to fish for them now," he told himself.

He decided to try and see whether a man might take a trout from the pool in its ambushed state. It meant an hour of waiting, a snagged hook or two, a temper-trying ordeal with mosquitoes and flies. But in the end he landed another fish, and was content. He went back through the swamp and up to the farm, well pleased.

Moving along the brook he saw other pools where smaller fish were lying; and that night he told Ruth what he had seen. "You can see all the trout you're minded to, down there now," he said.

The girl nodded unsmilingly. She had not yet learned to laugh again, since her sister's death. They were a somber household, these three—Evered steadily silent, the girl sober and stern, John striving in his awkward fashion to win mirth from her and speech from Evered.

The early summer was to pass thus. And what was in Evered's mind as the weeks dragged by no man could surely know. His eye was as hard as ever, his voice as harsh; yet to Ruth it seemed that new lines were forming in his cheeks, and his hair, that had been black as coal, she saw one afternoon was streaked with gray. Watching, thereafter, she marked how the white hairs increased in number. Once she spoke of it to John, constrainedly, for there was no such pleasant confidence between these two as there had been.

John nodded. "Yes," he said, "he's aging. He loved her, Ruth; loved her hard."

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"I've Seen You—Breaking Mary by Inches, and Nagging and Teasing and Pestering Her. You'd Have Beat Her if You'd Dared"

THE POSSIBILIST

XIV

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

EN ROUTE to his field, Spinner stopped by appointment at an intermediate city to complete and verify his agreement and to receive his instructions from one of the higher officials of the International—meeting his man in a bedroom in one of the rather dingy old-fashioned hotels which labor leaders are apt to patronize throughout the country.

The official was one of the older type to be seen about labor temples—a large man, not old, with an unusually large head and a formal dignity of speech and manner which disappeared only after long acquaintance. To Spinner, a former enemy with whom he must establish a new relation, his manner and form of expression retained at first a more or less cloudy distance. He welcomed him with a formal warmth, expressing pleasure at Spinner's conversion from radicalism.

"They come back. They come back," he asserted with a wave of his hand. "Eventually they find we are on the safe, sane way; that in the practical advancing of the interests of the laboring classes America has always led the way. And as regards new movements," he went on in his forensic manner, "you will find that the officers of the United Mine Workers are far from the stiff-necked conservatives we have been charged with being. We have devoted more than one hour's or one day's or one year's consideration to the development of the times. And you may be interested to know—if you don't already—that in a few weeks now a high International official will be on his way to study carefully the developments of the demands of the coal miners of Great Britain."

Spinner looked up at the speaker, studying him as he announced this. He had heard before something of the concessions to radical sentiment which the newly selected higher powers of the International were now inaugurating.

"I say this," said the official, going on with a growing impressiveness and expansiveness of manner, "because I want you to feel that you are casting your fortunes with no rock-ribbed, hidebound conservatives when you come with us; that you can feel that you have behind you forces that are far from out-of-date."

Spinner, his face noncommittal as always, was inwardly amused at this introductory defense; it was most enlightening as to the state of mind at the International headquarters.

"Now, as regards your case," the official went on, now rising and walking up and down the narrow confines of the bedroom with a measured tread, "we give you this opportunity which you ask for largely for and because of the very reason which I indicate, because we believe you and we can work together naturally, to our great mutual advantage."

Spinner smiled again inwardly. They gave him his opportunity, of course, because they could not avoid it. And yet there was good logic and shrewd political practice back of all this—shrewd, that is, within its own natural limitations. They could use him very well if he would play their game! And that, of course—whether he would or not—they could know only when they had tried him out; certainly from no specific promises from him—which he saw the other was very wisely avoiding asking.

The man walked back and forth, his chest out, his heavy head well back, his thumbs in his arm holes—discussing the situation in the stiff, impressive manner of the American statesman-priest from the South and West, whom this type always so much resembled in Spinner's mind; always impressively self-conscious, always choosing the longer Latin derivative to express its thoughts.

"I state this, our position," he reasserted, "for the reason that we desire you to feel that you have us behind you in every possible particular commensurate with our position. Rumors and speculations of every kind and description have been placed in circulation the past year or more by our enemies—all entirely unfounded—which we can best answer by action. And I will be frank and say, and I want you to understand," he said, stopping his march impressively before Spinner, "that we make this rather unusual experiment of selecting you, a former radical, to undertake and oversee the organization of this territory for us because we wish to refute once and for all, and as fully as possible, the ancient slanders, which you know and I know so well, to the effect that certain elements or officials in our organization have always in some way managed to avoid the unionizing of these coal fields."

He was alluding, of course, to the very matter that had brought Spinner into the field—the old charges of the radicals that the go-between who operated to control labor politics continually prevented by some sinister arrangement the extension of the union into fields where it would naturally go; one of the most disastrous of the criticisms of the coal operators' methods, of which he planned to make the fullest use when once established.

"We want to kill this," exclaimed the International official, striking upon the foot of the iron bedstead a blow that sent a loose brass ornament jangling. "We must kill this now and forever—by doing exactly and precisely what they claim we will not do. By organizing here to the limit! And I know no better answer than to get an ex-radical and give him a free slate—every delegated power to do this! Do you?" he asked Spinner loudly.

"No," said Spinner briefly.

"And as regards that I tell you now," he said, drawing back his great head, with his thumbs in his armholes, "I tell you now you have such authority. And I instruct you here and now that in event of any interference—of any kind, from any source whatever—you are to fall back; evoke the power of the central body. You understand?"

"I understand—exactly," repeated Spinner.

"In Event of Any Interference—of Any Kind, From Any Source Whatever—You are to Evoke the Power of the Central Body"

"Up! Up!" He Said. "Stick 'em Up"

He was naturally greatly interested in this conversation—the general, even if guarded, outline of central policy to which, as he saw it, the management of this great organization, in common with the other organizations of its kind in the United States, was being forced by the rising tide of radicalism. "You can count on me," Spinner assured him, "to organize to the limit."

"As regards that," said the other reassuringly, "I think I can. I will go farther than that," he went on, slightly lowering his oratorical tone and manner toward a more personal and confidential one. "I will say that we have other hopes for your work. You were a radical, over a series of years. We could and did overlook that in your reinstatement to your former relations in the union. We did this advisedly," he said, drawing back his head and regarding Spinner fixedly, "for this reason: You," he said, "have in the past been in this district where you are now going, as a radical—and you have had access to the radicals' meetings and their leaders. We have, as you know, ourselves in various sections of this district local unions, with which no doubt you will cooperate in your practical work."

He gave a short, sharp glance at Spinner. "In these," he continued, "there is a certain radical tendency. We want your help also in regard to dealing with this problem. As far as possible we ask and shall expect your cooperation in reaching them, in reassuring them, in proving to them that their own International union officers are the real, practical means to get them what they want out of their operators. That we are alert and on the job and up-to-date in all the progressive movements that have any sense or reason to them. For these rebel unions, these unauthorized strikes are our greatest menace to-day, through our inability to keep our contracts. Our enemies, the nonunion operators everywhere, point to this continually to show the impossibility of doing business with us. So these radical movements of this kind are setting back the cause of labor by a quarter century. We must stop this at all costs—and soon!" he said, striking the jangling iron bedstead again with his heavy fist.

He was obviously alluding now, Spinner saw, to the current situation, to the movement from underneath which threatened to disrupt in many different ways the largest union in the United States, in much the manner which Frenac had indicated as generally inevitable in his last talk with him.

The United Mine Workers is in many ways the strongest, but in one way, at least, the weakest union organization in the United States. Both of these facts are due quite largely to the universality of the celebrated check-off system, by which union dues are held out of all union workmen's wages by all employers whose mines are unionized, and paid by them to the union officials.

This feature—which has often been demanded by unions of employers in other industries—brings an obvious strength in finance and membership to the union having it. On the other hand, it has the weakness that the individual union member involuntarily, without any conscious action of his own, becomes a member of an almost automatically operating organization. The activities of the higher officials of this union also throw them in the everyday round of their legitimate business to an exceptional degree into the details of business arrangements between the employer and the union; so that in point of daily contact they are much more in touch with the operators of the coal mines than with the rank and file of miners whom they represent—become themselves much more the commercial agent than the workman.

For this reason there is an unusually wide gap between the lives of the miners and their higher union representatives. This fact, especially in recent years, has been taken advantage of to the full by radicals—especially the I. W. W., who have found a specially congenial field of operation in the coal-mine districts; and the curious situation has in

this way grown up in various sections that an outside radical can get a ready audience, whereas the higher officers of the union would be thrown out bodily if they attempted to speak in the very halls of their own local unions.

Since the opening of war and the various wage discussions following it this difficulty had grown more pronounced. Higher officials and ex-officials of the union had been drawn into constant relation with the United States Government—and with employers on various public boards; and the feeling of class separation between the miners and their leaders was being continually widened through the bitter and entirely unrestrained charges of the radicals.

"It is not only the officials and ex-officials of the miners," Spinner had often told his old street audiences; "it's all of them—the labor skates in general. You see them walking in and out the Federation of Labor Building, stepping into their automobiles—but they don't see you. You're a working stiff—a worker—in a different class. They've got hooked by the capitalist and the capitalist government now—for good. They take themselves so hard now most of them can't sleep since this war came without wearing a silk hat to bed. And all the time they're letting them trim you in your wage agreements. You pay for the silk hat—as the workers always do!"

Any charges went, of course, these days of unrest and discontent—true or not; and the miners, though paid better than before in recent years, had been bitten by the suspicion common to all flesh during the war that somebody else was getting more than his share of the great flood of new money. But there were especially ugly charges now, and unauthorized strikes by radical unions were breaking out continually. The strikers did not leave the miners' union. They were automatically and continuously a part of it, by no action or volition of their own; they simply disregarded their own higher officials and did what they chose—often what the loudest radical told them. This spirit of revolt now, with the ending of the war and the sudden closing down of industry, was to become, Spinner believed, irresistible. It was his hope that by the next International election it would be ripe for the overthrow of the old order of affairs in the body.

That the newly chosen International officials saw it too—as he had gathered from a great variety of obvious signs—was confirmed in detail by this man with whom he was conferring. Radicalism was in the air; no man could get a hearing in the local unions if he opposed a radical plan of action. He would be hooted down by the radicals demanding loudly: "Who's got you hooked?"—an intimation no man cared to invite. And now the same sentiment was apparent evidently to the leaders—preparing always of course in their minds for their reëlections a few months or a year away. The radical cry "Who's got you hooked?"—that is, "What capitalist has you bought and paid for?"—was in their ears continually. They knew as well as anyone that the only possible chance for official survival was for a radical.

They were forced to take up radicalism—at least ostensibly—like all the other labor leaders of the country, by continual pressure from behind.

Spinner understood this definitely when he left his conference with the large, impressive-mannered official of the International in the narrow confines of his hotel bedroom.

"Well—who has got him hooked?" promptly inquired Hecker, who was awaiting Spinner in one of the crooked chairs of the dingy hotel office, when Spinner had related the main outlines of the conversation to him.

"How do I know?" asked Spinner, leaving—as a radical does—the assumption of guilt at least undisturbed, if you know no actual facts in its confirmation. "There are more ways than one of being hooked by the capitalists. Some of them come cheap.

"Just a title—from a public commission or from the Government."

That night again they went on together, by the crawling local train, through the line of dismal industrial villages to the particular valley where they were to operate.

Spinner was feeling well when they stepped out by the boxlike station. Another stepping stone, another bargain with the enemy—which he had no binding necessity himself to carry out, further than it served his general purpose—had brought him through the tortuous course of interrelations between labor and capital—at last to his final field of operation.

He Was a Huge Figure of a Man, Huge and Black, Spinner Could Distinguish Dimly by the Wan Light From the Misty Window

XV

OCCASIONALLY in some less conspicuous place in your newspaper you may have seen the story of the marching miners, sweeping down a valley in the coal-mining district from one village to another—urging unionism, rolling up a protest against some condition they oppose. It was into one of these valleys of the marching men that Spinner and his adventurous ally now came.

This is a great and fortunate coal-mining district, where Nature herself has carved out and indicated the major lines of operation. A yellow torrent has bitten down like the sharp incision of a knife a long trench into the soft-structured hills. The torrent, now a yellow river at a less angry grade, holds the trench's bottom; a branch railroad, twisting with the stream, occupies its scant margin; and beside this again a yellow highway follows when it can find a foothold or swings up and across the shoulder of some lower slope when it cannot. Out of this main valley go still small, sharper trenches, ending in blind pockets in the steep, empty unformed hills. Here is a place upon the map where man's business is to dig soft coal, and to burn it—in some few places; but very little else. In this creased and wrinkled section of the earth at times a walk of ten miles over a barren hill will bring you to a place which seventy-five miles of railroad travel would be required to reach.

Down this main valley where Spinner stopped, occasionally the marching miners come—for it lies on a border line between union and nonunion mines; a sharp boundary of old-established hates—of the same order of emotion as burns upon the border of the dividing line between the thousand tribes which make up the map of Europe.

It was Spinner's first problem, when he arrived there in that winter of 1918–19, to extend the borderland of unionism into the old nonunion territory which lay beyond it toward the south—the territory of the Brown properties. He had, of course, other purposes of his own when this was done, but for the present it was his obvious interest and intention to carry out his mission from the union and the primary terms of the bargain which he had brought into existence between the big operator and the miners' officials.

"Later, toward election time, it will be time enough for us," he told Hecker, "to take up what we are going to do ourselves."

On the face of matters nothing could be more simple than his immediate job. He had the backing of the higher officers of the union, the consent of the operator of the mines, and the undoubted willingness of the nonunion miners to be unionized. He had, moreover, a backing as his higher officers only partly realized—of a mechanism of operation which still more simplified his work—the real cooperation of the radicals inside the existing union.

The miners within this union section were very largely foreign, very largely radicals. In one blind valley toward the east, for instance, the miners were Italians, largely anarchists; there were many Slavs and Hungarians, also mostly radicals, in the mines of the main valley; and in any of the halls of the local unions of these men it would be dangerous for higher union officials even to attempt to appear.

Spinner had not only a welcome with these men from his acquaintance in the past; he had personal guaranties—from Frenac to the anarchists; from Steinig, of Pittsburgh, to the Slavs. He had only to make confidants of their leaders—whom these foreigners follow with such blind faith—of his real and final plans in entering the district, and they would turn all their following—the membership and machinery of their benevolent or radical societies—into one enthusiastic and general agency of recruiting, sending out through the racial and family and society ties of their own people something very like the old, fast-working, chain-letter program of the I. W. W. job-delegate system.

There were, however, forces not so obvious, which were at work in opposition. Toward the north, on the other frontier of the union territory, lay the solid nonunion section of the great companies who stood always in black, rigid opposition to interference in their field in any form; there was the state political machine, strongly affiliated with them; there was the at least doubtful sincerity of support of Spinner's campaign on the part of certain

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THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

XXX

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

CUTTY arrived at the apartment in time to share dinner with Hawksley. He had wisely decided to say nothing about the escapade of Hawksley and Kitty Conover, since it had terminated fortunately. Bernini had telegraphed the gist of the adventure. He could readily understand Hawksley's part; but Kitty's wasn't reducible to ordinary terms of expression. The young chap had run wild because his head still wobbled on his shoulders and because his isolation was beginning to scratch his nerves. But for Kitty to run wild with him offered a blank wall to speculation. (As if he could solve the riddle when Kitty herself could not!) So he determined to shut himself up in his study and shuffle the chrysoprase. Something might come of it. Looking backward he recognized the salient; at no time had he been quite sure of Kitty. She seemed to be a combination of shallows and unfathomable deeps.

"Johnny, Who Is Olga?" The Question Was Irrepressible

From the Pennsylvania Station he had called up the office. Kitty had gone. Bernini informed him that Kitty was dining at a café on the way home. Cutty was thorough. He telephoned the restaurant and was advised that Miss Conover had reserved a table. He had forgotten to send down the operative who guarded Kitty at that end. But the distance from the office to the Subway was so insignificant!

"You are looking fit," he said across the table.

"Ought to be off your hands by Monday. But what about Stefani Gregor? I can't stir, leaving him hanging on a peg."

"I am going into the study shortly to decide that. Head bother you?"

"Occasionally."

"Ryan easy to get along with?"

"Rather a good sort. I say, you know, you've seen a good deal of life. Which do you consider the stronger, the inherited traits or environment?"

"Environment. That is the true mold. There is good and bad in all of us. It is brought into prominence by the way we live. An angel cannot touch pitch without becoming defiled. On the other hand, the worst gutter rats in the world saved France. Do you suppose that thought will not always be tugging at and uplifting those who returned from the first Marne?"

"There is hope, then, for me!"

"Hope?"

"Yes. You know that my father, my uncle and my grandfather were fine scoundrels."

"Under their influence you would have been one too. But no man could live with Stefani Gregor and not absorb his qualities. Your environment has been Anglo-Saxon, where the first block in the picture is fair play. You have been constantly under the tutelage of a fine and lofty personality, Gregor's. Whatever evil traits you may have inherited, they have become subject to the influences that have surrounded you. Take me, for instance. I was born in a rather puritanical atmosphere. My environments have always been good. Yet there lurks in me the taint of Macaire. Given the wrong environment, I should now have my picture in the rogues' gallery."

"You?"

"Yes."

Hawksley played with his fork. "If you had a daughter would you trust me with her?"

"Yes. Any man who can weep unashamed over the portrait of his mother may be trusted. Once you are out there in Montana you'll forget all about your paternal forebears."

Handsome beggar, thought Cutty; but evidently born under the opal. An inexplicable resentment against his guest stirred his heart. He resented his youth, his ease of manner, his fluency in the common tongue. He was theoretically a Britisher; he thought British; approached subjects from a British point of view. A Britisher—except when he had that fiddle tucked under his chin. Then Cutty admitted he did not know what he was. Devil take him!

There must have been something electrical in Cutty's resentment, for the object of it felt it subtly, and it fired his own. He resented the freedom of action that had always been denied him, resented his host's mental and physical superiority. Did Cutty care for the girl or was he playing the game as it had been suggested to him? Money and freedom. But then, it was in no sense a barter; she would be giving nothing, and the old beggar would be asking nothing. His suggestion! He laughed.

"What's the joke?" asked Cutty, looking up from his coffee, which he was stirring with unnecessary vigor.

"It isn't a joke. I'm bally well twisted. I laugh now when I think of something tragic. I am sorry about last night. I was mad, I suppose."

"Tell me about it."

Cutty listened intently and smiled occasionally. Mad as hatters, both of them. He and Kitty couldn't have gone on a romp like this, but Kitty and Hawksley could. Thereupon his resentment boiled up again.

"Have you any idea why she took such a risk? Why she came here, knowing me to be absent?"

"She spoke of a problem. I fancy it related to your approaching marriage. She told me."

Cutty laid down his spoon. "I'd like to dump Your Highness into the middle of East River for putting that idea into my head. She has consented to it; and now, damn it, I've got to back out of it!" Cutty rose and flung down his napkin.

"Why?" asked the bewildered Hawksley.

"Because there is in me the making of a first-rate scoundrel, and I never should have known it if you and your affairs hadn't turned up."

Cutty entered his study and slammed the door, leaving Hawksley prey to so many conflicting emotions that his head began to bother him. Back out of it! Why? Why should Kitty have a problem to solve over such a marriage of convenience, and why should the old thoroughbred want to back out?

Kitty would be free, then? A flash of fire, which subsided quickly under the smothering truth. What if she were free? He could not ask her to be his wife. Not because of last night's madness. That no longer troubled him. She was the sort who would understand, if he told her. She had a soul big with understanding. It was that he walked in the shadow of death, and would so long as Karlov was free; and he could not ask any woman to share that.

He pushed back his chair slowly. In the living room he took the Amati from its case and began improvising. What the chrysoprase did for Cutty the fiddle did for this derelict—solved problems.

He reviewed all the phases as he played. That dish of bacon and eggs, the resolute air of her, that popping fan! *Allegretto.* She had found him senseless on the floor. She had had the courage to come to his assistance. *Andante con espressioné.* What had been in her mind that night she had taken flight from his bedroom, after having given him the wallet? Something like tears. What about? An American girl, natural, humorous and fanciful. Somehow he felt assured that it had not been his kisses; she had looked into his eyes and seen the taint. Always there, the beast old Stefani had chained and subdued. He knew now that this beast would never again lift its head. And he had let her go without a sign. *Dolorosomente.* To have gone through life with a woman who would have understood his nature. The test of her had been last night in the streets. His mood had been hers. *Allegretto con amore.*

"Love," he said, lowering the bow.

"Love," said Cutty, shifting his chrysoprase. There was no fool like an old fool. It did not serve to recall Molly in all her glory, to reach hither and yon for a handhold to pull him out of this morass. Molly had become an invisible ghost. He loved her daughter. Double sunset; the phenomenon of the Indian Ocean was now being enacted upon his own horizon. Double sunset.

But why should Kitty have any problem to solve? Why should she dodder over such a trifle as this prospective official marriage? It was only a joke which would legalize his generosity. She had sent that telegram after leaving this apartment. What had happened here to decide her? Had Hawksley fiddled? There was something the matter with the green stones to-night; they evoked nothing.

He leaned back in his chair, listening, the bowl of his pipe touching the lapel of his coat. Music. Queer, what you could do with a fiddle if you knew how. Moszkowski's Serenata; but the beggar was playing it like a dirge to-night.

After all there was no sense in venting his anger on Hawksley. He was hoist by his own petard. Why not admit the truth? He had had a crack on the head the same night as Hawksley; only, he had been struck by an idea, often more deadly than the butt of a pistol. He would apologize for that roaring exit from the dining room. The poor friendless devil! He bent toward the green stones again.

In the living room Hawksley sat in a chair, the fiddle across his knees. He understood now. The old chap was in love with the girl, and was afraid of himself; couldn't risk having her and letting her go. . . . A curse on the drums of jeopardy! Misfortune followed their wake always. The world would have been different this hour if he ——

The break in the trend of thought was caused by the entrance of Kuroki, who was followed by a man. This man dropped into a chair without apparently noticing that the room was already tenanted, for he never glanced toward Hawksley. A haggard face, dull of eye. Kuroki bobbed and vanished, but returned shortly, beckoning the stranger to follow him into the study.

"Coles?" cried Cutty delightedly. Here was the man he had sent to negotiate for the emeralds, free. "How did you escape? We've combed the town for you."

"They had me in a room on Fifteenth Street. Once in a while I got something to eat. But I haven't escaped. I'm still a prisoner."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I am here as an emissary. There was nothing for me to do but accept the job."

"Did he have the stones?" asked Cutty, without the least suspicion of what was coming.

"That I don't know. He pretended to have them in order to get me where he wanted me. I've been hungry a good deal because I wouldn't talk. I'm here as a negotiator. A rotten business. I agreed because I've hopes you'll be able to put one over on Karlov. It's the girl."

"Kitty?"

"Karlov has her. The girl wasn't to blame. Anyone in the game would have done as she did. Karlov is bugs on politics; but he's shrewd enough at this sort of game. He trapped the girl because he'd studied her enough to learn what she would or would not do. Now they are not going to hurt her. They merely propose exchanging her for the man you've been hiding up here. There's a taxi downstairs. It will carry me back to Fifteenth; then it will return and wait. If the man is not at the appointed place by midnight—he must go in this taxi—the girl will be carried off elsewhere, and you'll never lay eyes on her again. Karlov and his gang are potential assassins; all they want is excuse. Until midnight they will not touch the girl; but after midnight, God knows! What message am I to take back?"

"Do you know where she is?"

Cutty spoke without much outward emotion.

"Not the least idea. Whenever Karlov wanted to quiz me he appeared late at night from some other part of the town. But he never got much."

"You saw him this evening?"

"Yes. It probably struck him as a fine joke to send me."

"And if you don't go back?"

"The girl will be taken away. I'm honestly afraid of the man. He's too quiet spoken. That kind of a man always goes the limit."

"I see. Wait here."

At Cutty's approach Hawksley looked up apathetically.

"Want me?"

"Perhaps."

"You are pale. Anything serious?"

"Yes. Karlov has got Kitty."

For a minute Hawksley did not stir. Then he got up, put away the Amati and came back. He was pale too

"I understand," he said. "They will exchange her for me. Am I right?"

"Yes. But you are not obliged to do anything like that, you know."

"I am ready."

"You give yourself up?"

"Why not?"

"You're a man!" Cutty burst out.

"I was brought up by one. Honestly now, could I ever look a white man in the face again if I didn't give myself up? I did begin to believe that I might get through. But Fate was only playing with me. May I use your desk to write a line?"

"Come with me," said Cutty unsteadily. This was not the result of environment. Quiet courage of this order was race. No questions demanding if there wasn't some way round the inevitable. Cutty's heart glowed; the boy had walked into it, never to leave it. "I'm ready." It took a man to say that when the sequence was death.

"Coles," said Cutty upon reëntering the study, "tell Karlov that His Highness will give himself up. He will be there before midnight."

"That's enough for me. But if there's the least sign that you're not playing straight it will be all off. Two men will be watching that taxi and the entrance. If you appear, it's good night. They told me to warn you."

"I promise not to appear."

Coles smiled enigmatically and reached for his hat. He held his hand out to Hawksley. "You're a white man, sir."

"Thanks," said Hawksley absently. To have it all over with!

As soon as the captive Federal agent withdrew Hawksley sat down at the desk and wrote.

"Will this hold legally?" he asked, extending out the written sheet to Cutty.

Cutty saw that it was a simple will. In it Hawksley gave half of his possessions to Kitty and half to Stefani Gregor. In case the latter was dead the sum total was to go to Kitty.

"I got you into a muddle; this will take you out of it Karlov will kill me. I don't know how. I am his obsession He will sleep better with me off his mind. Will this hold legally?"

"Yes. But why Kitty Conover, a stranger?"

"Is a woman who saves your life a stranger?"

"Well, not exactly. This is what we might call zero hour. I gave you a haven here not particularly because I was sorry for you but because I wanted those emeralds. Once upon a time Gregor showed them to me. Until I examined your wallet I supposed you had smuggled in the stones; and that would have been fair game. But you had paid your way in honestly. Now what did you do to Kitty Conover last night that decided her to accept that fool proposition? She sent her acceptance after [illegible] left you."

"I did not know that. I played for her. She became music-struck, and I took advantage of it—kissed her. Then she told me she was going to marry you."

"And that is why you asked me if I would trust you with a daughter of mine?"

"Yes."

"Conscience. That explains this will."

"No. Why did you accept my suggestion to marry her?"

"To make her comfortable without sidestepping the rules of convention."

"No. Because you love her—the way I do."

Cutty's pipe slipped from his teeth. It did not often do that. He stamped out the embers and laid the pipe on the tray.

"What makes you think I love her?"

"What makes me tell you that I do?"

"Yes, death may be at the end of tonight's work; so I'll admit that I love her. She is like a forest stream, wild at certain turns, but always sweet and clear. I'm an old fool, old enough to be her father. I loved her mother. Can a man love two women with all his heart, one years after the other?"

"It is the avatar; she is the reincarnation of the mother. I understand now. What was a beautiful memory takes living form again. You still love the mother; the daughter has revived that love."

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In the Semidarkness Cutty Fought for His Life. But Kitty Neither Heard Nor Saw

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 28, 1920

Gotham and Gomorrah

IT IS unfortunate that the city to which America naturally turns for an example in manners, morals and standards of living is so largely populated by homogeneous European races and unassimilated Americans. New York sets the styles for the country, and on the whole sets them badly.

Neighbor has become an almost obsolete word in New York. But America was built around that word, with all that it implies of simplicity, friendliness and helpfulness. It expresses the essence of democracy. So long as nothing higher than a back-yard fence divides boys, so long as men are neighbors, there are no real classes. In New York the man who lives in your apartment or your block is not a neighbor, but an object of suspicion.

Our major troubles are almost all imported. We have had a protective tariff to keep Europe from "dumping" merchandise on us, but we have had free trade with her in cheap men and expensive ideas. Through New York, the real capital of America, we have imported not only the alien ideals of the European peasant that menace our institutions, but also the alien ideals of the European aristocrat that are no less threatening. There is a mistaken notion that all the trouble-breeding stuff has come to America in the steerage. But for every poor peasant immigrant that we have educated in the ways of democracy, Europe has educated a rich fool American in the ways of aristocracy. Our reds have come from the slums and farms of Russia, Germany and Italy, but the foolishness that keeps alive the fire of their delusion has been imported from the courts of Britain, Germany and Russia.

It was in New York that we set up our first ghettos, and our first Italian, Russian, Polish and other -ish and -an quarters. Before the war we were rather proud of them, too, and wrote them up in our Sunday supplements as quaint and interesting. There, too, we evolved the first American slums, and from them furnished texts to the agitators who were preaching the blessings of socialism. That other importation, our imitation aristocracy, with its imitation class distinctions, its imitation great families, with their imitation palaces and their very real vulgarity of spending and living, furnished a second chapter of texts. Finally, having stacked up ready to his hand a good supply of Old World ammunition, we imported the red to carry the teachings of the socialists to their logical conclusion—communism.

There is, of course, a very real, fine and unostentatious New York that the visiting and unassimilated Americans who compose most of the native-born population rarely see, because it is not the New York of the streets, the hotels, the cabarets, the shops and the press. But the footloose, irresponsible, away-from-home feeling that the visitor from Detroit, Kansas City or Seattle brings with him to New York is the chronic state of old New Yorkers from Reno, Pittsburgh and Cedar Rapids. It can hardly be anything else so long as half the population is just off the ship from the East, and the other half just off the train from the West; so long as the whole city loads itself into moving vans once a year and hunts a new camp, while a new crowd jumps the old residential claims; and so long as the great nobles of Fifth Avenue smell of paint and sometimes of a none too savory business past—and present. When a servant has been with one of these families, man and boy for six months, he is an old family retainer and is remembered in ole Miss' will.

It is this unstable and irresponsible New York that the horde of visitors, many of them leaders in their own cities and towns, see and take back home with them, until a large part of the country has adopted about everything cheap and meretricious that the metropolis has to offer, from its Castile-soap pillared hotels to its bogus aristocracy, from the ouija board to parlor bolshevism.

The instability and irresponsibility that are characteristic of this New York are rapidly becoming national traits. We live on newspaper cocktails and when one begins to die down the barkeeps of the dailies shake up another for us. We are in a constant state of hysteria or collapse over something. We seem unable to concentrate on any idea long enough to grasp it, on any problem long enough to solve it, or to stay with any task long enough to finish it. We have neither time nor inclination to go to the root of anything, base a judgment on the plain facts and then enforce it. We live on the latest sensations and exhaust ourselves with superficial emotions. We are always raising someone high on a lath-and-plaster pedestal, cheering and worshiping him for seven days, and then casting him down seven times. And if that does not break his head and his heart we cast him down seventy times seven. We are thorough only in the destruction of our idols.

Press, politicians and people are off every few days like a pack of hounds after a fox, with a yell and a come along boys. They last until a rabbit crosses the trail, and then they forget all about the fox and are off in full cry on the new scent. And night after night since the armistice we have seen the pack come home, chicken feathers on their chops, tongues lolling out, tails between their legs, having accomplished nothing except a little more mischief.

This fever for sensation, this inability to plod along with a plain worth-while idea to the finish, this hysterical action with its reckless reaction is steadily growing. We rendered unto Dewey the honors of a Cæsar, and laughed him back into obscurity when he took us at our professions and aspired to the Presidency; we were ready to take the shirts off our backs to help during the war, and now we are trying to steal the shirts off the backs of one another; we cried ourselves blind when our boys went to France, cheered ourselves hoarse when the first of them got back, and now we are bored at the sight of a uniform. Last month we were for shooting reds on sight and now we are in danger of gathering them up in our arms with maudlin sobs over their persecution at our hands. We talk passionately about the machine politicians, and then vote for anyone they hand us, stand for anything they do to us.

Extremes of hysteria never meet on the high safe middle ground of common sense. But the middle ground is being occupied by a majority of disgusted and determined Americans—disgusted with jumping-jack leadership, mountebank politicians and incompetents in office; determined to go through and to get sane informed legislators and competent businesslike executives who have the practical knowledge of affairs on which to base sound laws, and the courage to enforce them against big business, little business, labor, communist or anyone else who wants to run America to suit himself and to loot it for himself.

Being an example is a serious responsibility. New York did not make the national temperament, but she has had a lot to do with developing and shaping it. She has been imposing her standards on the country, and of recent years they have not been good enough or American enough.

The New Yorker boasts to the provinces that a play must be a Broadway success before it can hope to go on the road—by which he means the rest of America—but that is nothing to be proud of so long as two-thirds of the Broadway shows are mediocre or positively rotten. He brags of Gotham's preëminence in the world of finance, but that is nothing to be proud of so long as much of the country's financial crookedness centers there and much of its skullduggery originates there. He beats his breast and calls on us to admire the bigness of his city and the highest buildings in the world, but that is nothing to be proud of so long as her taxes are as high as her buildings and her government fairly poor. And finally he boasts himself of her wealth and her palaces, but so long as she sets an example of indecent waste and profligate spending he might better keep silent.

New Yorkers will tell you that their city is no worse than other big capitals, no worse in proportion to size than a thousand other cities and towns throughout the country; but it is her job to be better, to be our good and not our horrible example. It is time for her to stop bunking herself about herself and to come clean. She can be the biggest force in America for right thinking and right living. Whether she wants to or intends to, she more or less keys the country.

New York has the foundations laid, the men and the institutions on the ground with which to build a mighty pride, but the shoddy and the sensational have the upper hand and are picketing the job. For the present we rubes from the provinces, who go to Gotham for to see and to admire, must remember that a good deal of what we see and hear and read is far from admirable and best left behind when we start back to Gomorrah.

The alternative to setting an example is being made an example of. The ruthless, the insolent, the idle, the wasteful, the greedy and the extravagant are a living daily sermon against themselves and are working ceaselessly for their own downfall. If only for purely selfish reasons they should look to themselves, their ways and their habits. If their actions reacted on none but themselves they could be safely left to work out their own damnation, but because the single shot of a fanatic may bring on a world war; because the paranoia of an individual may cost ten million lives and a century of civilization; because the greed of one set of men or the ruthlessness of another may freeze or starve a nation, the more sober and fair-minded majority must mend the ways of the minority for them, if they will not do the job themselves. Power cannot be tolerated in the hands of those who abuse it; or wealth in the hands of those who wallow in it.

Unless capital first sets an example of fairness and justice to labor it cannot decently ask for either from the workingman. Until the rich set an example of sane and moderate living their thrift sermons to the poor are both insolent and asinine. Example as well as initiative must come from above. The claim that is made by brains to a larger share of the rewards of an enterprise cannot be justified unless those brains are used in the sharing and the spending, as well as the making of money.

It was a New York man who started out to preach the simple life from the end of a private car; it was a New York woman who went to a meeting of working girls in a ten-thousand-dollar limousine and a thirty-thousand-dollar sable coat. Her subject was Contentment. Extreme instances, of course, but too many people who are preaching thrift and careful living and inveighing against high wages are quite as absurd. The manufacturer who has doubled wages, trebled prices and quadrupled dividends has no standing against the labor agitator. The man who is building a pretentious show place is a joke to those to whom he counsels thrift, but it is a bad joke for the majority who are behaving sanely and who are punished in the end for his sins of spending and silly self-aggrandizement.

There was a period of sacrifice and self-denial during the war that many people heralded as the beginning of a new

era. Of course it could not last. It was keyed too high. There was the usual hysteria in our effort, and characteristically we have fallen like Lucifer and landed among the hogs. From giving to anybody who held out his hand, from passing out any sum that was demanded for any purpose, good, indifferent or swindling, we reacted until it became hard to raise money for anybody or anything. Of course we are finally swinging back to a sane middle ground of prudent giving, but in the name of all that is sensible why can't we start there in all our affairs and stay right there to the finish?

Even now as we waste and profiteer, the harsh gruff voice of common sense is telling us that we are making fools of ourselves, and sanity is pointing to the middle ground of moderation that lies between radicalism and reaction. Will we have sense enough to go there direct, without first passing through a period of needless reaction, senseless strikes and hard times? The answer lies not only with capital but with capital's wife. He sets the styles in earning and she sets the styles in spending.

Lot's wife looked back, but Mr. Lot left town against his will, so it was really fifty-fifty. And one of the hopeful signs of the situation to-day is that for every woman who is looking back there are hundreds looking ahead and preparing to be good citizens. But until Gotham sets better styles for the country, they would better look elsewhere for their models to copy or take the Fifth Avenue extremes *cum grano salis*. If New York will not set an example for the country the provinces must try to set one for New York. By boring from without, Gotham might be Americanized and assimilated.

Introducing the Unshrunken Dollar

MUCH is said and written to-day concerning the shrinking dollar—the dollar which has wizened and gone down to one-half or one-third of its former size. From Europe and America, from Asia and the islands of the sea comes the same wild cry of mourning and regret and desire for the full-sized dollar that used to be.

This is written to call favorable attention to what is probably the one guaranteed unshrunken dollar in the world at the present time. That is the dollar which now and to-day you save and invest! The dollar, in other words, which becomes capital.

This dollar, in a way, is a singular affair. If you take it in your hand at any given time it will apparently be indistinguishable from the common garden dollar which is to be spent for eggs, beefsteak, silk shirts and player pianos. And yet, by the simple act of converting it into an investment, you find you can get in rental for it some fifty per cent more in terms of other dollars than before the war. In other words, it has become fifty per cent more valuable than the other dollar which it so much resembles.

Superficially this thing seems strange. There is, however, nothing miraculous about it, of course. It is simply the workings of our old economic friend, the law of supply and demand again. A saved dollar is valuable merely because the demand so far exceeds the supply—because we save so mighty few to-day; and we have shot away and burned away so many billions of these saved dollars of capital in the past five years.

The ordinary garden unsaved dollar, on the other hand, grows less and less valuable, because the supply so far exceeds the demand; the most conspicuous and uniformly active manufacturing industry in the world to-day apparently being the dollar factories of various kinds—ranging in type and location from the printing establishments of the economically free in Moscow and Petrograd to the credit plants in New York and London.

So this dollar we are now advocating—the dollar of saved capital—may well be taken up and put into circulation by every sane man and woman to-day. It is a patriotic duty to do this, scarcely less than it was during the war; and it is also, for a variety of obvious reasons, the height of self-interest in present circumstances—for the great majority of us, at least, who do not happen to be war millionaires. We might possibly need a dollar of this kind sometime later. And the returns to be had for it to-day are in all human probability much greater than can be gotten five and ten years from now.

Yet having accomplished this modern miracle—having saved a dollar, made it capital, and started it on its new life—its maker and creator may well be sure of one thing more: That it finds its way where it belongs—that is, into an investment and not a wildcat speculation.

Does History Repeat?

IT IS of current interest and value to quote the following extract from our contemporary, the old and respected Commercial and Financial Chronicle, of New York:

> The injury to commerce growing out of this seven years of ceaseless hostilities is incalculable. An immense proportion of the population of the civilized world has been kept under arms, and literally millions have been slaughtered or so disabled as to become a burthen to the community. While production has been curtailed to a very material extent through this severe thinning of the ranks of producers, and industry has been diverted to the construction of stupendous navies and the production of a thousand new appliances of warfare, national debts have been augmented and the burthens of taxation made more oppressive. The fact to be most prominently noted in connection with these causes is that they have very largely reduced the proportion of producers to consumers in both the Old World and the New. The natural result of this condition of things would be to exact an increased amount of labor from those laborers who remain, and to compel some to be producers who had been nonproducers. Most unfortunately, however, the former of these results has not been realized. By one of those perverse freaks which often deprive society of a much needed relief, the working classes have organized influential combinations for exacting unnecessarily high wages, and, still worse, for the curtailing of the hours of labor; so that factitious restrictions have been imposed upon production, and the cost of products has been unnecessarily increased.

The fitness of this comment upon existing affairs is at once recognizable; but to those who have noticed a slight discrepancy in its opening sentence it may be well to state now that the date of printing was August 1, 1868.

To complete the quotation—as bearing on the much discussed question, Does History Repeat Itself?

> "The inactivity of trade experienced throughout the United States is but a counterpart of what exists in nearly every commercial country. A deep-rooted depression has set in everywhere, enterprise being held in check and prosperity a rare exception."

But does history ever really repeat itself? That is a very nice question, and quite a complex one. Whether it does or not, for example, depends to some extent at least on the ability of the generation making current history to read and understand the earlier history which it is in danger of repeating.

Back to Bushtown

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

A Scene From the Moving-Picture Production of The Copperhead

High Finance in Play Production

THE other day I ate my lunch with an author who has written a number of successful plays and who has scored his biggest success in a new show that is just now making a great hit in a Broadway theater. Only a few years ago this young man was earning sixty dollars a week writing advertisements for a business paper. I remember that during these earlier years of his career his mind was constantly set on writing a play and he was devoting practically all of his spare time to a thorough study of the essentials of play writing. He believed that his particular forte was comedy, and even in those days when he had nothing more material than mere hope on which to base his dreams he had already collected and pasted in a scrapbook more than thirty thousand jokes and humorous stories. In other words, here was a young man who was building for his future. In my conversation with him the other day he mentioned by way of passing that his royalty on his new play this winter was amounting to something like one thousand dollars a week.

Play writing and play producing are two businesses that are accompanied by unusual hazards. As a general thing the entire future of every production depends upon the character of its reception in a New York theater. If the metropolitan critics are unanimous in their approval of a new piece the play is then likely to have a long run in New York and be good for two or three years on the road. There have been exceptions to this rule, however, and within recent years two or three plays received splendid notices from all the critics and yet failed to make good. This is in line with the idea that a play must be written to please the masses and will not be successful if it is built to satisfy only a certain class.

The reverse of this situation is also true. A number of plays have been severely panned by the critics and yet have made large profits for the authors and producers. Years ago The Lion and the Mouse was roundly censured and still became a great favorite. Only a little more than a year ago the show East is West received adverse criticism in New York, and yet the show had one of the longest runs on Broadway that has been recorded in recent years.

Sometimes it occurs that an author or a producer continues to have faith in his play after it has been criticized, and tries to make it score by adopting a policy of wide advertising. Such an instance occurred in New York early this winter and only proved that no play can be forced on a public that does not care for it. It is for this reason that on the opening night in New York the producer of a play makes rather elaborate arrangements to catch the expressions or comments of the audience. In getting his line on the true reception of the play he often has all of the ushers and many of his friends quickly mix through the audience at the drop of the final curtain, and a few minutes later all of these friendly spies are called together and their observations are compared. If it is found that the audience has been wholly pleased and that there have been practically no unfavorable criticisms the producer and author may go home content in the belief that the play will get across. As one producer told me: "The only thing in the world that will keep the house filled and the play going is the word-of-mouth advertising that comes from a pleased audience. Unanimous approval of the critics can fill the house for a week or so, but it's the fellow who sees the show and likes it that really counts."

The remuneration that an author receives for writing a play depends to a large extent upon his reputation. The fellow who has never had one of his plays produced is usually glad to get his initial effort across at whatever terms are offered him. As a general rule, however, the author's royalty is arranged on a sliding scale. What may be called the standard remuneration is five per cent for the first five thousand dollars of gross business, seven and a half per cent of the next two thousand dollars and ten per cent of all over seven thousand dollars. In the case of an author who has written several phenomenal successes this playwright's contract with the producer may call for a royalty averaging as high as a straight ten per cent on the weekly gross receipts. It is safe to say that such a remuneration is the maximum author's payment except in the case of a great foreign success that is brought to this country from Europe.

In the preceding paragraph I have referred to straight plays such as comedies and dramas and not to musical shows. In the case of a musical play the producer generally figures that he can't pay more than six per cent of the gross receipts to the authors of the piece. The reason for this stand on the part of the manager is due to the large expenses incurred in maintaining a big chorus and an augmented orchestra. In such a case if one man writes the book, another fellow writes the lyrics and still a third man composes the music the six per cent royalty has to be divided among all three of these authors. It is true, however, that even in musical shows larger royalties are granted to playwrights who have already established a wide reputation. As a counter to the lower royalties it is safe to assume that the musical show if a success will play to a much larger business than an ordinary comedy or drama. A play of the latter type doing a business of thirteen thousand dollars a week would make as much money for the producer as a musical play doing a business of twenty-three thousand dollars a week.

If a drama proves to be a failure and the manager has purchased all the rights for the piece he can now frequently sell his failure to the picture companies for more than it has cost him to produce the play. One comedy that played for several months in New York last year cost the producer six thousand dollars to stage. A musical show that is now running under this same management cost sixty thousand dollars before the curtain went up on the first night. It is further true that the producer cannot sell his musical play to the motion-picture companies. As to the salaries of actors at the present time in legitimate plays, these will run from one hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred dollars a week for each principal. In the musical play just referred to the leading man gets one thousand dollars a week plus a small percentage of the profits.

In New York City the general rule is for the owner of the theater to get fifty per cent and the producer of the play to get fifty per cent of the gross receipts. On the road this division of the gross business differs considerably according to locality. In most theaters in New York and Chicago the owner reserves the right to order the show out on two weeks' notice if the receipts fall below twelve thousand dollars a week. The public this winter has appeared to be so amusement hungry that producers of plays have been offering almost any terms to get a booking in a New York playhouse. In some cases the managers have offered as much as a twenty-five-per-cent interest in the play.

The minute a new show gets a New York booking the scouts of the ticket speculators in New York get busy on the road and attend the preliminary performances of the show while the piece is being tried out in near-by cities on what is known as its dogging trip. As soon as the speculators come to the conclusion that the show will be a success in the metropolis word is passed to the New York offices of these ticket agencies and the agency managers go over to the offices of the producer of the play and arrange for the purchase of seats. If the theatrical manager feels certain that the show will prove a success he will often compel the ticket agencies to purchase at least an eight weeks' supply of seats. Smith will get fifty seats a night; Jones will get, say, sixty seats; and other speculators will

(Continued on Page 32)

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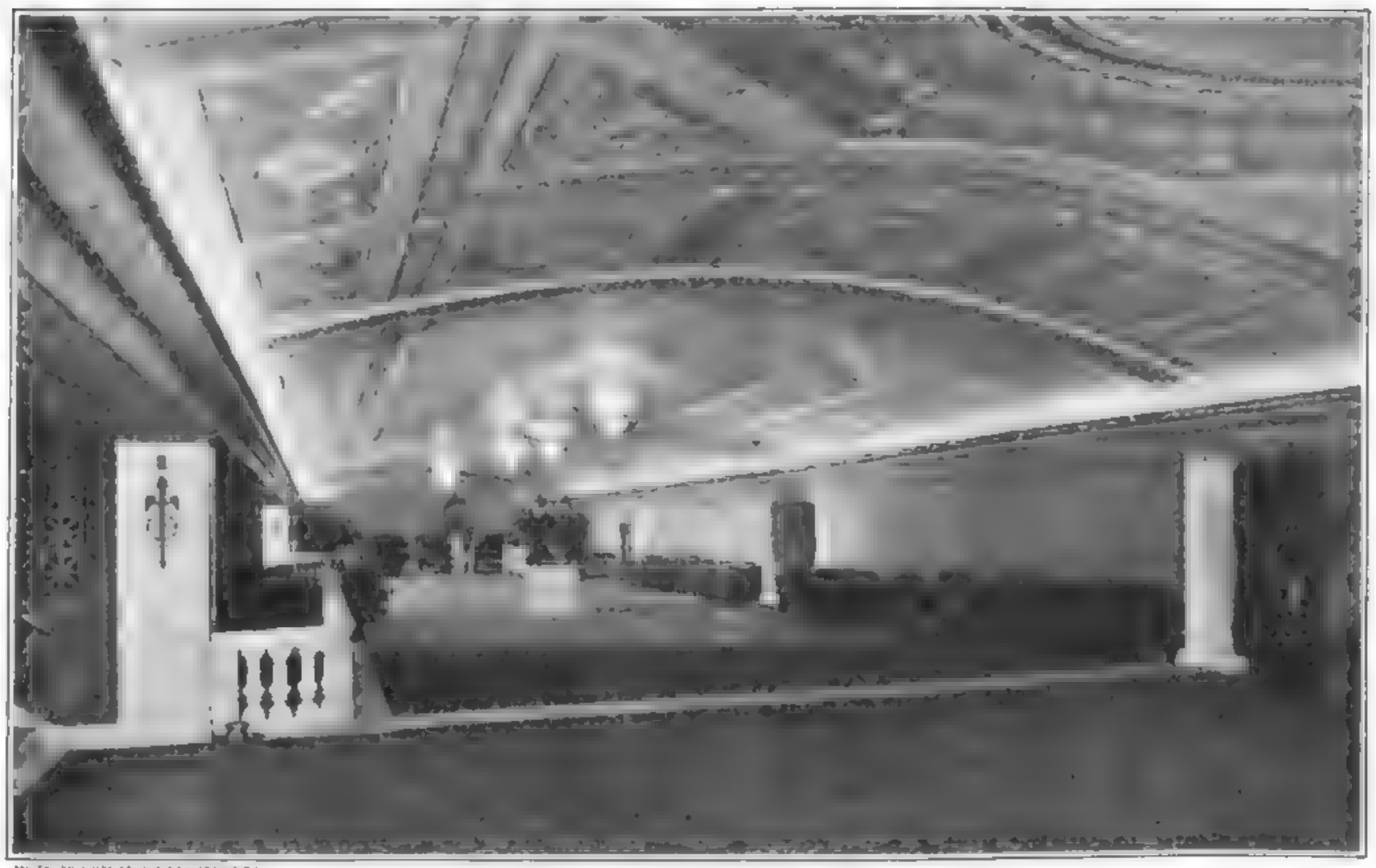
(Continued from Page 30)



The Grand Promenade of the New Capital Theater

receive similar allotments in proportion to the size of their clientèle. In musical shows the usual plan in New York is for the manager to sell the ticket agencies the first fifteen rows and in dramatic shows the first ten rows of the orchestra are so disposed of.

This ticket-speculating business has grown from a small beginning to such an important enterprise that the ticket agencies are now practically financing the majority of the successful New York plays. So-called New York society never buys its tickets at the box office but pays its theater bills by the month. One show that is making quite a success in the nation's biggest city at the present time is now owned one hundred per cent by a ticket speculator who bought in heavily when the play first started and later had an argument with the producer that resulted in the speculator buying the show outright. New York theatrical producers, knowing the desires and habits of the playgoers of the big town so well, have adopted a policy of expediency rather than ethics in the handling of theater tickets.

In some cases where a show is not such a pronounced success the producer of the play cannot make his own terms with the ticket agencies and in such a case the speculators get allotments of tickets on terms that permit the agencies to return half of the tickets they take in case they are unable to dispose of them. These tickets are returned at about seven-thirty on the evening of the performance and it is for this reason that a man may go to the theater at seven o'clock and be unable to get a good seat, though if he goes again at eight o'clock he may likely procure a seat in one of the front rows of the house.

The cut-rate ticket agency had its origin years ago when the publicity agents of the theaters gave tickets to the proprietors of cigar stores, saloons, and so on, for the privilege of posting lithographs in the windows and on the walls. These tickets were frequently disposed of by the recipients to speculators at low prices and were sold by these same ticket scalpers at a small profit. Later the cut-rate man made his proposition to the manager on the basis that no one wants to sit in the last row or go above the main floor of the theater. A little later the big ticket agencies and the cut-rate speculator married up and the alliance has seemingly proved profitable for both of them. The big agency holding the bulk of the tickets for a theater will often find that the business on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday is very good, but that on Thursday night there are a couple of big openings or some important event occurs and the demand for tickets falls off. In such a case the cut-rate man is called upon to dispose of the seats for which there is a small demand. Bad weather will often have a similar effect upon the attendance at a theater.

In the foregoing I have referred exclusively to what are called legitimate plays and so far as ticket speculating is concerned have touched on a practice that is universal only in such cities as New York and Chicago. Before ending this little discussion I want to devote a few words to the writing of stories for photo plays. The basic thought in the matter is that every story should be viewed in the light of its having four dimensions. First, there is serialization. The story can be run in some magazine if acceptable and the author receives remuneration in proportion to the rates that the magazine pays for such work. Second, there is novelization and the author has a chance to try and get a book company to publish his story. Third, there is dramatization, for which rights the author is paid in the way and on the terms already outlined in this article. Fourth, there is picturization and this is the one dimension of a story that I want to touch upon.

The motion-picture producers consider that a story is more valuable to them if it has already passed through the three dimensions above mentioned. If it has been published, produced as a novel and featured as a play then surely the piece needs no further introduction to the public. Though I know of one man who is writing original stories for the screen and is getting something like twenty-five thousand dollars a year out of his effort, it may be stated as a general rule that at the present time the writing of original motion-picture stories is not a paying work. It is likely that the future will develop an independent field for the man or woman who is willing to make a careful study of the possible market and devote time to the preparation of original screen stories. In fact, the motion-picture producers are looking forward to the time when the process will be reversed and the fourth dimension of a story as outlined above will come first. In other words, they say that the story will be produced as a picture or a play and will later be published by one of the country's leading magazines.

As to the remuneration that an author receives for his story which is to be used as a feature picture, the average payment will vary from five hundred to two thousand dollars. The man who purchases the stories for one of the largest motion-picture companies tells me that their average payments for stories run from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars. This expert informs me that the author of the story does not have to know anything at all concerning the technic of picture production. It is not necessary that he should ever have heard of the terms fade-in, fade-outs, dissolves or close-ups. Each picture company has a large staff of rewriters who undertake the task of whipping a manuscript into proper shape for picturization. In this connection it may be interesting to mention that the scenario editor of the film company often has a more difficult task to sell the story to his own producing department than the author has to sell the composition to the editor himself. By this I do not mean that the editor purchases the story and then gets stuck with it on his hands, but I do intend to convey that the editor has to make sure that the directors of the producing department are willing to undertake the casting of the story and that the cost will not be too great before he can safely accept the narrative from the author.

That there is a dearth of good stories for the making of good motion pictures is a fact that is well known and generally acknowledged. Most of the picture companies have about used up all of the old stories and plays that could be revamped and manufactured into feature pictures. For this reason the big film companies are now obliged to depend more and more on current material. I am told that every story in every reputable magazine in the

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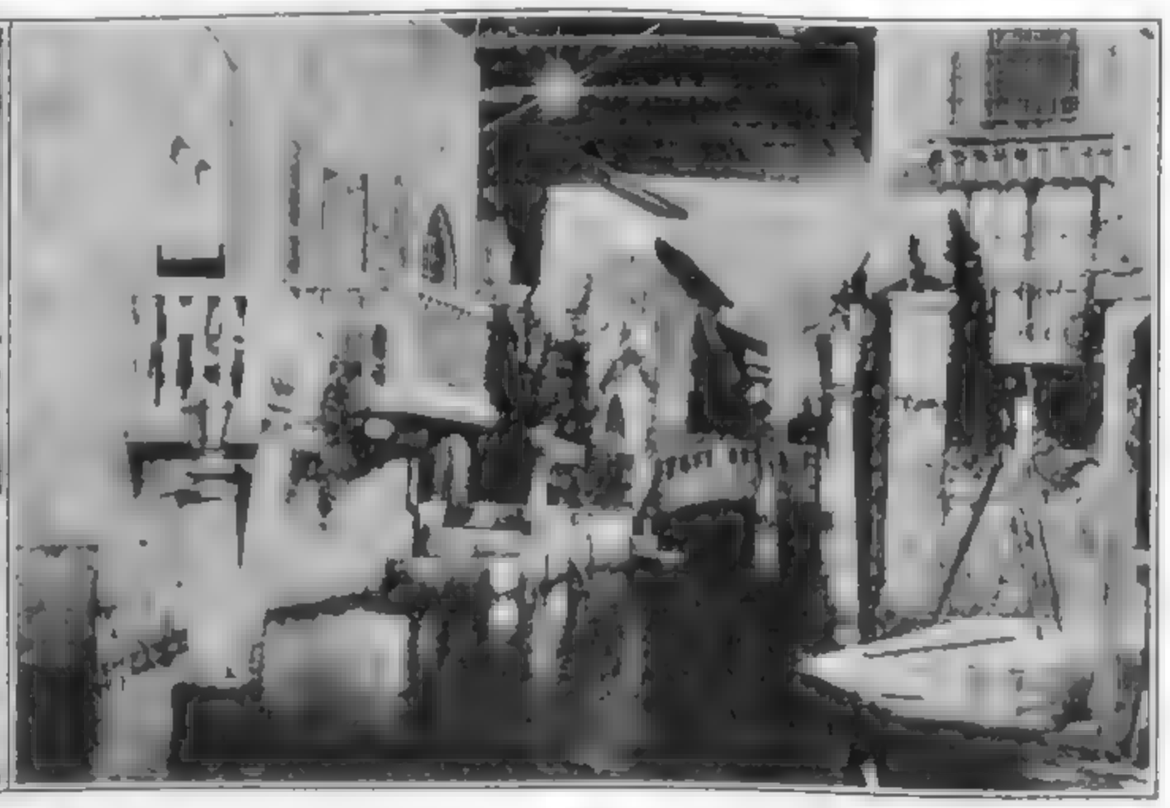
Constructing a Street Scene in Venice in a Motion-Picture Studio



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Republic Tires do last longer.

You can forget that it is Prodium Rubber that makes them last longer.

You can forget that this rubber wears down very slowly and very evenly, as tempered steel wears down.

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If all car owners would remember, every time they buy tires, that Republics *do* last longer, and act accordingly, their annual savings in car up-keep would mount to surprising figures.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tubes, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City

Originators of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Standard Tread

(Continued from Page 32)

country is carefully analyzed within two or three days immediately following its appearance. Wherever a tale possesses possibilities of picturization the author is approached for the right to adapt his story for the screen.

With better stories and improved mechanical devices should also come one further improvement: All pictures should be handled strictly on their merits. At present good pictures are not permitted to run in the big houses any longer than the poor ones, even though they are playing to capacity. This plan provides no incentive for the highest class of motion-picture work.

The Land of Make-Believe

IN NEW YORK CITY alone there are two hundred and seventy first-class theaters, not counting those devoted exclusively to movies, which entertain about eight million people each week during the season. There are eighteen thousand motion-picture theaters in the United States with an aggregate daily attendance of more than twenty million people The theatrical business is an industry with a total money turnover greater than that of any other business on earth. The people of the country know very little concerning the magnitude of the amusement industry, because it is made up of a great number of small units that cater to the convenience and recreation whims of the public rather than to their economic necessities.

The legitimate playhouse in one form or another is as old as the ages As most people know, the marvelous development of this generation is the motion picture, which phase of the theatrical business in a very few years has overshadowed the legitimate branch of the industry. The wonderful progress of the movies is best realized when we remember that it was only as far back as the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 that the first moving-picture machine was exhibited. The first motion-picture apparatus came in the form of a kinetoscope invented by Thomas A. Edison. This machine presented pictures to the eye at the rate of about sixteen a second, at which speed the average eye fails to distinguish any break in the continuity of motion. Along about this same time an American photographer in France in attempting to decide a wager concerning the correctness of a painting illustrating a horse race set a number of cameras round a track and in this way procured a fairly comprehensive moving picture of a horse running at full speed. Shortly after this certain English experimenters made a couple of moving pictures, one showing the surface movement of the English Channel and the other representing a bootblack at work.

The first motion pictures to be shown here in the United States came from France, but these productions flickered so badly that they were used by managers in vaudeville houses to chase out the crowd and make way for a new audience waiting to see a second performance. Before long, however, the motion-picture business passed out of the speculative era and the possibilities of this new form of enterprise became evident to large financial interests.

Though the nationals of all leading nations are to-day interested in producing films for amusement and industrial purposes, the United States is fast developing a world monopoly of the business due to three things: Control of raw materials; ownership of valuable patents such as the perforations in the celluloid ribbon, which permits this ribbon to move easily and uniformly over a sprocket wheel; and a better understanding of the psychology of races, which renders it possible for American producers to show successfully their pictures in other countries. Very few pictures from abroad have roused any large amount of interest here in the United States.

On the other hand American films are in demand throughout the world.

The price of a motion picture does not depend upon its length or cost, but rather on the vogue of the picture. The average or standard picture designed to run in a first-class house usually consists of six or seven reels.

The matter of preparing a motion picture for final presentation entails very much the same kind of work as is undertaken by an author who writes a novel or a play. In both cases it frequently occurs that the original draft is severely edited and largely condensed. One of the most famous pictures that have been turned out in recent years in its original form contained 260,000 feet of film. The editors employed by this manufacturer cut this picture so greatly that in its final form the picture totaled less than 7000 feet in length. Another picture that enjoyed a national circulation was cut from 110,000 feet to 9800 feet. Even after such pictures are condensed so as to eliminate all irrelevant scenes it will very likely occur that this same film will be further reduced by the exhibitor who proposes to show it in his own theater. Those scenes that are cut out by such an exhibitor are again carefully replaced when the picture has finished its local run and is returned to the manufacturer for further circulation. Only a few weeks ago at one of the big New York picture houses a film showing one of the greatest stars in America was cut from 8000 feet to 6400 feet before its local presentation.

Boxes in the Capitol Theater

The amount of money that is frequently expended in the making of a motion picture, after allowing for a normal amount of lies and exaggerations, is quite stupendous. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the producer is willing to spend considerable more money in getting the picture properly started through having it appear preferably in one of the big Broadway houses in New York City. If such a presentation can be procured for his film the picture may be considered safely on its way to most of the leading movie theaters throughout the land. Only a short time ago one of the largest film manufacturing companies succeeded in getting a new picture into a big New York theater. The manufacturer was very desirous of having the local exhibitor hold the picture over for a second week's showing. As an inducement to bring about this desired end the big film company offered the local management $5000 for advertising purposes to be expended during the second week. It is also a fact that the big New York house will often get a new picture at a very low rental, which results from the producer's anxiety to have the picture start forth backed by a New York reputation. This doesn't mean that New Yorkers are the only people who are able to judge the real value of a motion picture, but it is true that in both the legitimate field and the movie industry a successful metropolitan premier will carry a play or a picture to the far ends of the land.

The picture industry is based largely on a policy of judicious extravagance. There is no better example of the truth of this assertion than the story of the new theater only recently completed on a Broadway corner in New York. Here we have a playhouse that is larger than any other theater in the world, seating fifty-four hundred people. The site on which the building is erected has a value of $3,000,000. The entrance and lobby of this theater is in itself large enough to house the average first-class playhouse. The orchestra floor seats twenty-seven hundred and fifty people, while the great balcony, built on the cantilever system without a single supporting column, has a seating capacity almost equal to that of the orchestra. There is no gallery. The architectural plan and decorative treatment of the interior of the house combine to eliminate the sense of space that has been found objectionable in many large opera houses. The roof is supported by eleven trusses, each of one-hundred-and-twenty-foot span. More than eleven hundred tons of steel were employed in the construction of the building. The completed theater cost more than $2,000,000, exclusive of the plot on which it is built.

The organ that was built into this theater is the largest instrument that has ever been turned out by a famous firm of American manufacturers. It is so tremendous in size that it was delivered in installments of carload lots. The organ chambers are situated over the boxes just in front of the proscenium arch on either side of the theater and the two divisions are separated by about one hundred feet. This arrangement makes possible beautiful antiphonal effects seldom heard in theaters. More than 15,000 square feet of lumber were used in making the wood pipes for this organ. The smallest pipe is about the size of a lead pencil, while the largest would easily contain 135,000 of the smaller pipes.

The heating and ventilating of an enormous playhouse of this kind is a problem of much importance. In the case of this particular theater the radiators distributed throughout the house are concealed in recesses and the system is so perfectly adjusted that the variation in temperature between any two points inside the building is never more than two degrees, which is an unusual result to obtain in heating such a large inclosed space. The ventilating plant is located in a large fan chamber on the roof just in front of the proscenium arch. Centrifugal fans drive the air into the theater through large ornamental grilles in the ceiling. Other fans of the same type exhaust a similar amount of air, withdrawing it through mushroom openings under the seats on the main floor and through similar openings in the balcony. About thirty cubic feet of air is supplied and exhausted per person each minute, which is said to be a greater amount of air than has ever before been used in theater ventilation. Immense air heaters are provided in the fan chambers to warm the incoming air.

One unusual feature of this system is the separate control of the temperature of the air supplies for the main floor and the balcony. Thermostats are used for this purpose. As a further help in the control of temperature long-distance recording thermometers are provided so that the engineer in the engine room may be informed as to temperature conditions in all parts of the theater and govern the operation of the ventilating plant accordingly. This plan of bringing all the cold air during the winter months in through the ceiling eliminates draughts. It is probable that during the warm months of the year the system will be reversed and the fresh air will be brought in through the floor. No system of humidification is used, for the reason that the engineers figure that the great audience present in the house furnishes sufficient moisture to the atmosphere. It is estimated that each person gives

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

WET SPOTS IN THE DESERT

By ENOS A. MILLS

A CLUSTER of palms, flags of the desert, stood grandly near camp. In the background were a few stunted mesquite trees. A yucca held high its stalks of bloom and somewhere near by among the silky-yellow bloom and thorny lobes of prickly pear a cactus wren had her nest. I was alone on the desert. The night was too balmy for a camp fire and happy and hatless I walked round near my sleeping bag, looking at the thickly sown stars in the strangely low-hung sky and listening to each merry outburst of the desert coyotes.

A precipitous peak rose, barren and desolate, to the east of camp. There was not a cloud in the sky and the dry wash which came down from the heights did not seem to have felt water for years. When the air grew chilly I laid my sleeping bag on the dry wash and crawled in, wondering if it ever rained on the desert. I had read of cactus and mirages, but I had never heard of desert cloudbursts. Camping beneath a cracked and condemned reservoir dam would have been less perilous than the place I had selected for my sleeping bag.

I was awakened toward morning by a rumble, a slight trembling of the earth. It roared louder and I made haste to get out of my sleeping bag, for if there was to be an earthquake exhibition in the desert I must see it. A black, broken wall of water was rolling down upon me from the peak slope above. Grabbing my outfit I rushed for a near-by rock pile.

The water with rush and roar was sweeping over and round the rock pile as I climbed the top of it. A deep black-yellow flood tore roaring by. The water rose knee-deep. Though infrequent, these brief local desert storms arrive with a rush, and burst with terrific violence. In a short time the flood was gone and the sky clear. The flood was mostly rocky débris. There was more solid than liquid. It was an earthy avalanche—a fluent landslide, mostly gravel, sand and bowlders. Water had given these lubrication and ball bearings. Liquid measure is not the medium for measuring desert floods.

After the Cloudburst

Trainloads of débris were rushed down the slopes and my camp ground was torn to pieces. One side of the old dry wash was ripped out to the depth of from eight to seventeen feet. My palm trees were uprooted and lay junked a quarter of a mile out on the flat desert. Trees, shrubs and cactus were uprooted that had not been uprooted before. One uprooted mesquite tree had roots enough to equip a whole flotilla of long-armed octopuses. Though less than sixteen feet high, its root system was ample for the ordinary grove. But desert plant life must have specialized roots. Its taproot, though a yard or so of the tip was broken off in the ground, was twenty-one feet long. I cut this off beneath the trunk, stood the tree up and strung out its outreaching roots. These were from forty-one to seventy-three feet long. Had I been able to stand this mesquite in the pitcher's box its radiating roots would have overrun all the bases and the long root over home plate would have reached beyond far enough to have been an entangling snake for both the catcher and the umpire.

From my first camp I made a number of short excursions into the desert, keeping camp always in sight so that I could reach it quickly in a forced retreat. But one day I bade farewell to every fear and with pack on back set off for a spring in the desert two days' walk distant.

Along the mountain edge of the desert there were gullies from down-rushing floods and deposits of gravel and débris flooded down from the mountains. One mile took me beyond deep gullies or arroyos cut in level distances that had no horizon, except the vague sky. The sage which I had known on the plains was stunted and only thinly scattered. But it had the good, pungent scent and the sage green which distances toned to purple. Occasionally there was a prickly-pear garden with plants of giant size and numbers burning yellow candle blossoms. One giant cactus stood forty feet high, with three short twisted arms halfway from the top. A jack rabbit hopped away from its shade. A little owl peeped from a woodpecker hole in the trunk. When I tapped the trunk with my staff a woodpecker came from a hole in an arm. Other giants of the same species, the saguaro, were scattered about, a full stone's throw apart. The nearest giant, fluted of form, decorated with sprays of thorns and spines, was a splendid set piece or lamp-post of odd design and lighted with great white blossoms.

The wide spacing of most desert plants with barren earth between growths struck me as artificial and suggested nursery stock or experiment-station planting. Some distributions followed geometric lines. A species here and there had a tract by itself—still another artificial element. But I had been at Burbank's a few days before and carried fresh recollections of plants grouped and spaced. Nevertheless, the desert does give the feeling that it is artificially planted. And also that the planting was hardly a success, only one plant or seed of many having grown.

Mirages of the Desert

The giant cactus was as widely scattered as village lamp-posts, while the tar-smelling creosote bushes were spaced about ten feet apart. Sage bushes as a rule were only a few feet apart.

All the first day I walked without crossing an arroyo or a sand drift of any size—just miles of level desert plains. The desert is extra dry. Dust, heat and barren stretches its travelers ever have with them. So, too, its drifted and drifting sands. Lack of water is something ever in mind. But there are oases in the desert—many of them. And there are trees, grass and flowers, birds, animals and beauty. While often in later trips I went out of my way to see the worst that deserts held in their heart, most of the time within their strange borders I sought the best.

There is little need for raincoats or umbrellas. To the sun lover the desert offers about ninety per cent sunshine. And such air! It is as pure as is to be found on the earth. It exhibits mirages.

One morning in a Nevada desert I sat watching a moving mirage show its scenes—picture after picture. Occasionally one to right or left in front of or behind the preceding one. Some were retained in place much longer than others; they were brought closer and shown or reshown farther back.

One scene was of two covered wagons with three or four loose horses. They moved along two dim wheel tracks, round an arroyo and across two or three typical sand drifts. I stared at the scene in astonishment. They stopped as though to camp by the mirage lake. A camp fire appeared. I rubbed my face; I was awake. I saw objects moving about the wagon and the fire.

Two coyotes came trotting along near me. They saw the camp and after a few steps of looking with head to one side they stopped in front of me to watch it. I rose up better to watch them. They had either not seen me or had forgotten my presence in their eager concentration on the camp scene. Another loose horse, as though left behind, came lagging up. The coyotes watched this moving horse; they were seeing what I was seeing. Smoke rose above the camp fire by the wagon, then the picture melted and only the bare desert shimmered before us.

The first night I made camp without water, but one canteen was full and tomorrow night I should be at a spring in the heart of the desert. I camped by a silver-gray incense bush with starry flowers aburst in yellow glory. As I sat in the coming darkness I noticed a few large eerie white spots showing in the sand. I had not heard of any white bird or animal. They did not move—they were white primroses.

The second day I crossed sand dunes high as hills and miles long; dunes that travel and bury and smother the scanty vegetation in their front. Over the dry-as-dust dunes the heat shimmered and sizzled.

I came upon a yucca standing upon a ten-foot stilt. Apparently the sand had drifted it under and it had lengthened its stalk, extended its head and risen above; again it was buried beneath the deepening sand. This time it lengthened its neck about three feet. This appears to have been done three or four times. Then the dune moving on had left its head up in the air.

Late the second afternoon my dim trail forked. There was absolutely nothing to indicate which fork led to the spring. As my canteens were nearly empty I was concerned. There was nothing in the level distances or the desert plants to recommend that either trail would lead to water. I took the fork to the right, followed it a few minutes, doubled back and took the other. The sun went down and the sunset sky showed plains of smokeless embers and mountains of burning gold. Then twilight gave dimness to distances. Still no spring. A star rose over the desert. I came to scattered bones, then to the spring. There was only a trickle and this of alkaline flavor.

When I wakened in the morning a mocking bird was singing. In the moist earth near the spring were a few square yards of salt grass and a few other plants. There were antelope and sheep tracks; near by was a flock of desert quail. I filled my canteens and started for the next water hole, fourteen miles away according to the map.

There more often is eloquence than montony in the level, limitless distance of the brown dry desert. Again and again I turned to look across the long, long expanses to the hazy possible horizon. In the dry sands and unbroken sunshine I came upon an ocotillo shrub in bloom—an upright bundle of long thorny whips, each tipped with a short lash of scarlet flowers. It is one of the strangest of all the striking plants of the desert. Later one of these blooming plants in a windstorm struck and lashed about with its flame-tipped whips in a manner almost uncanny. The rich, rare flowers of most cactuses compel one to forget their fierce, thorny setting.

Their rich blossoms burst from a wreath of thorns. The barrel cactus flares forth in greenish yellow; the strawberry cactus carries blossoms of ruddy claret color; and I passed several hedgehog cactuses that were bristling thorns and robed in rose-purple flowers.

I passed within a hat's throw of the alleged water hole without seeing or smelling it. Late afternoon I commenced to circle for it. Just after dark I smelled it. One cannot choose a desert water supply. This was impossible. A bloated snake and two dead rabbits afloat! I might have boiled the water, but I did not. With one canteen empty and the other growing light I set off through the night for the nearest spring. Whenever I tried to get along with less than two gallons of water per day it was too long between drinks and I could think of little else than water. On a hot desert a man may live thirty hours without water, but many have lost out in less time. The trail long used by wild folks I followed easily through the night. At sunrise I came to the place, but not the spring. The place was dry. I was near to choking with thirst and alkali dust.

The Life-Saving Cactus

Exploring in every direction with my glass there appeared to be black objects by a low bluff about two miles distant, probably barrel cactuses. These small, green, thorn-covered barrels are filled with watery pulp. Each is a tiny oasis. I hurried toward them.

When almost to the little cactus barrels a dust storm swept suddenly upon me. I could not see through the dust and sand that filled the air. It was smothering. I drained the last drop of water in my canteen and lay down, not to the leeward but to the stormward of a giant cactus. Sand showered over me, but this side was less dusty then to the leeward. The dust devils sang and whirled round me. These storms sometimes last a day or longer and the air filled with fine light dust is dull and hazy for several days afterward. With a handkerchief over my nose I simply endured and allowed quarts of sand to sift in beneath my clothes.

Toward evening the wind stopped abruptly. I started for a barrel cactus, which was within two minutes' walk. My tongue was swollen and the alkaline dust in nose and throat made breathing difficult. In my nervous haste to cut the top off a barrel cactus I cruelly pierced and stung my hands, wrists and legs with the thorny spines. But once the top was off, I battered the pulpy interior with my staff, then grabbed a handful of the juicy pulp. It had a turnipy taste, but it was refreshingly wet. I pounded pulp, sipped and ate it for an hour or longer, then camped for the night. After emptying two barrel cactuses I started next morning across the desert for the mountains some miles from the place where I had been flooded out of camp.

On more than one desert trip I have found the barrel cactus a life-saver. It is a living storage tank of nonporous, dark-green, rubbery, seamless material. It is well guarded with thorns and spines decoratively arranged. It is fluted with deep accordion pleating, and contracts as drained, thus exposing less surface to the suction of the extra-dry air. I was sitting by one of these fellows during a rain. It speedily commenced to fill. I saw it begin to swell. It seemed to be moving. I stepped back; I did not want this thorny fellow to edge or roll against me. Was it unfolding or was I succumbing to a mental mirage of the desert? was my first thought.

Plants With Water Tanks

"Endure long periods without water," is the first law of the desert. All desert plants are highly specialized in seizing water swiftly and in storing it securely. Most leaves are hastily discarded when moisture time is over. Many of the cactuses are leafless and are built so as to have least surface exposure. The stalks, twigs and essential leaves are formed so as to have the least exposure—to put the greatest check on evaporation; and many leaves and stalks shellac and seal their exterior so as to prevent loss of water.

Numerous desert plants have long outreaching roots whose spread of spiderlike webs quickly catch and absorb the precious water. Water is seldom delivered and it sinks rapidly through the porous surface. An extensive water-getting system is a necessity. Many plants have enlarged trunks or tuberous growths for storage reservoirs. Those under the earth are well secured against hungry teeth and the ever-thirsty air. The trunk reservoirs are defended by thorns.

Desert plants must be scattered, widely spaced, that each may have an extensive water-catchment space. Two or more species may occupy the same territory, but each probably has a different root system. One with finer roots may penetrate more deeply and thus catch the remnants missed by the species with the uppermost and larger roots.

Many trips into the Arizona, Nevada and California deserts impressed me with the special adaptations and adjustments of desert animals and plants which enabled them to succeed with so little water. Plants, especially, having started life afloat in the sea certainly have traveled far on evolutionary roads in meeting the conditions which are exacted in the land of little rain.

Geologists say that all life was born in the sea and that there it lived for almost an eternity before it even ventured as far as the moist and slimy shore. Plants were a long, long time in existence before they migrated to the land. Plants were thus started and had long development in the water. Desert flora has traveled farther on evolution's changing way than any other flora. It is highly developed—intensely specialized. Most leaves have been discarded and in meeting the requirements of the desert they have developed nonleak and guarded storage tanks, thorns, an intricate far-reaching root system and other specialties that enable these plants triumphantly to cast a shadow on the desert's dusty face.

On this trip I made the acquaintance of the cholla, choya cactus, perhaps the most

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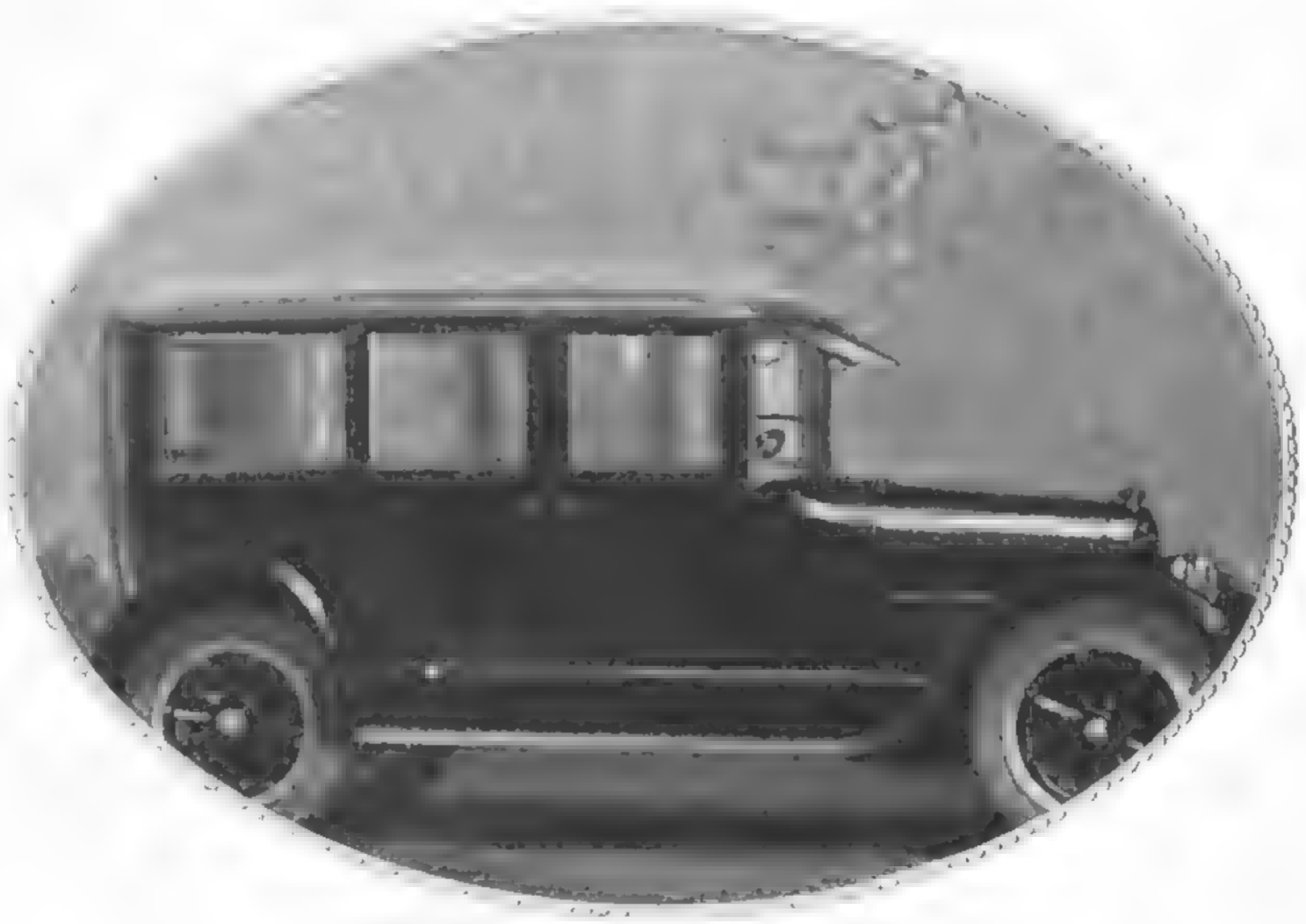

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(Concluded from Page 36)

stinging, insidious and cursed of all thorn bearers. Its small thorns are shed annually and are scattered by the wind. On the stalk or the earth these thorns pierce clothes and shoes. I have sometimes lain down upon them, and have fallen upon them or brushed against them while hurrying to follow bird or coyote.

The desert is the producer of thorns and spines. These probably are an evolutionary development of leaves and stems. Thorns are microscopic and gigantic, big as bayonets; they grow singly, in clusters and in graduated groups; they are hooked, curved and sometimes poisonous. The desert is fierce.

In traveling without a gun on the desert I found a little wild food—Indian fig—the fruit of cactus, chia and the beanlike seeds of the mesquite tree; the pulpy interior of some cactus, all of which reminded me of the raw roots; the fleshy and semituberous reservoir roots of a few plants, wild apricots, the fruit of palms, young shoots of yucca, the inner bark of trees; and piñon nuts in border zones of deserts.

Animals of the Desert

The desert has soft color, gentleness and beauty. There are humming birds, butterflies, bees and wild flowers. There is interdependence as well as individuality. There is mutual aid. Most desert flowers are pollinated by their winged friends. The intimate interrelation of the pronuba moth and the yucca is one of the strangely fascinating stories.

All day I traveled with the distances hazy from the dust storm of the day before. After a prolonged and high wind two days or longer may pass before the lighter dust particles settle from a desert sky.

I reached the mountains and made camp, being careful to keep away from slope of cañon which might any time send down an avalanche flood. The spring had been wet and the desert had responded in a floral surprise, an exhibition of desert wild flowers. The wondrous wild-flower garden on Mount Rainier did not impress me more than these strange wild-flower gardens of the desert. I saw a mile-long ragged foothill garden of pink verbenas set off with rock piles, leafless cactuses and heavy-topped palms. There are a few hundred kinds of wild blooms on the American deserts.

Bloom time of desert wild flowers commonly is short. When conditions are normal they bloom at a normal time. But dry springs delay or even prevent the blooming of many. In places plants and seeds may wait years, then a rain and they burst into blossom. Among the brighter plants seen on the California deserts were yellow encelia, dark-red beloperone, and blue phacelia. These are handsome. But the wild red hollyhock was for me the poem of the desert.

Three palms appeared to be looking into a cañon near camp and I moved over for a look in. It is a wonder the stiff cactuses did not also look in. Down the north facing wall of the cañon there appeared to be pouring a colored cascade of flowers. Red, yellow, white and blue blossoms enriched the wall up to where it seemed to touch the sky. A few days later I returned and the grim rocks, with only a few splashes of green, denied wearing the wondrous robe. It had vanished like a mirage.

Plants store water and ration themselves during the numerous dry days. But I cannot understand how desert animals get along with so little to drink. Antelope go for days without water; so, too, do rabbits, skunks, rats and gophers. The coyote can go long periods without drinking, but he is a rapid traveler and appears to visit the water holes more frequently than other large desert animals. A bird or animal may eat food more or less filled with watery tissues—blood for flesh eaters, pulpy tissue for some and juicy plants for others. But sometimes all the food of all these is almost without moisture. How birds and animals go without drinking for days and even weeks is one of the unwritten desert stories.

With canteen water and cactus pulp I spent four days in Arizona on the summit of a desert mesa watching a flock of bighorn sheep. They ranged about eating dry vegetation. Not once did they go down for water, nor did they have any from pockets in the rocks

When I last saw them they lay resting contentedly. Apparently they were not thinking about water and had no interest in the possibilities of rain.

It is strangely interesting that about one-fifth of the earth's surface in each of the past ages should have been desert—and that about one-fifth is desert to-day.

Books have infested the desert with gila monsters, hydrophobia skunks, tarantulas, side-wheel rattlers—fellows that move as though cross-eyed, cross-geared, and strike without buzzing. Just how deadly any of these fellows are I cannot say; they kept so well out of my way and I saw so little of them that little was learned of their biography. My species had terrorized them.

Desert Moonlight

The desert is the land of color. Color is somewhere all the time. Wild flowers give it a brief though brilliant day. Sage gives leagues and seas of gray or purple rolling; there are graduated level distances of golden brown, tawny gray. Cloud shadows, cliff shadows and mirages are likely to be of purple and may be broken with silver and backed by gray or gold. Shadow continents of dusty rose and islands of dusty yellow often make cloud scenery in the sky; there are sunrise camp-fire horizons and clouds of molten opal or drifted snow edged with copper for sunsets.

The eye constantly underestimates desert distances. "Telescopic air," was a Mark Twain expression which I did not appreciate until I looked through distance concealing desert air. I had thought my eye range-finding faculty was accurately developed. But twice I seriously misjudged distances—taking an entire day to travel to an object the time distance to which I had judged would be two hours. It is difficult to develop and adjust an eye to the perspective of the desert.

One night I arrived long after dark at a water hole called Mesquite Springs and found a man by a mesquite camp fire. By the fire he told me of a desert adventure—the result of a distance misjudged. Without a canteen he had set off for a palm cluster by which there was a spring. He would be there in an easy hour as the palms were in sight across the desert. For more than two hours he walked with the palms in sight and on their disappearing behind a foothill he turned back. After walking for more than three hours he felt that he had missed the way to his former camp site. In need of water, he concluded to try again for the spring by the palms, as palms were again in sight. The place which he had left in the morning was within a stone's throw when he turned. The day was hot, his thirst terrible. After walking nearly three hours toward the palms he again lost sight of them. He was lost. He had countermarched and did not wander here and there as so many do on the desert. But he was muttering, throwing his clothes away and chasing something in his delirium when a prospector from the palms came out and rescued him.

Desert moonlight is the most moony effect that I have felt. It eloquently emphasizes the strangeness and the barrenness.

In it one readily imagines himself not on the earth but on the moon. The cactus world is weird; the scattered sages and sand dunes make another strange land. A wind makes the earth infinitely old.

Never have I felt more primitive than one moonlight night on a barren desert island in the Gulf of California. I was alone, miles from anyone. Out of food and fresh water, I thought to find something on a little island offshore. I pushed out on a piece of wreckage. The water was unreal. The desert mountains rising from the sea were bold and barren beneath the moon. On the shore I found oysters. As I sat by a giant cactus of primitive prehistoric form, roasting oysters in the little fire, the world had no interest in me and in it I was a mystified primitive explorer.

THE LAZY DUCKLING

(Continued from Page 7)

"You mean that you don't want to work at all? That it?"

"Yes," said Gilbert.

Another silence. Then: "Let me get this straight. You don't want to work. What do you want, then?"

"Nothing," said Gilbert.

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me to my face that you'd like to spend your life sitting still—doing nothing?"

Blaik's reddish face assumed a deeper tone of ruddiness and his white mustache seemed to lift and bristle. His voice rose a little.

"Yes," said Gilbert.

"Am I crazy or are you?" Blaik exploded in a passion that was almost plaintive.

"You." Gilbert felt the need of elaboration. "Looks crazy to me. You said you could quit any minute. Told mamma so last night. Why don't you, then? What's the sense ——"

He stopped, disturbed at the expression with which his father regarded him. There was a long silence.

"I get you now, I think. Your idea is that if I can retire, but don't want to, you can relieve me of it by retiring before you begin.

"You'd like to sit in the sun and think—or perhaps just sit—while Art and Jim and I rustle a living for you."

The heavy irony was wasted on Gilbert. Words had one meaning. If you intended them to mean something else, that was your affair.

"Yes." He was again constrained to enlarge. "You like work. You do it because you want to. I hate it. All right. You can have my share. I don't want it."

"Thanks." Blaik was calm again, except for the drumming of his fingers. "I see your point. You're generous about it. There isn't any reason why you should work, then?"

"No." Gilbert was relieved at being understood.

His father laughed. "That's the trouble. I see. You don't believe in working without a pretty good reason."

"No"

"Then I'll furnish one—the best on earth. You're going to work after this, because if you don't you won't eat or wear clothes or sleep under a roof. Beginning next week you'll give mamma six dollars every Saturday night or stay out of the house. Pretty good reason, eh?"

Gilbert lifted his eyebrows. "You can make me," he conceded. "I don't see why you want me to; I don't try to keep you from working, but you want to keep me from resting. Funny."

"Yes. It's funny, in a way." Blaik nodded. "But I mean it, Gilbert. I guess it's partly my fault. I ought to have found this out before, instead of sweating my soul out to make money for you. But it's never too late to begin over again. You're lazy. I never believed a son of mine could be, but I was wrong. Bone lazy and not ashamed of it. I can't make you like work, but I can make you do it. And I will."

"All right, I'll work." Gilbert nodded. "Didn't ask me if I would. Asked me if I wanted to. Your office?"

"Hardly! It takes a man who eats work to keep his head above water in the insurance business. You wouldn't fit there. But I'll get you a job somewhere else. I hate to wish you off on any friend of mine, but I'll do it. Let's see. You don't like any kind of work at all, do you?"

"No."

"But you probably hate some kinds worse than others. And it would be a good idea to put you where your preferences aren't outraged any more than they have to be. So if you can think of anything that will hurt your feelings less than ——"

"Bank," said Gilbert; he had already thought on this point.

George Blaik brightened pathetically. He had the ingrained respect of nearly every small independent business man for the wielders of the money power. It was plain that the idea of his son as one of them appealed instantly to his imagination.

"I don't know but that's just about what you're cut out for, after all. It's a good business too. And Mason, over at the Central, would give you a chance if I asked him. I'll see him in the morning." The restraint faded out of his voice, and an interested, almost respectful quality replaced it. "You've thought it out, have you? You've got a good reason for choosing a bank?"

"Yes." Gilbert was disarmed by the altered tone. He became innocently confidential. "Hours."

A moment later he slid through a half-opened door, wafted from the presence by the sweep of a terrible arm. He clung, during the evening and the following day, to a cheering hope that his father's speechless anger might react to his advantage. George Blaik ignored his existence at breakfast. But after supper he spoke abruptly:

"You're due at the Central Bank at eight to-morrow. Mr. Mason's got a good job for you. Know what they call it?"

"What?"

Gilbert was not hopeful. His father emitted a barking laugh.

"You're going to be a runner," he said; and Gilbert heard him laugh again as his study door slammed.

Gilbert, presently enlightened as to the complete absence of running from the duties of a bank runner, accepted the situation with some philosophy, though the accompanying discovery of a natural error in respect to the hours of banking labor was disconcerting. He did as he was told, and profiting perhaps by the sympathetic attitude of the other messengers he attracted no unfavorable notice. He made no effort to acquaint himself with the mysteries of his profession, but some inkling of the processes in which he was reluctantly concerned was forcibly thrust upon him.

The Central did not belong to the clearing house. It stood in the center of the retail shopping district and its depositors for the most part were women, who found its service adequate and who approved warmly of its whereabouts. Their checks, however, were very rarely payable to other depositors in the Central. The retail stores carried their balances in the big commercial banks farther downtown; the telephone company, the purveyors of gas and electricity and coal and ice followed the same policy, and the husbands and fathers whose signatures validated the checks which wives and daughters deposited in the Central were nearly always of similar mind. As Gilbert became aware of the fact that his labors, like those of other runners for other banks, were necessitated by this condition, he thought wistfully of a millennium in which every check presented at the receiving teller's window should be drawn against a balance in the big loose-leaf ledgers of the bookkeeping department. He was less concerned with outgoing funds, because these put no extra burden on his shoulders. But if there were no checks to be presented at the Miners and Merchants, or the Conewango National, or the City Trust, or the Maritime, he mused, it would be unnecessary for Gilbert Blaik to slide along the oak bench toward the extreme whence the next curt summons would exile him to the streets with a crammed wallet of checks and drafts.

He spoke of this dream incautiously to one of the bookkeepers, and the ribald mirth that greeted it alarmed him. He heard the word "lazy" often enough at home. It would be discreet to keep his indolent ambitions to himself, here at the bank. And he realized, moreover, the force of the bookkeeper's pungent declaration that if the Central had no need for messengers there would be no bench and no Gilbert to occupy it.

His wistfulness transferred itself to the lot of the bookkeeping staff, attracted by their ability to sit down continuously at their tasks. He was charmed, too, by the machines which all but relieved them of effort, electrically driven adders, demanding only finger touches. He made no direct effort to attain this relative Nirvana, but possibly the mere intensity of his hunger for it reacted on his superiors. Possibly a desire to please George Blaik, whose account was in these days decidedly worth keeping, had something to do with his promotion. Gilbert did not trouble himself over causes. It was enough that he could sit, that he no longer was obliged to tramp from one bank to another, with only niggardly intervals of motionless repose on the oak bench.

He picked up the new work readily enough and did it acceptably. Considering the other men, set in authority above him, he found no reason to envy them. The tellers, objects of the unthinking ambition

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of other underlings, were on their feet from nine till three. Their wage and prestige made no appeal whatever to Gilbert, and the discovery that the path toward a cashiership led through a novitiate in a teller's cage effectively ended any remote idea of attaining such an estate. He did not like his work, to be sure. He detested it cordially. But it was the least of evils confronting him and as such to be treated with caution and respect.

His twenty-fifth year found him still devoted to the S-to-Z accounts, with an income of ninety dollars a month, to which at Christmas a like sum was added as a bonus. He was not contented, of course, but his discontent still gazed covetously backward. He did not want more pay, because more pay inevitably involved a "better" job, a job in which, by doing more work, he could possess himself of higher wages for which he felt no need. The most active dislike for his work centered on the occasions when he was detailed to the bookkeeper's window to answer feminine questions concerning balances and to hand out canceled vouchers and balanced pass books. Here, just as if he had been made a teller, he was obliged to stand up.

Meanwhile, at home, his position had been regularized. His father after experimenting with persuasion, bribery, intimidation and sarcasm had gradually resigned himself to the disgrace and reproach of a bone-lazy son and adopted an attitude of unawareness, which had more or less established that of the others toward the lazy duckling. Gilbert's habit of silence made it easy to ignore him at breakfast and dinner—it was dinner now—and except at these meals Gilbert was not often in evidence. He preferred his bedroom, small and scantily furnished as it was, to the big correctly decorated living room, where the gospel of work was oppressively perceptible in even the silences and where he was made uncomfortably conscious of a disapproval more or less hostile. He spent his evenings in pajamas, reading literature of the type which made no explicit attempt to improve his mind; or staring at the ceiling and waiting for the soft intoxication of sleep to descend upon him.

The new house would have pleased him, by virtue of its multiplied comforts and conveniences, had it not been pervaded by an atmosphere of activity even less avoidable than that which had permeated the ramshackle old place on Whitney Street. He liked the setting, in a half acre of lawn, with a clump of old trees sweeping a long slant of shadow before the porch when he came home in the afternoon, and a wide silent boulevard in front, instead of the narrow clatter of Whitney Street, where the trolleys clashed past all night and the cobbles lent an impressive clamor to every passing grocer's cart. But once inside the effect of repose was gone.

His stepmother had a typewriter now, and occasionally even a temporary stenographer. The telephone stuttered almost continuously and Gilbert encountered hurrying lean women in the hall, their angular shoulders erect under a self-assumed burden of other people's business. George Blaik had a dictating machine in a corner of the library, and the bookshelves affronted Gilbert's instincts whenever he passed them. Bewildering combinations of insurance statistics sat fatly beside resounding treatises on the power of the will or the secret of success or the fine art of salesmanship. The old correspondence courses were here, too, with ever multiplying new ones. And here after dinner or through long Sunday afternoons George and Arthur and Jim talked about business and money and work. Gilbert heard a new word with wearisome frequency—efficiency. It seemed to be another divinity, from the way they named it. And yet even Arthur and Jim had money enough to stop when they pleased and never even think again of work! As for George Blaik, Gilbert's banking information enabled him to keep track of the swift increase in his wealth. The sure knowledge that his father was a rich man only deepened Gilbert's scorn of his helpless addiction to the vice of work.

Ethel was busy, too, in a fashion of her own, and Gilbert, avoiding her cannily, acquired a deeper pity for her delusion than for those of the others. She toiled tirelessly at the job of getting to know people who, like Agatha Winston, seemed disinclined to any reciprocal endeavor. Ethel's obsession drove her as relentlessly as George Blaik was ridden by his passion for work and money. Her days were spent in a parallel and equally senseless pursuit of something which Gilbert considered utterly unworth possessing.

Unlike his father, however, Ethel failed of attainment. Gilbert sensed this rather than reasoned it. All planes of society were placidly alike to him, and the acquaintances Ethel succeeded in making seemed as desirable as those who continued to elude her. His one clear distinction between human beings rose from his work at the bank. He had a private system of classification by which people were assorted according to the number of their deposits and withdrawals. He entertained something like affection for an ancient lady who made one deposit of an even thousand dollars on the first banking day of each month, and withdrew it, in even multiples, twice or thrice a year. He cordially detested Mrs. Andrew B. Selleck, who deposited small checks for uneven sums, two or three times a week, and whose checks fluttered toward Gilbert's desk like a flurry of unwelcome snow. Aside from this differentiation all men were equal in Gilbert's sight, and Ethel's social ambitions provided him with a languidly amused irritation.

His attitude toward Agatha Winston, prior to the occasion on which Ethel's outburst gave him soberly to think, had been a divided affair. He was displeased by her stream of checks, but her personal qualities as encountered now and again at the bookkeeper's wicket measurably offset her defects as a depositor. He was inclined to like her without ceasing to deplore her propensity for increasing his labors. Ethel's burst of hostility appreciably strengthened his regard for its objective. For the first time he envisioned Agatha Winston as an asset. It was impossible not to see that Ethel envied him even his ignominious professional relations with her. Possibly, he thought, if he demonstrated an ability to carry that acquaintance into private life Ethel would persuade his father to reconsider the edict of expulsion. She generally got what she wanted. If she wanted Gilbert to stay it was fairly certain that he would be tolerated even after the period of grace had expired.

But as he settled to his daily grist of checks it was not altogether as a possible buffer against family wrath that Gilbert was considering Agatha Winston. The idea of knowing her a little better, even at some expense in effort, appealed to him as distinctly a desirable process.

III

"OH, HELLO." Agatha Winston had a trick of smiling with her eyes. Gilbert, conscious of their cheerful glow, found himself curiously reassured. Ethel was all wrong about this girl. He grinned without haste. Miss Winston hesitated. Something about Gilbert's look and posture seemed to remove their encounter at the corner from the realm of the casual.

"What are you doing away out here so early, Mr. Blaik? Has anybody been overdrawing his account?"

"Live here," said Gilbert, moving his head two inches in the direction of the new house.

Her eyes followed the gesture, revealed a moment of puzzled doubt, and then widened in understanding.

"Oh—you're one of those Blaiks! I didn't know—I've always spelled you the other way, you see." He felt a change in her. "I've met your mother and sister several times."

"Step," Gilbert qualified. He fancied that her attitude underwent another alteration. She laughed.

"I thought you were—different," she said incautiously.

Her glance inspected his loose comfort-considering suit, the soft collar and the burnt-umber scarf which blended with the tint of the tweeds. Gilbert was uneasy under it. His laxity in the matter of dress had served as theme for many household indictments. Jim and Art, like their father, were particular about clothes. They wore business suits which fully warranted the tailor's term; their collars were uncompromising, and their neckwear was chosen with a strong conservatism.

"Am," he conceded. "Black sheep."

Her eyes crinkled. "And a banker!"

"All hustlers but me," he explained. "Going down?"

A trolley swerved into sight round the bend. Paying her fare provided him with a mild thrill. It was his first experience with the pallid survival of an age of velvet cloaks and muddy streets and queens in silken slippers. It seemed, moreover, to entitle him to share a cross seat with her. Again he informed himself that Ethel didn't know what she was talking about. Miss Winston couldn't have been any friendlier. He felt this. It was purely intuitive. Gilbert generally knew whether or not people liked him without being told.

"You're not a—a hustler, then?"

She took up the conversation where the car had interrupted it. Strangely enough, Gilbert saw that she thought none the worse of him for this defect. He shook his head.

"Lazy. Born that way, I guess."

She laughed. "Me too."

Gilbert opened his eyes. "You hate work?"

"Like poison."

He permitted this to mushroom slowly in his brain. Of course it was different with a girl. Girls weren't expected to like work, in the male style, at least. But to have Agatha Winston admit the charge of laziness without visible penitence seemed in some recondite fashion to establish a bond of sympathy. They exchanged more detailed views on the topic of industry until the car turned, groaning, at the bank corner.

As he rose Gilbert ventured boldly: "Like to come 'n' see you sometime."

For just a pulse beat her eyes measured him. Then they smiled.

"I wish you would," she told him.

"To-night?"

She reflected briefly. "All right."

They shook hands. It occurred to Gilbert subsequently that she shook hands as if she meant it. Ethel was certainly wrong. There wasn't any nonsense about Agatha Winston. Nice girl. He felt something wanting in the characterization. Adverbs were missing from his vocabulary as a rule, but he made an exception. Darned nice.

Even the emphasis of the altered phrase seemed inadequate as he contemplated her against the harmonic background of the Winston library that evening. It was not a mere appeal to the eye, which was undeniably perceptible, but something far more fundamental. Gilbert did not at once identify it. He was only conscious of a delightful repose, a pervading peace and quietude, of which Agatha Winston seemed to be the source.

She talked, to be sure, but not in the least as Ethel talked. There was none of Ethel's restless hurrying quality in her speech. Merely hearing Ethel's voice affected him with a dull ache of weariness. Agatha Winston's rested him.

Yes. A darned nice girl.

His protective coloring of silence, acquired as defense against family disapproval, kept him from talking. He builded better than he knew. Agatha Winston's experience with young men had not taught her to look for willing listeners. A man who actually preferred not to discuss himself was a novelty. A mild friendliness for this odd, nice-looking person merged into something slightly more transitive.

Gilbert discovered with a pang of compassion that she wasn't the butterfly he had imagined. She managed the household herself, and he retained a lively conception of what housekeeping involved, a detesting realization of its infinite drudgery which went back to vivid mental pictures of damp unfriendly floors and the swirling of a hostile mop. He knew, of course, that this girl did not wear a towel about her hair or steam over Monday tubs, but he sensed the stress and strain of even vicarious labor. He hated work which demanded doing by his own hands, but he conceived on that first evening a vastly more intense dislike for toil which had chosen Agatha Winston as its victim.

He discovered that he had no desire to impress Ethel with the tale of his adventure. He had languidly enjoyed the prospect of flattering her with the news, but as he reviewed the evening the idea lost its appeal. He did not analyze his motives. He simply didn't want to talk about Agatha Winston. It didn't occur to him to admire himself for the restraint. If being a gentleman had demanded effort Gilbert would not have been one. He had, indeed, a divided attitude toward the term. It had been applied to him frequently as a final reproach—a gentleman of leisure. He knew vaguely that it was a disgraceful thing to be, and yet both of its component words persisted in possessing a favorable connotation. His decision to say nothing of his visit was merely symptomatic.

He fell into the habit of slipping away from home for a place in the Winston library, a deep soothing chair set in amiable shadows, from which he could watch Agatha while she talked. He made no endeavor to stir her liking. He was purely passive—a person to be tolerated or excluded as she wished.

He manifested much the same attitude toward Peter Winston, whose acquaintance he made on the occasion of his third visit, except that he harbored a touch of prejudice against Agatha's father, which made him even less disposed to earn that gentleman's regard.

Peter Winston's name appeared on too many checks. Gilbert had acquired a faint but abiding resentment for the head of the biggest department store in the city. He held Winston responsible for a considerable share of the abhorrent business of banking and of its demands on the reluctant energies of Gilbert Blaik. Not even his relationship toward Agatha redeemed him. It did not occur to Gilbert to bestir himself in order to make Winston like him.

Again he profited by contrast. Agatha liked him better because he permitted himself to be taken for granted, instead of laying an industrious siege about her regard. Her father, on whose horizon Gilbert was no more than an inoffensive blur, spared him the distrust with which more insistent visitors infected him.

For Gilbert the new conditions of existence served to endow the bank with an added odium. It interfered now with possibilities more inviting than mere leisure. Chained to his post by a linked succession of checks while his mind reached out wistfully to the cool veranda at the side of the Winston house, with an indolent whisper of wind fluttering the awnings and Agatha's soothing speech against this obbligato, he conceived a steadily intensifying hatred of the dull futile routine which enslaved him. Hitherto his dislikes in common with his desires had been passively neutral. Now as he envisioned work as something which was not merely unpleasant but actively hostile, a meddlesome trespasser on a paradise of inaction, he conceived a positive and definite abhorrence. He hated work as he hated meanness and cruelty and the malice of sly tongues. It was like a huge brutal giant amusing a senseless savagery with the antics of scuttling, frantic human beings.

Even Agatha's checks were part of it. He forgave her for them, but he continued to consider them as marring defects in a person otherwise approximating perfection. She was reckless with them—checks for spitefully uneven sums, checks for less than a dollar, and for wearisome combinations of dollars and cents in which the only digit wanting was the relatively friendly zero. Other people's checks annoyed him. Agatha's somehow came to distress him. They seemed to hint of a sort of selfishness, a want of consideration which amounted almost to deliberate unkindness. Several times he had ventured a cautious mention of her prodigality, hoping that she would realize what it involved for him. But she always seemed to regard it as faintly comical that he should be in a position to observe her expenditures as with, she said, a bird's-eye view. His point completely evaded her understanding. It was a pity, Gilbert thought, that such a nice girl, such a dog-gone nice girl, should be a victim of the loathly vice of check writing.

Gradually he found his ideas centering on checks as the embodiment of work. They made trouble for the postmen who delivered them, the driven mail clerks condemned to sort them, the harried cashiers who received and indorsed and deposited them, for the bank which collected and the bank which paid. He glowered at them as they passed in endless procession before him. He dreamed of a world in which they were unknown.

He was in this mood when he discovered Agatha in the very act of indulging her weakness. Their intimacy had developed with the imperceptible and effortless growth of a plant, and even Peter Winston seemed to accept Gilbert's presence as an incidental and casual phenomenon. The servants reflected this attitude, so that there was nothing extraordinary in his being admitted to the library on a rainy Sunday afternoon which Agatha had chosen to profane with her check book and a fluent pen.

Gilbert permitted the convenient force of gravitation to draw him into the embrace of his favorite chair and looked on with mounting displeasure as Agatha filled out

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said Ash, who had drop-

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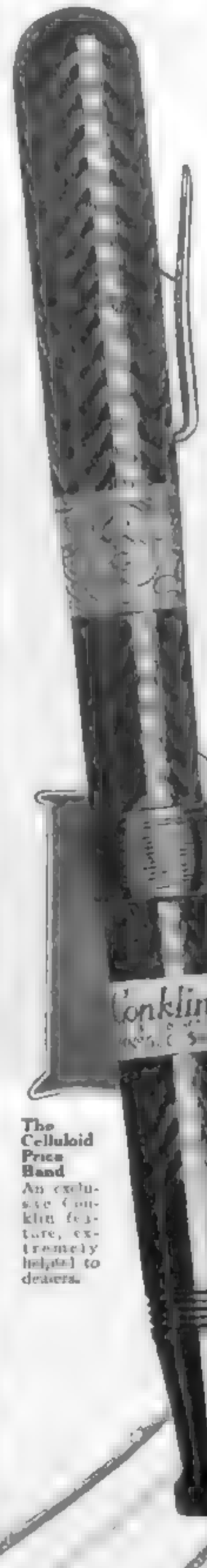

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and blotted the odious strips of tinted paper and inclosed them in separate envelopes. To Gilbert it was like watching a thoughtless child scattering a paper snowstorm on a floor presently to be swept. He endured it until his restraint cracked under the swelling of his emotion.

"Making work f'r me, Agatha."

She looked up, startled at the note of reproach in his voice. "I'm sorry." Her pen hovered over a fresh blank. "I never thought about your part of it. It's such a bother for me that I ——"

He stared. "You mean you don't like it?"

"Like it!" She laughed. "I thought you and I agreed about work, Gilbert. We both hate it, don't we? This is my work the worst part of it anyway. And you ask me if I like it! Bills and checks, bills and checks—forever and ever, amen! I never catch up with them. I write them in my sleep. You think it's work just to enter them in your old ledgers. How would you like to have to write them out, one by one—fill in the tiresome old numbers and the date and the same everlasting names of stores and people and—and even have to put in the amount twice! Like it!"

Gilbert sat intensely still. A weight lifted happily from his mind. At least Agatha wasn't showering him with her checks out of sheer carelessness. She hated the beastly things as much as he did! His vague dream of a paradise devoid of perforated bits of colored paper became suddenly a compelling vision. Even Agatha, whom he had imagined hopelessly given to check writing as a sort of insidious habit, would profit by the abolition of this common nuisance!

The idea seized him as she returned to her task. If Agatha hated it, perhaps Mrs. Andrew B. Selleck hated it too. Perhaps everybody hated it—even old Mason himself. Perhaps all the people whom he had regarded as devoted to checks as to a sacred cult would be willing to abandon them. The institution, which had seemed part of the very universe, suddenly lost its dismayingly formidable aspect. Perhaps it was only waiting for a touch to topple over into the discard heap of civilization, along with the wreckage of other outworn superstitions.

He lengthened his arm to secure a sheet of notepaper from Agatha's desk and found a pencil in his pocket. Very slowly he began to see a way of minimizing work in its nearest and therefore most hateful manifestation. Presently he interrupted Agatha again:

"Suppose you had to write only one check to pay all your bills?"

"Suppose something else," she said without looking up. "What's the use of dreaming about impossibilities? Fourteen and sixty-seven one-hundredths. . . . There, you made me spoil that one!"

"Look here." He held the sheet of notepaper before her. "Suppose you had a check form printed like that. Just a list of the people you pay every month, you know." Long familiarity with the recipients of her bounty had enabled him to set down some twenty names in a vertical column, with a crudely ruled space at the right. "Just put the right amount after each one, write in any extra ones on blank spaces, add up figures and sign at bottom." He pointed to the form he had written below:

"Central Bank. Pay to the order of the payees listed above the sum opposite the name of each, and charge to my account the total, —— dollars."

"There. Easier, eh?"

"I should say so." Her voice was faintly wistful. "If it would work it would be just wonderful!"

"Work all right." He surveyed it approvingly. "Send it to bank. One envelope. One stamp. Nothing to do till the first."

"And the bank would do the rest?" She was interested.

He nodded. Then as it dawned upon him that he had merely saddled the labor of the depositor on the clerical force of the bank he shook his head.

"No. Bank wouldn't bother. More work than now. Too bad."

Agatha resumed her work. He contemplated his impracticable scheme regretfully. If everybody dealt with one bank, now—he saw vividly the tremendous saving in labor to be accomplished by the elimination of clearings and the reduction of checks to some such form as the one he had sketched. Just a debit of one lump sum to one account, and a distribution of credits to the others. A matter merely of a deposit slip to be turned over to the recipient. One voucher to be handled instead of forty or fifty; one transaction instead of scores.

He visualized it personally of course. What he saw, receding inexorably from him like an air castle dissolving into mist, was a picture of Gilbert Blaik, the S-to-Z ledgers closed for the day, departing with cashiers and vice presidents; long lazy afternoons under the Winston awnings instead of endless mons of servitude at the bank. Agatha, relieved of her financial housekeeping, condemned to mere minutes of accountancy each month. It was too bad it wouldn't work. Of course if everybody banked at the Central—but he knew better than to pursue that patent will-o'-the-wisp. He saw the penciled sketch slide from the desk as Agatha moved her elbow. No use moving merely to pick it up. He could do that when he got up to go, just as well.

Peter Winston spared him even that. He paused on his way through the room, to inform Gilbert needlessly that it was a damp day, and his eye caught the abandoned sheet. He glanced at it as he lifted it.

"What's all this?"

Gilbert foresaw distressing consequences. Agatha didn't object to lazy people, but he was certain that her father did. He smiled placatingly.

"Sort of idea I had. Make it easier for Agatha to pay her bills."

Winston studied it. "Who told you about this?"

Gilbert's rooted instinct for effortless truth overbore a faint temptation to shelter his guilt under anonymity.

"Nobody. Just thought of it."

"Nmph!" Winston's brows drew together. "Good thing for me if it would work. Cut collection costs in two, at least."

"How?" Agatha looked up, interested.

"Most trouble collecting from people who just keep putting off the job of writing checks. Can't press 'em too much and can't make 'em pay without pressing. Bad problem in every store. People that haven't got money pay as soon as they can, and expect to be reminded. People with lots of it pay when they feel like it and get mad if you mail 'em a statement on the first."

"But I don't see how ——" Agatha frowned slightly.

"Simple enough. They're all used to paying some of their bills on the dot. Gas—electricity—telephone. Monopolies won't let 'em take their own sweet time. Now if they could pay all their bills with no more trouble than it takes to pay those two or three necessary ones a lot of them would do it."

He turned a speculative eye on Gilbert.

"You're a banker. What's wrong with this stunt? Why wouldn't it work?"

Gilbert was agreeably puzzled. Winston didn't seem to find anything disgraceful in this evidence of his laziness. For the first time indeed he detected a distinct note of approval in the brisk abrupt speech. He didn't understand this. Winston in his fashion was as helplessly addicted to work as George Blaik himself, as contemptuous, presumably, of people who were bone lazy, who hated effort, who tried to avoid it. But he was reassured intuitively by the tone and glance.

"It would work," he said with a faint animation, "if all those firms banked at the Central. Then we'd only have to debit and credit, inside the bank. But it wouldn't work if we had to send out cashier's checks. That would mean more trouble for us than the old way."

Winston reflected briefly. Gilbert saw a queer look of something rather like reluctant respect come over his alert, formidable countenance. To his embarrassed amazement he saw Winston's hand extended toward him in a gesture capable of only one interpretation. He submitted to a vigorous grip. Winston's other hand clapped him smartly on the shoulder.

"You're a wonder, Gilbert! If anybody'd offered to bet me that I'd ever open an account in that one-horse ramshackle institution of yours I'd have given him any odds he asked for. But you win. I didn't spot you at first. You've got the right idea, with a man like me. You made me sell myself. Good work. Tell your people our treasurer will be in to-morrow. Hold on, though—you owe me something for putting it over like that. We'll carry a balance with you on condition you give us

(Continued on Page 45)

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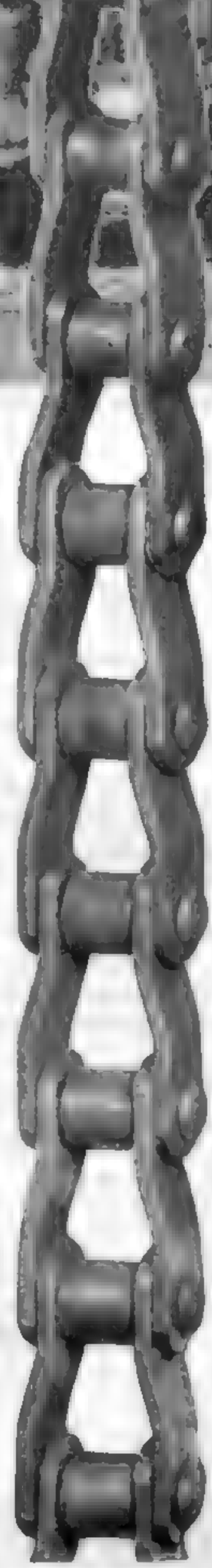

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And that is why Packards are always "new models."

And why the Packard owner's investment never suffers from sudden changes of "fashion," dictated by some one over whom he has no control.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

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the first line in that list of yours. Haven't sold it yet, have you?"

"No." Gilbert was dazed. He foresaw a number of unpleasant complications. What would Mason say when the Winston treasurer came in? He'd get into all sorts of tiresome trouble for having meddled with the bank's business. "I just thought up the idea," he said. "The bank doesn't know anything about it."

Again Winston administered an accolade.

"All the better! Pulled it off absolutely on your own, eh? And I've been thinking you were just a chair warmer too! You tell Phil Mason he owes you the best dinner in town. Mason'll crow, of course; landing us after all these years. But I'll see that he doesn't grab the credit for himself. Gilbert, that's a whale of an idea! Where'd you get hold of it?"

Gilbert managed to shake his head. He was still dubious about the bank's reception of any innovation conceived in indolence and born in sloth, though Peter Winston's confidence dulled the edge of his keener apprehensions.

"Got it out of your head, eh? I might have guessed you had something in there. You don't talk. More I see of men the better I like people that can hold their tongues. You fooled me once all right, young fellow, but you won't do it again. I've got your measure now."

Gilbert stared after him. There was some mistake, of course. He wasn't clever. He wasn't even desirous of being clever. Cleverness required hard work—the hardest kind imaginable. They'd find him out very soon. As for Agatha, she'd known all along that he was just bone lazy. He might deceive her father, but not ——

Her voice came to him, infinitely remote, but yet wonderfully warm and alive.

"Oh, Gilbert! I always knew you had it in you. I—I just felt it, from the very first. I ——"

Gilbert interrupted firmly. It would be glorious to have Agatha shelter these favoring misapprehensions, but—well, it wasn't quite square to be a party to her self-deception.

"All mistake. Nothing to me except laziness. Bone laziness. Hate work."

"Oh, splash!" said Agatha inelegantly.

IV

THE interview with Mr. Mason at the bank, toward which Gilbert drove himself under the spur of a conviction that the course involved less effort than inactivity and subsequent explanations, proved even more perplexing than Peter Winston's mysterious reactions. Mr. Mason, a dynamic personality, exuded energy in even his rare intervals of repose. He was lean, especially as to neck, and his eyes glowed behind compound lenses with an effect of inner fires and high pressures above them. Gilbert's contempt for his passionate affection for work was tempered by an unwilling respect for his authority and a deeper awe of his far-ramifying intelligence. He listened like a bad-tempered bird, his head tilted perilously on the inadequate neck, his swift impatient speech interjected tartly at every pause in Gilbert's plodding confession.

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"So I thought a check form something like this might ——"

"Let's see. What's all this?" The words ran together with the effect of a snapping lash. The birdlike eye seemed to absorb Gilbert's crude sketch in a single begrudged instant. A skeleton finger descended on one of the pearl-topped buttons inset in the desk. The left hand flashed toward the telephone. Gilbert, awaiting sentence, stood uncomfortably out of the way while an office boy, galvanized to electrical agility by a single emanation from Mason's high-voltage personality, sped away in search of McQuade, the bank's new-business man, while Mason's clipping voice streamed into the telephone, commanding remoter personages to attend him—printers, an advertising agency. Gilbert was affronted by the spectacle of an activity almost indecently intense. A patent lawyer, too. He shook his head helplessly as the thing deepened in mystery. An ameliorating circumstance was that his insignificant self was sheltered by this turmoil. Mason ignored his existence until in an interval of impatient delay at the telephone he banished him with a single expelling swoop of his unengaged arm.

Gilbert retreated strategically to his ledgers. He was apprehensive as well as puzzled. These explosions of Mason's had a way of injecting activity into the nethermost layers of the bank's stratification. Gilbert foresaw a recurrence of that unpleasant effect as the result of his accidental interposition. He was not surprised when summoned again to the presence.

Here, confronted by McQuade and a remarkably terrierlike man from the advertising agency, he was bidden to elucidate his idea. A benign and placid old man nodded cheerfully at him from the other side of the directors' table. There was nothing fevered or frenzied about this auditor, and Gilbert found himself addressing his fumbling explanations to the only sympathetic ear. Mason's foot tapped impatiently as Gilbert ordered his words, and his voice cut in flashingly at every pause.

"See it, McQuade? You can take it out and club every retailer in town into line. No account, no place on the check. With Winston to start they're bound to follow."

Or: "Get that, Sopworth—make a good smashing line for street-car card. 'Pay all your bills with one check'—we'll play it both ways. Get more women's accounts too. Go after men, for that matter. Campaign ought to hit every doctor and minister and lawyer hard. Make a note. Go on, Blaik."

Gilbert finished. The benign old gentleman nodded amiably. "It's not properly a patentable matter," he said, "but we can copyright the check form and try for a patent anyway. Just the application will scare most imitators into getting permission. Better let them have it on a small royalty basis. It will save litigation and earn revenue."

There was much talk, of which Gilbert understood one word in three. He gathered, however, that he was in excellent favor with everybody. And when he was left alone with Mason finally the wispy little man actually went through the motions of a grin.

"Well, Blaik—make this right with you, of course—patent 'n' cop'right 'n your name."

"Thanks," said Gilbert conservatively. He waited. At the Central Bank one did not depart without permission from Mason's presence. But the other man put a different construction on his delay.

"Well? Want anything right now? Speak up—try to be fair 'bout it."

Gilbert understood the state of mind in which sundry characters of infantile fable had listened to the godmother's tender of prefulfilled wishes. He drew in his breath slowly.

"Yes, sir. Like ——" He stopped. The thing was unthinkable, on Monday.

"Well?" Mason snapped.

"Like day off," said Gilbert.

V

GEORGE BLAIK inspected his youngest son with a visibly diminished disfavor. Gilbert, who usually contrived to avoid it, encountered the steady glance and found himself unable to escape. A certain uneasiness stirred in him. He remembered that Mason knew his father. He might have told. But Blaik spoke almost cordially.

"Well, Gilbert—you've done it, I hear. I'm glad. I hated the idea of putting you out, but I'd have done it. You had just two weeks left."

Gilbert felt still more uneasy. He almost wished that Mason had told. It would have saved him the trouble.

"I knew you had it in you to get ahead if you wanted to," Blaik continued in the manner of one who extracts a sound moral from its shell and exhibits it for respectful attention. "But I'd begun to think you were too lazy even to want to. And when Mason stopped me on the street this morning and actually congratulated me—well, I was mighty near being proud of you, Gilbert. If you'd done it without my having to threaten ——"

"What did Mr. Mason tell you, papa?"

Ethel was privileged to interrupt even these discourses. George Blaik grinned at her.

"He said the directors were going to make Gilbert a teller."

"Were." Gilbert felt that postponement could only aggravate matters. He gave the word an inflection that caught his father's ear. The satisfaction faded slowly.

"Do you mean they didn't?" His voice tightened.

Gilbert nodded guiltily.

"Why not?" The ominous rumble of nearing thunder.

"Wouldn't take it." Gilbert wagged his head. "Teller!" The memory of injustice

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warmed him. He forgot to be afraid of his father's terrible eye. "Want to make me stand up all day! Twice as much work, too, with all those new accounts. Huh! Nice thing!"

There was a moment of the breathless stillness which heralds the bolt. And then the storm broke. Gilbert listened dutifully.

"I wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me yourself! So—so all-fired lazy that you'd actually turn down a promotion rather than let even your feet work! I suppose you think I'll go back on my word and let you keep on—nothing but a dashed bookkeeper."

"Not bookkeeper." Gilbert cut through the mounting crest of the wave. "Quit."

Another silence. Then, very gently: "Oh, you quit, did you? Yes. I suppose you might call it that. But I'm betting that Phil Mason calls it something else. He'd know what to do with anybody that had the nerve to tell him ——"

"Got sore," conceded Gilbert. "Real mad. At first. But cooled down when I told him. Said I was right."

"Right!" Blaik laughed. "Yes, he would say that! You bet he'd say it was right for any such—such—oh, there's no word that comes near fitting you—to get out of his bank and stay out." He breathed audibly. "Of course you'd choose the right time too—just when the old bank's waked up and started after business in earnest—just when it's introduced a revolution in banking efficiency that's the biggest step ahead in twenty years—just when you had a heaven-sent chance to tie up with the livest wire in sight—you quit!"

Gilbert rose. "Sure. Too much work round there now. Crowd in there all the time. Everybody in a hurry. Hate it. Like it better over at Winston's."

"Winston's?" Blaik caught at the word. "You've got a job over there?"

Gilbert nodded.

"Well, I guess that's nearer your speed after all. Selling ribbons ——"

Ethel moaned at the social catastrophe the idea instantly suggested. Gilbert turned toward her.

"Don't you worry, Ethel. 'Sall right. I don't sell ribbons." He glanced at his father. "Y'see, I invented that check scheme you think's so 'ficient. And Mist' Winston said 't anybody 't hated work hard enough to do that didn't belong in any bank. He wants me to loaf round his store and see 'f I can't hate some work in there, same way. Funny. I always thought it was laziness 't ailed me, but I guess I was wrong. Mist' Winston calls it ——"

He paused and met his father's blank eye with a glint of good-humored malice.

"He says all 't's matter with me is a mighty near fatal case of 'ficiency."

He glanced again at Ethel.

"Agatha calls it some'n' else," he said, deliberately stressing the name. "She says I'm nothing but a lazy duckling 't grew up to be a genius."

He chuckled.

"Of course she's prejudiced. Y'see, Ethel, she's going to marry me next month."

"Listen—"

You know this man.

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LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

NEW FASHIONS IN INVESTMENTS

Continued from Page 5

have turned mostly to the finished product rather than the basic industrial and transportation processes which make the suit of clothes, the box of candy and the motion-picture theater ultimately possible.

This may be a superficial and inaccurate view, but the fact remains that rarely have we had more of a promoters' market than at the present time. The public buys on the strength of prospectuses that tell only what the corporation will be after the money has been subscribed. Many new offerings are outgrowths of wartime profits and the prospectuses do not go into their prewar history. In nearly every case the present capitalization assumes a continued business at the present rate of profits.

It may be that the class of industries whose shares are being sold are just as sound as those we have been accustomed to in the past. But they are in many cases untried and unseasoned. Moreover, the public is buying stocks in companies many times smaller than would have been considered at all a few years ago. Tiny partnerships of three to four years back have become suddenly inflated by war activities and profits and now blossom forth with a stock issue almost as readily as a large corporation with fifteen to twenty years of past records behind it.

It is only too obvious that many of the new stocks come from companies that feel the pressure of high inventories and the urgent need of working capital, all of which may be based on an entirely abnormal and artificial price level. If prices should tumble many of these companies would go down like a house of cards. They would collapse like a punctured balloon.

A Billion Too Much

If such a turn in events should come, present inventories in some cases would prove to be up several hundred per cent above a reasonable basis. Then the well-known phrases watered stock, overcapitalization and undigested securities would once more become popular.

Of course the promoter finds his opportunity only when the public goes speculation crazy or profits crazy. In Wall Street men are perfectly cynical as to what is going on. They tell you jokingly of candy capitalized so that the stock weighs several tons more than the candy. They will tell you of how one banking firm was asked to finance a company for $2,000,000 and refused because of its poor dividend record. But along came a more complaisant group of brokers and promoters and these paid $6,000,000 for the property, floating it on the curb for $17,000,000.

Of such stories the woods are full, and they but reflect an existing money mania that repeats in many respects the old, old history of these phenomena. There have been scores of them—the South Sea and Mississippi bubbles, the tulip craze, all of long ago; and more recent ones, such as the black-fox craze in Canada, the mining booms and land excitements in this country.

Obviously the quality of new securities declines as the demand increases. It is just like a piece of wool for a suit of clothes. When there was a less urgent demand one could buy a better quality of wool for a smaller price. "Public taste in securities is vitiated," said one leading broker; and if the statement is true it is largely because, as the same man said: "This country has one billion dollars too much money in its pockets to-day."

Bonds Unpopular

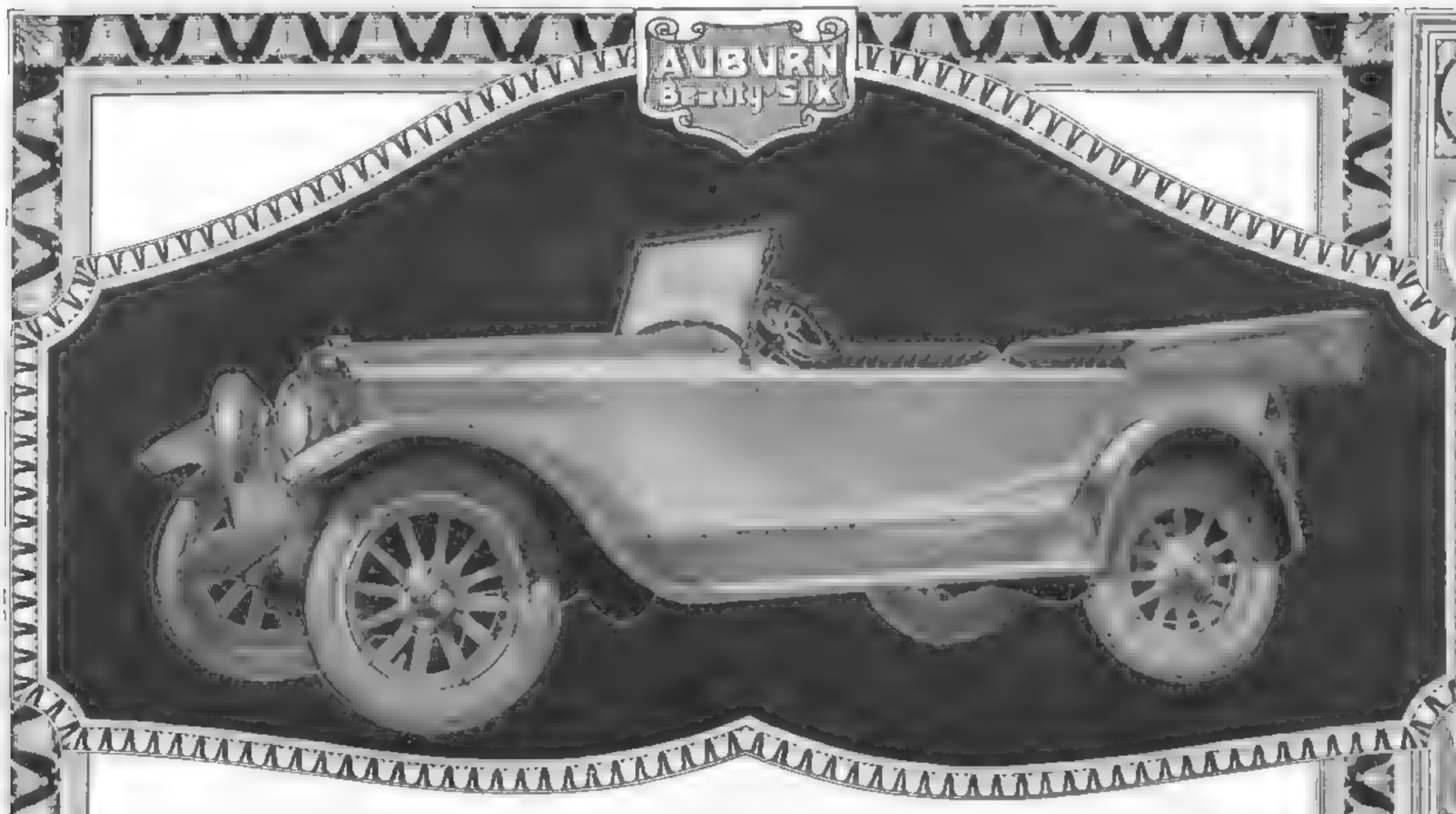
In a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on extravagance I quoted a leading merchant as saying that underneath the whole question of high prices lies a lack of moral restraint and fiber upon the part of people who "want what they want when they want it." In the same way Wall Street brokers and bankers, even while they may be taking advantage of the boom, will tell you frankly—provided you promise not to use their names—that the reason for the present orgy of new and untried stocks is a desire on the public's part to get something for nothing.

"The whole trend to-day," said one banker, "is speculative. This is because everyone has heard a lot about profits and wants to participate in them. It is the worldwide desire for profits. Everyone has money, even the messenger boys who play craps with it, and when people have money they want to gamble."

One striking feature is the unpopularity of bonds. No one wants the low and fixed income which most bonds yield. With the dollar worth only about half its former value people insist on higher returns from their investments and naturally turn to stocks. Corporations naturally dislike to issue bonds with high interest rates. It is safer from their point of view to sell preferred stocks bearing seven or even eight per cent, and the public is just as willing to have them.

Only when bonds are given a speculative feature—that is, when they are issued with a provision for converting them into stock—does the public turn to them with any avidity at all. For the most part bonds are neglected and droop wearily to lower depths.

(Continued on Page 49)



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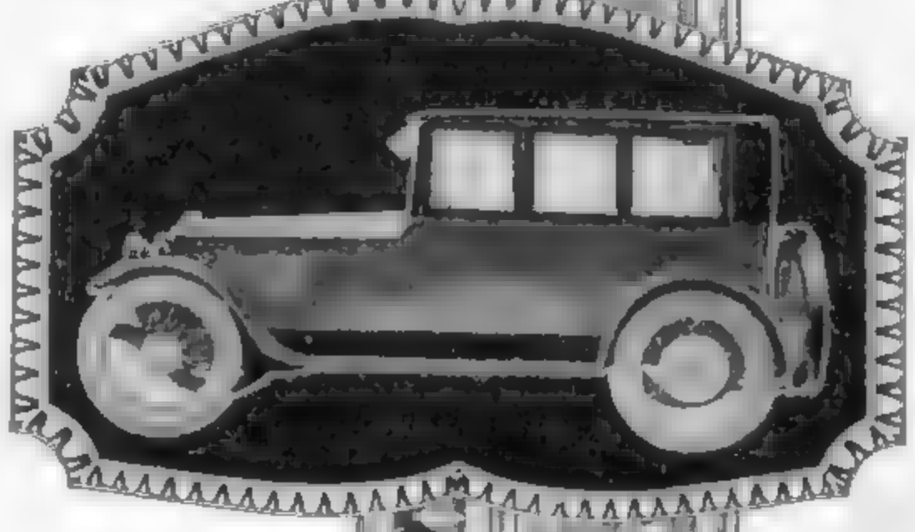

LION HATS

LION HATS

The Right Hat for Real Men

TWO men meet. Both are wearing new Spring hats. "That's a good-looking hat," says one. "Just what I was going to say about yours," says the other. "Mine's a Lion," says the first man. "So is mine!" says the other. ¶ *Why* have these and millions of other American men found satisfaction in Lion Hats? Is it the *style*, or the fineness of *materials?* It is *more*—it is the unusual way in which Lion Hats adapt themselves to the wearer's *individuality*. ¶ If your dealer doesn't carry Lion Hats, let us know his name, and next time you pass his store you'll be pleased to see the Lion Sign in the window.

LANGENBERG HAT CO., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, U. S. A.

Established 1860 Manufacturers of Lion Hats, Caps and Gloves (37A)

(Continued from Page 46)

It is generally agreed at the time of this writing that only high money rates have kept the brakes on at all. The slightest encouragement in the way of low money rates would fan the flames of speculation into a greater fire than any we have ever seen.

"By the time your article appears," said one of the leading bankers in the country early in January, "a good many of the bubbles will have blown unless money should become very cheap again."

To those not overfamiliar with the ways of Wall Street it may seem strange that I should give as one of the reasons for the eagerness of the public to buy new stocks an oversupply of money, and then a few paragraphs later on say that the only brake upon the market is a lack of money.

But this is not the paradox which it seems to be. Fundamentally, of course, the demand for new stock issues is due to prosperity, inflation, big wages and big profits. John Smith, who has made several hundred thousand dollars in the last few years in his business and can't supply his orders, is in a position to invest and speculate. But the Wall Street machinery must have a peculiar type or kind of money or credit to keep its wheels oiled and moving. It needs plenty of call money. It must have its own special and technical kind of money, at least to provide for the margin buying of stock.

But because John Smith is prosperous and has big deposits at his bank it does not follow that Wall Street has plenty of money of its own kind. That is something which depends upon many other factors—upon the demand upon the banks for commercial credits and the operations of the Federal Reserve system, to name only two. All of which is another story.

But, of course, the appetite for new stock issues will be dulled in time. It always is. The public demand has a fickle and mysterious way of disappearing just as everyone comes to rely on it. Always in this country there have been periods of overinvestment, and we are probably passing through one of them now. It has been said that when the bunghole is opened so wide the barrel of investment money is sure to run dry.

For a time people are in a panic almost lest there won't be enough investments to go round, and it looks for a time as if there could never be too many again. In the fall of 1906 there were not enough stocks in the world to satisfy the eager demand, but early in 1907 people would not buy them at any price. There was the same utter disappearance of the investment demand in the fall of 1902, the spring of 1910 and the winter of 1916–17. There is always an end to the rake's progress.

A Golden Age for Stock Issues

Obviously the present period of intense public enthusiasm for new stock issues is the golden age not only for the promoter, broker, investment banker, syndicate manager and the whole family of professional Wall Street financiers but it is likewise the supreme opportunity for the business man to get out from under if he wishes to do so.

When the public is in a buying mood, not so much for old speculative favorites as for new issues, the hardworking hosiery manufacturer or candy maker can sell stock to the public, cash in and go to Palm Beach for the rest of his life if he wishes to do so. A man may have worked hard for years, may have had many bad seasons and but few good ones, may have fought with labor and struggled night and day to build up a successful business. All this time he has had difficulty in securing capital. The banks have been critical and unsympathetic. Try as hard as he could his competitors always seemed to get ahead of him.

Then most unexpectedly conditions change, business booms, orders cannot be filled, the volume of his business goes up by leaps and bounds, and brokers wait in his outer office for a chance to unload his stock upon an eager public. Shall the manufacturer and merchant be blamed utterly for "letting them have it"?

"Two young men recently came to me with a proposition of incorporating their business," said a prominent investment banker. "They started in 1905 with $2000 cash capital, manufacturing a luxury. After fourteen years they are now earning over $2,000,000 a year. They recently began to wonder what would happen if one or both of them should die suddenly, leaving their families with a big business on their hands and no organization provided for. They are incorporating their business under our direction and will issue forty-nine per cent of the stock for public subscription."

The cynical statement has been made that whenever a privately owned business has been incorporated, with a stock offering to the public and a listing upon the stock exchange, it has been because the individuals or families interested in building up the business have wanted to dispose of it. The implication is that when the original founders and managers of a business get out and the stock is widely distributed an element of weakness is thereby introduced.

But this is far too sweeping a generalization. It is true enough that the essence of safe investment is to get in and out before the lemon has been squeezed dry. It is true also that great profits are made by the purchase of stock prior to general distribution and the listing upon a stock exchange. But on the other hand huge profits have been made in active listed securities. Moreover, the chance of actual loss is probably much less after a stock has been tried out for some time upon the exchange than among privately owned enterprises.

Who Starts Public Financing?

I recently asked a large number of Wall Street bankers and brokers whether the new stock issues being put out were mainly their own idea or had originated in the minds of the owners of the business themselves. The answers seemed at first to be curiously contradictory. A number of authorities declared with the utmost emphasis that the owners of the business always go to the banker or broker and ask for assistance, while on the other hand nearly as many men told me that bankers and brokers were on the lookout for companies to finance.

"What usually happens," said one broker with brutal frankness, "is that someone down here sees a private business which is making twenty per cent or more and looks like a good proposition. It has $5,000,000 capital, and he reasons that it could be made to earn five per cent on $20,000,000 capital. He gets together a syndicate, and an attractive proposition is made to the owners. Banking and brokerage syndicates are always snooping round for good things, and when they find them they say to themselves: 'Why shouldn't we get some of this?'"

Other authorities objected vigorously to the accuracy of this analysis, and pointed out what is undoubtedly true, that great numbers of manufacturers whether they like or not must go to Wall Street for assistance these days. It is not a question with the average manufacturer of getting out from under or unloading upon the public. He may detest the idea of selling stock to the public but the necessities of his business in a period of high prices and inventories force such a step upon him.

"The average business man for years has been borrowing from a bank," said an official of one of the largest banks in the country. "He finds now that he needs far more credit than ever before. He may need twice as much as he has invested of his own capital in the business or is able to invest. His first instinct is to borrow from the bank where he has always done business. But his operations have become so large that it means a permanent all-the-year-round credit. It is not the province of banks to put up permanent capital for their customers, but seasonal credit only.

"So the banker tells the manufacturer that what he needs is more permanent capital, and that means stocks or bonds. Naturally the banker can give his customer a slant on how to analyze the situation and how to sell the securities. The manufacturer may come to see the banker on ordinary business routine and the banker with his superior financial knowledge may be able to suggest ways of financing the concern which the business man had never thought of."

No study of what may seem to be topsy-turvy conditions in the financial markets is of any value unless great stress is laid upon the income tax. Much of what appears to be reckless speculation is really due to this tremendous disturber. The fact that stocks are free from the normal tax and bonds are subject to it has given stocks a mighty boost and bonds a corresponding slam. As a result preferred stocks, which often have many of the best qualities of a bond,

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The departing guest will ask many questions about your Tomato Soup when you serve Van Camp's. For the flavor is amazing. You will nowhere else find Tomato Soup to match Van Camp's.

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A domestic science expert passes on every Van Camp Soup. No soup ever goes out until she pronounces it the masterpiece of its kind.

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The soups are made by able chefs under a woman expert. And they never vary.

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Van Camp's are the supreme Soups. No other kitchen in the world can match them, we believe.

Yet they cost no more than ordinary soups. Compare them with the soups you know and say which you prefer.

There are 18 kinds, including all the finest soups created. When you once know them you will keep a variety on hand.

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Baked for hours at high heat, yet whole and mealy, uncrisped and unbroken.

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A famous Italian recipe perfected like the Van Camp Soups.

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Made from blended peanuts in a way which gives delightful flavor.

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are hardly ever referred to by some dealers except as "income-tax darlings."

Bond dealers are now chiefly concerned in subtracting the income-tax rate from the interest rate in describing their wares. The old technical yield basis has been pretty much forgotten by them, so seriously does the tax cut into the so-called yield.

The truth is that the stock buyer is not so much a speculator as appears at first sight. He is merely trying to escape paying taxes. Above a certain figure, of course, personal incomes in stocks are hit by the supertaxes, and one result is that wealthy investors buy fewer large blocks of dividend-paying stock than formerly. In putting out new issues of seven per cent preferred stock even of the highest quality dealers find few customers for thousand-share lots, but more customers than ever before for one and two hundred share lots.

Much of the buying of German marks has had an eye on the income tax. A man worth several million dollars recently bought 100,000 marks and was complaining to his broker that exchange was still falling.

"Why should you care?" replied the broker. "You ought to buy marks just as you buy unknown mining stocks. Wipe them off your books at once. Meanwhile you pay no income taxes on them and they may recover some years from now, when the income tax is lower and you can realize a profit without having to pay it all ove to the Government in taxes. If marks do not recover you can sell at a loss and deduct from your taxes."

One rich man who had never before bought anything but gilt-edged bonds recently purchased several thousand shares of nondividend-paying common stocks of new industrial promotions. They have, he believes, excellent possibilities and real intrinsic value, but they are not paying dividends and are not likely to pay for several years to come. Meanwhile he does not have to pay any income tax upon them. The rich man to-day wants a stock with a future, and with an eye on the collector of internal revenue he is not so particular as he might otherwise be about present dividends. Naturally under such conditions the promotion and flotation of new stock issues have been enormously stimulated.

In the same way the income tax has been a powerful factor in leading business men to incorporate their enterprises. Suppose two individuals started in business ten years ago with a few hundred thousand dollars and are now making half a million apiece. By throwing the business into a corporation and piling up a surplus instead of paying dividends the taxes may be greatly reduced.

How the Fashions Change

To a surprisingly large extent also people are speculating in new industrial stock issues for the excellent reason that there is nothing else to buy. The greatest single investment market which the world has ever known, that in American railroad securities, has been closed. Both the earning power and legal status of the railroads are so uncertain that investment capital is as much shut out as if the railroads had been carried off bodily to Australia.

The older and more seasoned industrial securities have reached such high prices as to make them unattractive in an era of inflation. Municipal bonds of high grade are relatively scarce and sell at prices which are prohibitively high except to the very rich. Corporation bonds and bonds of foreign governments and corporations alike are subject to the income tax. Bank stocks are considered rich men's investments and have never become popular because of the heavy personal liability attached.

There are, of course, the Liberty Bonds, in vast numbers and enjoying the broadest and best advertised market perhaps of any security in existence. But here again we have what is almost a closed and prohibitive market, in quite a different but very real sense. People are loaded down with Liberty Bonds and have seen them decline steadily. The combination of a falling market and low interest rate always kills speculative and investment interest, until a point is finally reached where the security in question becomes a real bargain, and then a recovery sets in. The great bulk of investors either have enough Liberty Bonds already or do not feel that the bargain point has been reached.

It is easy to say that fashions in securities change as often and with as little reason as do fashions in clothes. We may say that investors are fickle and irrational. The reasons at times appear inscrutable and elusive, senseless and in a sense arbitrary. This is all true to an extent, but fundamentally fashions in investments change because of the ever-changing panorama of profit seeking. Investors are often ignorant and mistaken in their search after profits, but in the main securities are popular or unpopular because they seem to promise much or little in the way of profit.

And as investment and speculation follow profit so profit roughly and imperfectly but surely enough for the most part follows the changing conditions of industry. It is a process attended by enormous loss and waste, but it is the only one we know as yet. Even the archpromoters are little more than the instruments and reflectors of these altering industrial conditions.

I called upon a banker recently and he came out from his inner office, saying: "I am sorry I cannot see you for any length of time this morning because I am in conference with Mister Blank" — naming the greatest promoter of new stocks of this day and generation, and also perhaps the largest present operator in the stock market. "But," added the banker, "would you not like to meet Mister Blank?"

I said I should be glad to meet him, and the banker took me in and made the introduction. The great promoter, upon whose words speculators hang in awe, said nothing, and the banker to make conversation turned to me and asked what I was doing.

"Writing an article upon New Fashions in Investments," was my reply. "That ought to interest you, by the way," I added, turning suddenly to the promoter.

Industrial Stocks

At once the great man's face assumed a perfect mask and without a smile or change of expression of any kind he said with an air of polite humility: "I know nothing whatever about new investments."

Both the banker and I burst into roars of laughter, and the banker said: "You ought to know about them; you make enough of them."

But I was not sure the seeming ignorance was a pose after all. The promoter is nothing but a product of forces far mightier than himself, and if he puts through a new deal every day and forms a new chain of stores every week it is only because he is taking conditions as he finds them.

Nor is it quite accurate to say that the basic industries are being neglected and only luxuries are finding capital. No class of securities has been more steadily popular in the last few years than that of steel companies. The two most active stocks on the exchange last year were both steel, and the third most active was Baldwin Locomotive, which uses steel to make locomotives.

More stocks of steel companies are in process of being listed upon the exchange and becoming well known to the public. To-day the steel business itself is limited pretty much only by its ability to secure coal. Whatever temporary setbacks industry at large may have there is every reason at present to look for a continued expansion of the steel industry, financially and in every other way.

The copper business is dull, it is true, but that is largely because Europe, which needs fabulous amounts of copper, cannot yet pay for it. Many of the best copper companies are now short of business and long of funds. But when Europe is able to buy there will be no lack of copper shares offered for sale or of speculation in the old ones.

Only the most superficial analysis would place motor and oil stocks in the luxury class. Part of these two great industries are given up to mere pleasure, but that element is probably becoming smaller each year, relatively speaking. Gradually the automobile is supplementing the railroad, and it is suggestive in this connection that among new automobile stocks which are seeking or soon intend to seek listing on the exchange are those of motor-truck companies.

Just as the automobile is supplementing railroads and trolleys, so oil is supplementing coal. Office buildings are heated by oil; railroads and steamships are run by it. Oil is just as basic as steel, coal, cotton and wool. The automobile and oil well are becoming just as essential to our industrial structure as the railroad, and will fill just as big a place in the financial and investment world as the railroads have occupied in the past.

(Continued on Page 53)

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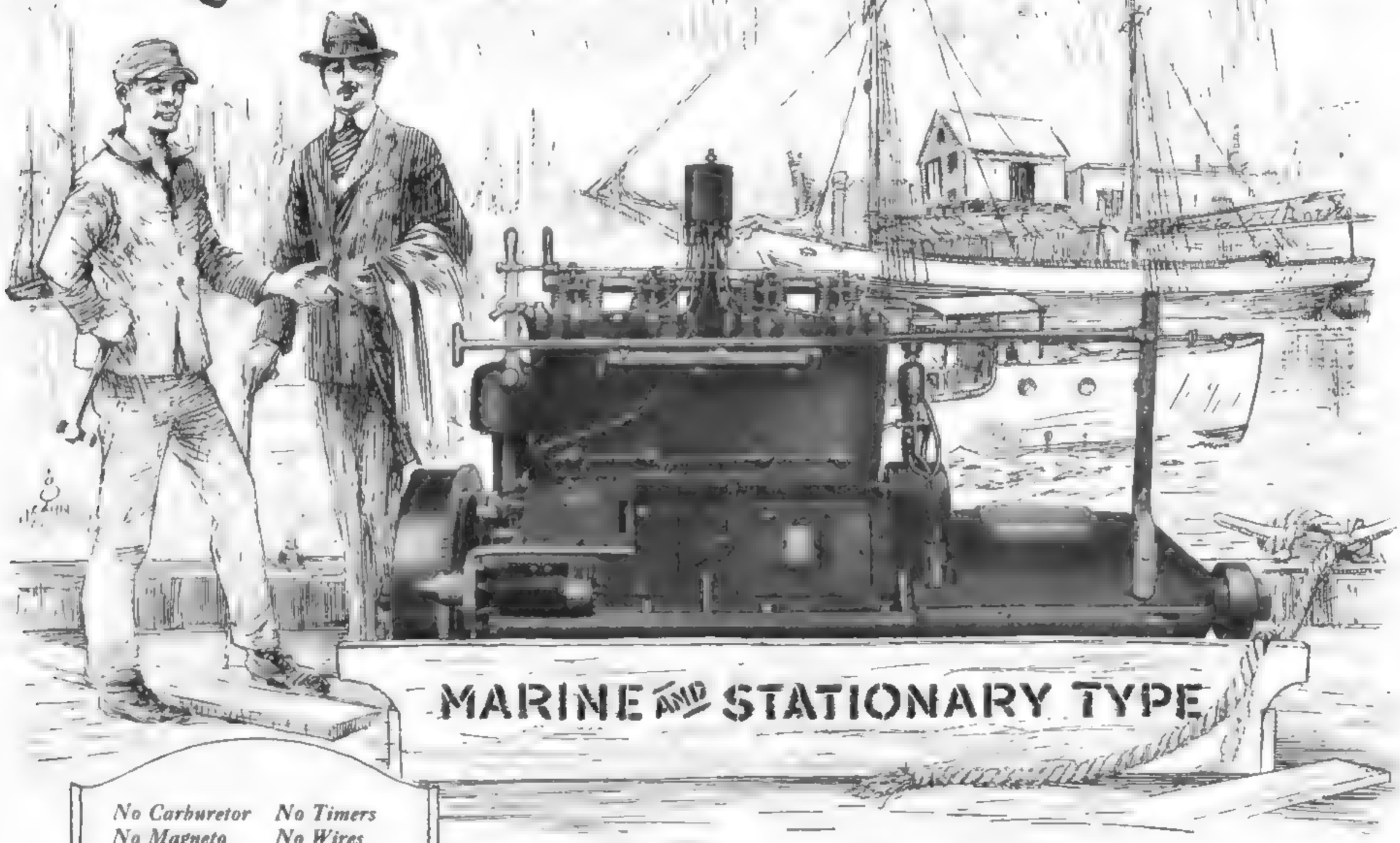

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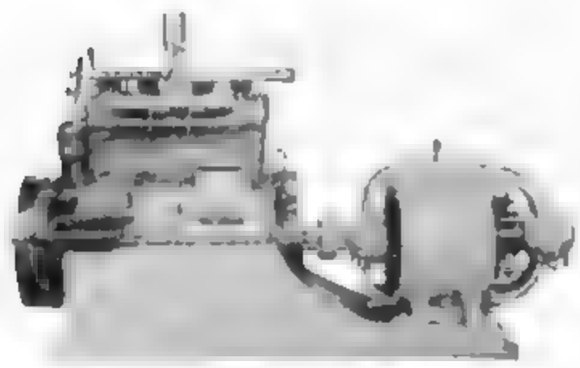

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(Continued from Page 50)

After all much of the demand for industrial stocks is based upon the actual shortage in the great material commodities—steel, iron, petroleum, machinery, textiles, sugar and other food products, automobiles, tires, leather, paper, coal, buildings, and so on through a long list. The larger and older producers of essential commodities have made huge profits. What is more natural than a demand for the shares of even the newer companies in such a field?

Again, it is questionable whether the great financial expansion of mail-order houses, chain stores, tea chains, five-and-ten-cent-store chains, serve-self chains and merchandising projects in general is altogether or even chiefly a reflection of luxury and extravagance. Indeed it may point to directly the opposite conclusion. After all, our troubles are perhaps less due to a shortage in the production of cotton, wool, food and other necessaries of life than to our poor methods of distributing them. So important has distribution become that no good reason remains for not basing investments upon its various processes. The foundation for investment has gradually become broader than railroads and a few exceptionally large factories, simply because the material structure of civilization has passed beyond the pioneer era to one of tremendous industrial complexity.

"As prices rise the American people will turn more and more to economies and inventions," said one of the country's foremost bankers.

Of course tobacco, candy, movies and soft drinks are hardly to be classed as anything but luxuries. They are absorbing an ever-increasing amount of public-investment funds, and it would be unfortunate if they should use up too large a share of available capital. But the danger is remote. Beside such industries as steel and oil, candy and tobacco are still mere pygmies.

Moreover, the candy and tobacco stores will probably be used in time as distributing places for other classes of merchandise, and the possibilities of the movie in both industrial and educational work have hardly been touched.

The great drive at the moment is toward sugar stocks. But sugar is only in part a luxury. After all it is mainly a food. Increased use of candy and soft drinks has something to do with the boom in sugar, but only to a slight extent. The real cause is the shifting of the entire industry to this continent. When transportation is resumed in eastern and central Europe and production catches up once more, there may be a different story to tell. This may, however, take from two to five years.

Meanwhile speculators and investors are buying more and more heavily into the sugar stocks that are listed on the exchange and also those in the outside market. Several additions are about to be made to the stock exchange list. Many of the sugar companies are earning far more than their dividends, a condition which naturally encourages increased buying. That the sugar companies will remain prosperous for some little time to come seems fairly certain.

Foreign Issues Listed

After all it is very doubtful if new stock issues available for investment have increased as fast as the wealth and savings of the country. With the more intensive development of national resources, the growth of new industries and a larger participation in foreign trade it is inevitable that public interest in investments should widen. For many years the London market contained literally several thousand more securities than any market on this side of the ocean. Obviously we are headed in the same direction as London.

As time goes on a larger proportion of American capital will go into foreign securities. At present the American investor hesitates, but he is nibbling, and ultimately this country will probably be flooded with foreign-government bonds and the shares of foreign companies, ranging from the best to the worst.

Already Italians in America have bought large quantities of Italian government bonds, and there has been some buying of French and British government issues during the war. But this was only a drop in the bucket. The floodgates will be opened once satisfactory methods have been found to list on the exchange the internal loans of England and France, none of which are yet there. This is difficult because in the case of the French *rentes* at any rate lithographed rather than engraved securities are the rule, and the danger of forgery is considered greater than with American securities, which the exchange does not list except under the strictest of engraving and registration rules.

Then, too, it is not easy to arrange for dealings in foreign securities when the monetary exchanges are so disorganized. But in time a way will be found. Already two great European oil companies, Royal Dutch and Shell Transport, have been listed and actively dealt in on the exchange, and two great South African mining companies, one gold and the other diamond, now await a similar privilege. In these four cases a block of stock of the company is deposited with an American trust company and certificates issued against them for purposes of buying and selling on the exchange.

There seems little doubt that once it is generally known throughout Europe that such arrangements are possible the New York Stock Exchange will be literally flooded with applications from every description of foreign concerns. The New York exchange, however, has always been far more strict and positive in its requirements for listing than the London Stock Exchange, and thus will probably have a better class of international shares than the London market has afforded.

The Stock Exchange Congested

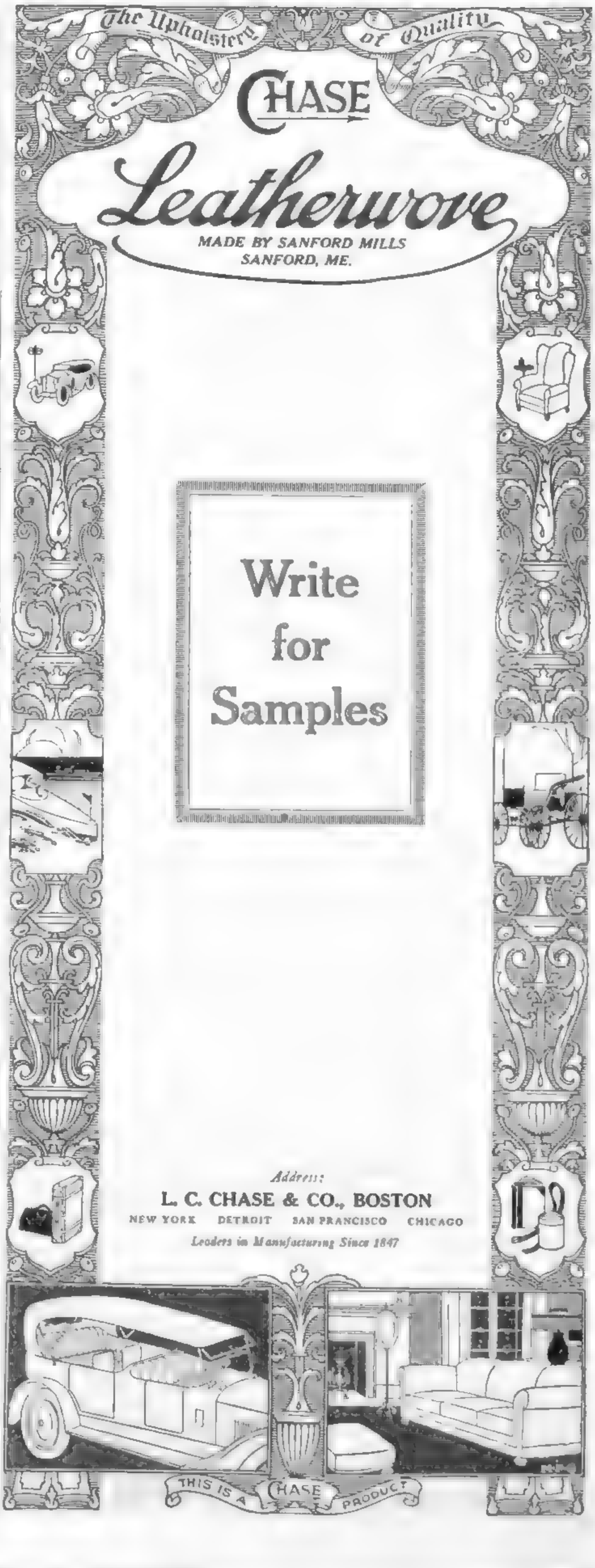
Though the stock exchange never will and never can guarantee the value of securities listed thereon it tends steadily to raise its requirements, and compels corporations more and more to furnish information which will enable the investor to judge for himself. It frequently turns down applications and is always persuading or compelling companies to furnish more accurate, reliable and standardized information. It permits no stock to be listed which is not free for sale or which is tied up by any syndicate agreement, and requires that stock shall be widely enough distributed to make a free, open market possible. It refuses companies which have not been in production at least a year and tries whenever feasible to persuade companies to issue reports four times a year.

Despite or perhaps because of these requirements there is a rapidly growing sentiment among business men throughout the country in favor of listing the securities of their companies. According to one banker responsible for many new promotions this is especially true in the South. At this writing there are at least a hundred applications for listing pending.

It is true that many high-grade gilt-edge securities of more than local importance have been distributed among investors in recent years without a line of publicity and without the creation of an open or public market for them. In New York, and to a less extent in a few other cities, there is a large unorganized market for these so-called unlisted securities. It is the result of personal negotiation conducted by relatively few brokers, and a recent compilation showed that more than a thousand securities of good standing have not been placed upon the lists of the organized markets of the country.

Of course many of these securities will never be listed because the bulk of them are owned by a few persons, and are thus unavailable for listing. But the tendency to-day is to list on the stock exchange everything that can be listed and a constantly larger proportion of companies of anything like national importance and whose stock is at all widely distributed will find their way to the stock exchange. Even comparatively small companies that at times are admitted to the exchange usually expand considerably as the result of new financing made possible by the very fact of their being listed.

The difficulty with the stock exchange is that it no longer has the floor space or the sheer physical machinery to handle the stocks that are knocking for admission. The present building is modern in every respect and comparatively new. But an immediate expansion at the cost of many millions has become an imperative necessity. The floor of the exchange is now crowded to an intolerable extent, and the telegraphic system of transmitting the prices of sales has about reached its limit. Abbreviations of the names of stocks which are printed on the ticker tape are frequently revised to make them shorter.



But the mere physical handling of the business is less serious perhaps than its financing. Unlike the European bourses, where payment is made twice a month, payment on the New York exchange takes place daily. This has put an intolerable burden upon the banks of New York City, and many reformers have urged the exchange to adopt a fortnightly system of payment. At present two million shares is about the utmost which the banks and the machinery of the exchange can care for. But the market may easily run into three and four million share days, and improved machinery is needed to take care of them.

The burden would be far greater were it not for the Stock Exchange Clearing House, where a certain offsetting process takes place in the case of the more active stocks. The functions of the clearing house are now being extended in several directions, with the idea of taking care of larger business if it comes and also of making smoother the introduction of the term in place of the daily settlement if it should seem desirable.

It is significant that though the burden upon the banks and the exchange increases almost daily all the clearing-house figures, as well as the personal testimony of brokers, indicate a constant decrease in the size of the blocks of stock dealt in. Thousand-share lots were formerly common enough, but now they are rare except possibly in the case of United States Steel Common. Recently a broker bought 1100 shares of Steel for a customer and received two three-hundred-share lots and the rest in hundred-share lots. Another broker buying 20,000 shares received lots of stock bearing more than sixty different names.

The clearing house now handles 145 different stocks whereas in 1913 it handled only eighty-seven. Obviously there are more different people buying and selling stocks than formerly, and fewer big manipulators. The decrease of rank manipulation and the growth in the number of corporation stockholders have together revolutionized the business of the exchange. No doubt the policy of many big companies in taking their minor officials in as shareholders has greatly increased the number of people who buy and sell shares.

Seats on the Exchange

If the stock exchange is successful in enlarging its facilities and industry continues to expand, one of the most profitable investments will be a membership or seat on the exchange itself—that is, unless the members should decide to enlarge the circle. For many years membership has been limited to 1100. This number has been fixed through good times and bad, through booms and panics alike. Naturally when business expands a membership is more profitable than when speculation falls to a low ebb.

Toward the end of 1919 a seat sold as high as $110,000, though only two years before it had brought only $45,000. Naturally the 1100 members are not anxious to enlarge the number of memberships if business continues to expand. If in the course of a few years many hundreds of new securities should be added to the list of those allowed on the floor and three and four million share days should become common it is easy to conceive that the price of seats will soar more than even the most juicy dividend-paying stock.

But naturally the public generally finds a greater attraction in wondering what direction investment and speculation will take next. This is a question which, of course, no man can answer. It is in the lap of the gods. But there seems little doubt that the greatest industrial expansion will be in the oil industry, provided only enough oil can be found.

If oil continues to rise in price the shares of companies that really have plenty of the stuff should increase enormously in value. On the other hand hundreds of recently promoted concerns with very little actual oil will have to pay through the nose to make good in any degree the promises of their prospectus literature. Predictions are dangerous toys to play with, but it looks now as if the profits and losses alike that will be made from oil will exceed anything in the history of industry.

It is fairly certain that most of the Standard Oil stocks will be listed on the stock exchange before long, the shares of the largest or "parent" company, the Standard Oil of New Jersey, being probably the first to go on the big board. Such a step means, of course, an enormous, an almost incalculable extension of public interest in this famous group of oil companies.

Just what led the Standard Oil Company to abolish its old policy of reticence is not altogether easy to say. Listing means a large measure of publicity and in former years big corporations did not approve of publicity so much as they do now. Perhaps the income tax had something to do with the company's decision to put its stock on the great public market. Perhaps the decision of the company's chief foreign competitor to enter the primary American market for capital also helped the S. O. directors to make up their minds to such a revolutionary step for them.

But the effect of this action will be to bring onto the stock exchange great numbers of other oil stocks as well, and oil will possibly exceed or at least equal steel as a medium of investment and speculation.

Among the classes of stocks that are about to be listed on the exchange in increasing numbers are those of automobile, tire and accessory companies. Ten or twelve years ago Wall Street would have very little to do with motordom. But it has been said that bankers, like women, reserve the right to change their minds. Wall Street bankers are not infallible and would probably be the last to pretend to any such quality. To-day motor stocks are no longer among the parvenus of the investment world.

Close Corporations

Wall Street has wondered often enough whether the Ford Motor Company would ever be opened up, financed and floated. Last year and the year before there were many rumors that another great automobile company; whose stock has been the object of furious speculation on the stock exchange, was trying to purchase the Ford company. But it developed later that these rumors were merely a smoke screen for the operation of bankers who were busily engaged in buying up all the minority stock in order to give Mr. Ford and his son sole control of the company.

As the situation stands to-day Henry Ford and his son Edsel are the sole proprietors of the largest privately owned business in the country. Unless they change their minds and decide to work in harness with other shareholders again, the investor and speculator will be even further away than in the past from this vastly profitable concern.

There are, of course, many other important industries whose control rests with a family or a limited group of shareholders, and whose stock has no market at all, or only a very limited one outside, or over the counter.

Such are most of the great New England cotton mills; several of the larger chemical companies; the DuPont Powder Company; many of the great department stores, especially in New York City; and powerful corporations in the aluminum, brass, zinc, asbestos and sulphur industries. But whatever may be true of the other industries mentioned it seems probable that the public will have an increasing opportunity to buy shares in both textile and chemical industries.

Now and then a stock is put on the exchange and instead of following the normal course of becoming more widely distributed pursues directly the opposite tendency. Eastman Kodak was listed many years ago, but the last sale which took place of which I can find a record was in 1906. During these years the stock has been very closely held by Mr. Eastman and his associates.

A great expansion in the shipping and aëronautic industries might be expected, but these have to wait so much on government policies that the public has not as yet been introduced to many new securities in this field. The preferred and common shares of the largest transatlantic-steamship combine have long been favorite vehicles of speculation, and the same is true of the largest coastwise combination. Both of these are listed on the exchange, and one important addition has been made to the number recently in the form of a new combination embracing both shipbuilding and shipping companies.

One of the richest of the younger capitalists of the country, Averill Harriman, son of E. H. Harriman, has become greatly interested in shipping securities, and in course of time a larger public following in this field seems likely enough.

It is probable that public-investment funds will soon flow more largely into the packing industry, and food companies in general. The action of the Government in forcing the Big Five to sell their outside holdings should hasten this tendency, just as the dissolution of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Companies had a similar effect.

Stock of one of the five leading packers, Wilson & Co., has been a favorite instrument of speculation and investment on the New York Stock Exchange for several years past. It may possibly soon have company, not only from other of the Big Five but from the ranks of the smaller and independent packing concerns, which are rapidly developing.

For a long period the closest corporation among the packers was Armour. Until a few years ago the public had no investment in the concern. But the first step was taken when a large issue of bonds was sold. Only a few months ago a new issue of bonds convertible into preferred stock was put on the market, and now it is possible to purchase the preferred stock on the Chicago Stock Exchange. Swift & Co. has had a large number of shareholders in recent years, and a fairly active market for its stock has been maintained on the Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges. But generally speaking it is reasonably safe to say that public participation in the ownership of the great packing and food industries is only just beginning.

With the scarcity of leather and high prices for shoes it is inevitable that shoe and leather companies should be seeking enlarged capital. Within a year the two owners of the largest shoe company in the world decided to take the public into partnership, their business was incorporated, and the common and preferred shares were listed on the New York Stock Exchange, with an enormous subsequent rise in the price of the common.

The Craze for Candy Stocks

Whether the shares of other shoe companies will be brought into the primary market the writer does not know. But possibly half a dozen other large shoe companies have of late made public offerings of their preferred stock. One of the best known of these companies began forty-seven years ago with an $87,000 business. During that period most of the earnings were turned back into the business, and now the annual turnover is something like $30,000,000. This year the company made its first public offering of stock, $5,000,000 seven per cent second preferred.

For a long period the stocks of two of the largest leather companies have been listed and heavily traded in. A third company of equal rank and perhaps of greater prosperity but heretofore of the closed variety has recently opened up with a big stock offering. It has but followed the dominant tendency throughout the country of big business, and little business too.

Perhaps no business is opening up more suddenly than the candy industry. Apparently the financial interests as well as people generally are beginning to recognize the growth and importance of this industry. Many causes have contributed to the increased consumption of candy, the chief of which has probably been prosperity. Prohibition, of course, has something to do with it, and the purchases of candy are now close to a billion dollars a year, with that figure sure to be reached and passed within a year or two if prosperity continues to increase.

An evidence that the public is becoming much interested in this class of securities came to me recently in the form of a reply to my request for a booklet on the candy business published by a broker who specializes in these shares:

"We are indeed sorry to advise you that our second edition has been exhausted. However, we will have a third edition published within a week or ten days and will forward same to you at earliest possible moment."

The great danger with new candy stocks, of which there promise to be many, is that the business though apparently easy to enter on a small scale is not quite so easy to succeed in. Experts say there are few lines in which there is more danger from new and promotional ventures. The reasons are fairly obvious. Trade names are of immense value in food products, and especially in candy. Furthermore it is a business of great detail. As one expert says:

"No concern has ever been successful which did not have the unremitting personal attention of those directly interested in it. The great candy-manufacturing concerns of to-day are in every case under the guidance of men who were literally born and bred in the industry. Success has been achieved only after years of specialized endeavor. Reputation for high quality, valuable trade names, perfected distribution—these money cannot buy; they can be acquired only after years of effort and the expenditure of large sums of money for advertising over a long period of time."

The industry has for the most part been close and self-contained, financing its growth from earnings. But it is said that recent expansion has been so rapid that outside capital in increasing measure has become necessary.

Stocks of No Par Value

Finally there is the motion picture and possibly the theater. Only a few years ago Wall Street feared the movies. For a time the whole industry appeared chaotic in the extreme. That period was quickly followed by one in which conditions were a shade more composed except that the enormous salaries paid to stars threatened the integrity of the entire industry. Now, however, a few great motion-picture interests are emerging sufficiently from the general welter to engage the active participation of the largest capitalist interests and the investment public generally. One motion-picture concern has attained the dignity and importance of a listing on the stock exchange, and it is practically certain that several others will shortly follow.

A striking feature of this most notable of all eras of stock issue and flotation has been the growing popularity of stocks of low par value or of no par value at all. Many stocks of $100 par which have reached high prices have been split up into from two to twenty times as many shares of fifty, twenty-five, ten or five dollars par value. If it is desired for any reason to increase the number of shareholders in a corporation it becomes necessary to reduce the par value when the price of the stock gets much above $150 a share, especially when it gets up to many hundreds of dollars, as in the case of most of the Standard Oil issues.

Indeed it is likely that several at least of the Standard Oil stocks will be split up shortly. Of course it is not altogether a sensible trait among investors to prefer ten shares at seventy dollars to one share at $700. Often one share at a high price proves better than ten times as many at a lower price. But for many reasons the speculator and most investors for that matter—if any differentiation between the two classes can be made—prefer the low-priced issue, and the corporations have to cater to the buyer of stock if buyers are wanted.

Twenty-seven stocks of no par value were listed on the stock exchange last year. The nonpar stock has the great advantage of pretending to nothing which it is not. It forces the investor to make his own analysis, instead of merely assuming lazily that the stock ought to be worth its par value or more.

The nonpar share is a share of the company, nothing else. Its use may be subject to evils, just as any other financial method, but it has an honesty which makes its increasing popularity an encouraging feature of present market tendencies. Of course there will be lemons among nonpar stocks—perhaps there have been a few already—but then, who can devise a system of financing which is proof against either fools or knaves?

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COMMENTS *of the* PRESS

"It (the Duo-Art) will bring the finest piano art within the experience of everyone. It will keep the greatest artists, at their best, as a rich heritage for future generations."

"Most important, I should say, was the presence of the subtle qualities of touch wherein the essence of the pianist's style is disclosed."

"It is one of the musical triumphs of the age, to bring the greatest artists that the world knows, to play at the fireside of the home."

"To me, this recording of an artist's personality and individuality and releasing it with all the recognizable characteristics is one of the marvels of mechanical ingenuity."

We Buy It at the Grocery Store

YOUR grocer is the Carnation Milkman. He always has a fresh supply in stock. Get the economical habit of using this convenient milk in your home. It is just cows' milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream, and sterilized in hermetically sealed containers to keep it absolutely pure. Nothing is taken away but a part of the water; nothing is added. Let us send you our cook book which contains one hundred choice recipes.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 232 CONSUMERS BUILDING, CHICAGO

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Sold by Grocers Everywhere
Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario

CON

(Continued from Page 17)

the purpose of unloading 750,000 shares of promotion stock. When this had been done the stockholders found their shares valued on the market at four cents.

These then are the variants of the common order of swindles aimed to deprive the public of its securities. They scarcely begin to suggest the range and riot of crimes against Liberty Bond buyers.

In the ranks of the criminologists—the theoreticians of this family—are many who hold to the economic hypothesis. They and most others are now quite convinced that the major breaker of laws is not generally a congenital defective. Taking the extreme opposite side in the outworn debate between the advocates of heredity and those of environment as the determinants of human conduct and character, these crime students set up the postulate that poverty is the general cause of crime. They have made elaborate statistical studies in many countries and are able to adduce much evidence.

In the main they are quite right, especially when they assert that most criminals come from the lower levels. Since most geniuses and most mediocrities must be assigned to the same origins, I doubt the value of the demonstration. That, however, is not the point here. No doubt poverty and want induce men to lawbreaking. It is certain that famine and panic years in all countries show unusually long crime lists. But here is the insect in the unguent: The last two years in this country have revealed that overprosperity breeds crime much more rapidly than does stringency. Feast is worse than famine.

Never have there been so many forgeries, bank and safe burglaries, housebreakings, holdups, sneak jobs, common larcenies. Most of these can be traced directly to Liberty Bonds and the surplus cash in many hands. Never have so many automobiles been stolen, for never before were cars in such demand at such high prices. Thefts, robberies and burglaries of silk have made their appearance in great numbers—almost a new sort of crime. The high price of silk and the great demand for it owing to general prosperity have brought about this condition. Finally nothing but the prosperity of the people, and especially their little hoard of Liberty Bonds, has been responsible for the titanic growth of frauds, swindles and related crimes. When fat sheep are plenty the nests of the vultures are full. Thus it happens that quite unheard-of devices have come into existence. Liberty Bonds have prompted the actual invention of schemes. Here are two little anecdotes along this line.

Some Simple Bond Frauds

IN A PRINCIPAL New England city, at the height of the third Liberty Loan drive, a gentleman called one of the largest banks on the telephone.

"This is Mr. Blank," said he. "I am a depositor in your bank." The actual name given was that of a very wealthy man with a large account. The bank was eager to please this rich patron.

"With whom do you wish to speak, Mr. Blank?"

"Someone who knows about the Liberty Bonds," said the voice on the wire.

The clerk dealing with securities was connected and Mr. Blank proceeded.

"I bought quite a block of Liberty Bonds the day before yesterday ——"

"Twenty thousand dollars' worth, Mr. Blank," the clerk interrupted.

"Now," said Mr. Blank, "I wish to make a present of fifteen hundred dollars' worth of bonds this afternoon. I am pretty busy and I wonder if you can favor me?"

"Certainly, sir. What can we do for you?"

"I want to send a boy for fifteen hundred dollars' worth of my bonds. If I give him a note on my stationery will that be sufficient?"

"I don't see why not," said the clerk.

"Very well," said Blank, "I'll send down at once. Thank you."

Within half an hour a uniformed messenger boy appeared in the bank with a typewritten note from Blank duly signed with his unquestionable signature. The bonds were delivered to the boy, who also receipted for them.

It was three weeks later before Blank and the bank discovered the fraud. Detectives were set to work, and though they did not catch the swindler they discovered his mode of operating. A day or two before the swindle was perpetrated an unknown man had called Blank's office on the telephone and found that this gentleman was out of town. Soon afterward a man presented himself at Blank's office and walked in past the office boy. He asked for the rich man with an air of familiarity and when told that Blank was absent asked if he might write him a note. The boy brought a letterhead and envelope and the visitor sat down and pretended to write. In a few moments he called the boy and asked for more paper, saying that he had spoiled the first sheet. More was brought, a note was left for Blank and the visitor departed. With him he carried the letterhead and envelope used in defrauding the bank of Liberty Bonds. How the criminal procured Blank's signature, which he forged to the letter, could not be discovered.

This trick was worked in several cities in each of the succeeding drives and the total loss was considerable.

A similar but even more baffling game was perpetrated several times in New York, also at the height of the loan drives.

Mr. Smith, who had bought five thousand dollars' worth of bonds a few hours before, received a telephone message at his office.

"This is the Downtown National Bank," said the voice. "Mr. Jones speaking. You bought five bonds of us this morning, Numbers 1016 to 1020."

"I don't know what the numbers were," said Smith.

"We find," the supposed bank went on, "that Mr. Brown, who also does business with us, has the numbers just under and just over you. He has asked us to get him the five bonds in between so that he may have all his bonds in a consecutive run of numbers. Do you mind if we ask you to let us have your bonds? We'll deliver others in their place as soon as the Federal Reserve Bank opens in the morning."

Mr. Smith was anxious to be accommodating and said so.

"Very well," said Mr. Jones of the bank, "if you will be so kind I'll send a boy with a note, which you can keep as a receipt for the bonds, and we will deliver the substitutes promptly."

In a few minutes a boy, who looked as if he might have come from the bank, presented himself in Smith's office with a typewritten note on the bank's paper and in the regular envelope. It was signed by Jones, with whose signature Smith was unfamiliar. However, the depositor suspected nothing and gave the boy the bonds. When no substitutes were delivered the next day he reminded the bank of its remissness and was shocked to hear that no one had ever heard of the transaction.

Liberty Bonds as Margin

SO FAR as could ever be determined, this was not an inside job. It had not been perpetrated by an employee of the bank. How the bank's stationery and the numbers of Mr. Smith's bonds were procured remains enigmatic.

It goes without saying that these two instances are closely related to each other in technic and only distantly connected with con as ordinarily conceived. They are in truth con games plus forgeries. In that respect they are innovations. However, they caused no colossal losses such as have been occasioned in every other direction. Let us return to stock frauds, devoting attention to those of a more complicated nature.

It has become the fashion since so many of the securities are in public possession to put up Liberty Bonds to cover margins in stock trading. The public has a right to believe that this practice is safe, and if the brokerage house dealt with is one of high character there can be no real objection. However, there are and there have always been many brokers who immediately misuse securities placed in their hands to guarantee accounts. The practice of bucketing is still in use in spite of all laws and the suppression of open bucket shops. Just how this works to the disadvantage of the bondholder will be shown.

Mr. Greenback, who has Liberty Bonds and likes to speculate, goes to his broker, margins a speculative stock at ten points and puts up two Liberty Bonds of thousand-dollar denomination to cover his margin. The broker at once sells the bonds, for he has uses for any cash he can get his hands on. Instead of buying the speculative stock for Greenback he merely records the order and buckets it. In other words, he is simply betting that the stock will decline in price, while Greenback bets on a rise. This is the situation in ninety of every hundred cases, as fully nine-tenths of all play is on the long, or bull, side of the market and it is literally true that many members of the speculating public do not know the short side, or knowing it do not understand how to play it.

Now it may be argued that there is no actual sharp practice here. A bet on the rising side is as good in the long run as one on the falling side, provided all things are even. If Mr. Greenback's stock declines and he is wiped out, what difference does it make whether the actual stock was bought? On the other hand, if the stock goes up the broker must replace the sold bonds or go to jail. Waiving the problem of discovering the crookedness of the broker, catching him, prosecuting him and peradventure getting back the bonds there is much more amiss.

Mr. Greenback's stock does rise a few points and he hurries to his broker to take his profit and draw down his bonds. The man of finance meets him with a broad smile and a hearty handclasp. He congratulates the delighted Greenback.

"I told you so, Mr. Greenback," says he with a familiar slap on the back. "We'll get rich out of this stock yet."

"I think I'll take my profit," says Greenback. "I know when to sell."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" says the broker. "The stock has just begun to go up. Instead of taking your profit you want to turn right round and invest your winnings. You ought to margin more of this issue. That's the way real money is made."

Greenback is finally persuaded. He has won three hundred dollars, let us say, and is induced to margin as many additional shares as this sum will cover. The broker has staved off a crisis and breathes more easily.

"Pray heaven," says he, "that infernal stock will drop out of sight to-morrow."

Perhaps the broker has means of causing the stock to do just that. He may be washing the stock or he may be in a pool which can afford to break an actual marker. It has been done countless times.

But let us assume for this purpose that the stock is a standard security and that no manipulation is possible. Once more the broker must play for a fall and Greenback for a jump. But still the odds are not even.

Greenback's stock rises again and he has seven hundred dollars profit. He learns his luck and feels he ought to take his winnings. But he delays overnight. In the morning he finds a jubilant letter of the sort known in the trade as an "I told you so." The broker reminds Greenback of his heretofore excellent advice and repeats the admonition. Greenback must take his winnings and margin still more of the stock. And usually Greenback consents. He has faith in the broker, who has led him on to market victories, and he never suspects the bitter venom in the Street man's sack.

The unhappy stock buyer is now set out upon the most desperate of all games, pyramiding. The more he wins the more he wagers. In the terms of roulette he doubles his bets at each winning. How wild such a procedure is may be judged by comparison with the gaming table. A rouge-et-noir player who refused to take down his winnings and augmented his bet every time the turn was in his favor would be considered utterly mad. Yet this is what the margin player is led to do by the broker, who is in the hole by virtue of Greenback's fortunate market. If Greenback stays long enough with his pyramiding he is certain to fall into the pit, for reactions come in every market and they come in a twinkling.

According to all odds Greenback is lost as soon as he enters this game and it was in anticipation of guiding the customer's steps into this tortuous path that the broker sold off the bonds and began the bucketing. Greenback does not know that he is betting against his broker or that the man has every reason to misguide him. He naïvely believes in the man of finance and relies on his judgment. Here is the crime. The broker trades on the confidence of his patron. He is a peculiarly dangerous kind of con man.

The Slaughter of the Butcher

IN A SOUTHERN city, very much visited by Northern travelers, a set of fraudulent brokers set up shop last spring. They advertised in the newspapers and soon began to issue a weekly stock paper of their own in which they boomed a stock. Just how they have escaped jail so far I suspect but cannot say. In response to their advertising they got the names of people inclined to speculation and at once addressed to these persons various letters and their weekly paper. Many were soon influenced to buy the stock, among them a prosperous butcher. His investment was small—less than two hundred dollars—and he could not be made to buy more. But the schemers knew that the man had bought heavily of Liberty Bonds and resolved that no such fat victim must escape. Accordingly a salesman was sent to see Mr. Bierman, which happens not to be the correct name.

"I think you are making a great mistake, Mr. Bierman," said the salesman.

"Mebbe so," said Bierman, "but I got enough right now."

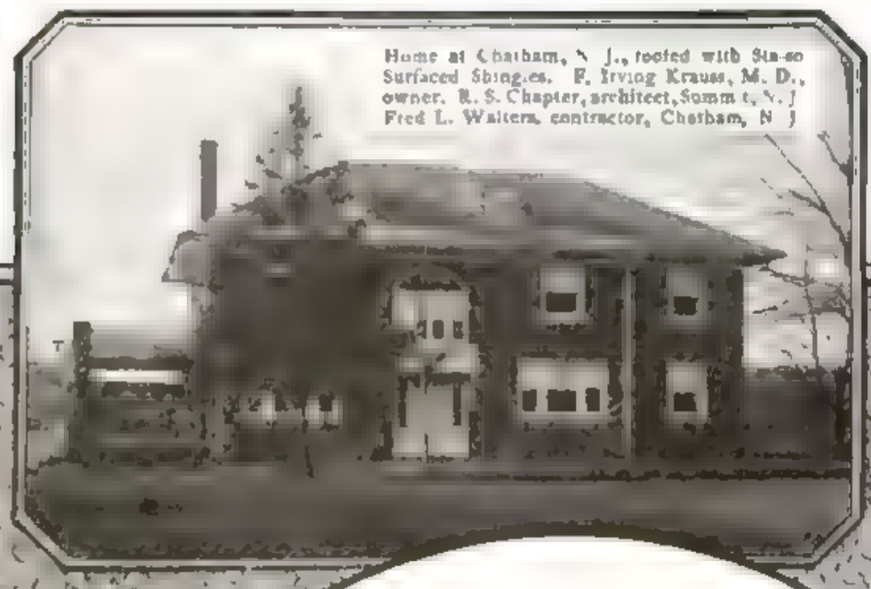
"Got all the money you want?"

"N-o-o-o, I couldn't said dat."

"Then you'd better get on. The going will be good shortly."

The salesman used his persuasions, bought some meat, which he gave to a shabby boy two squares away, and returned to see Bierman another day. He was in no hurry. Bierman wasn't likely to move. When the shop wasn't crowded the merchant didn't mind talking. Little by little the salesman filled him with persuasions too effective to be permanently resisted. Moreover, the stock was being fictitiously quoted at ever-higher prices. Finally, it was seen that Bierman was about ready for the hurrah.

"It's now or never," said the salesman to Bierman as they leaned at the end of the counter. "This morning you


Home at Chatham, N. J., roofed with Sta-so Surfaced Shingles. F. Irving Krauss, M. D., owner. R. S. Chapter, architect, Summit, N. J. Fred L. Walters, contractor, Chatham, N. J.

Yes—*Permanent* Roof-Beauty

ROOFS covered with Sta-so Laminated Slate are not only permanently beautiful but are permanently serviceable.

Neither the sun nor any of the elements will ever change Sta-so's rich colors or destroy the charm of its rough granular texture.

Sta-so crushed slate retains the same beautiful unfading Indian red or cool sage green color that it has when taken from the quarries in Vermont.

Contrast beautiful Indian Red Sta-so with the dull, lifeless appearance of other roofs you have seen after a few years' exposure! And then picture a Sta-so'd roof, beautiful and colorful, years after you buy it. No costly bills for paints or stain; no fire danger from burning brands or sparks.

Last year alone over 325,000 owners used Sta-so'd roofing. Your home, the church, the club house, the commercial or farm building is entitled to the permanent beauty of a Sta-so'd roof. And you can afford it, because Sta-so'd roofing costs no more than the best wood shingles; it costs but a fraction of the cost of tile or solid slate.

STA-SO
NON-FADING SLATE
ROOF SURFACE

Demand the Sta-so label on the roofing you buy; it is the sure way to get roofing whose color-beauty is permanent. You can find the Sta-so label on the roofing products of the following manufacturers:

Amalgamated Roofing Co. Chicago
Barber Asphalt Paving Co. Phila., Pa.
[illegible]
[illegible] Dawson Rfg. Co. [illegible]ago
[illegible] Mfg. Co. [illegible]
[illegible], Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.
[illegible] Inc. East Walpole, Mass.
[illegible] Mfg. Co. Cincinnati
[illegible] Co. Boston, Mass.
[illegible] Mfg. Co. St. Louis, Mo.
The Heppes Rfg. Division
[illegible] Richardson Paper Co. Chicago
[illegible] Roofing Mfg. Co., York, Pa.
McHenry Millhouse Mfg. Co.
South Bend, Ind.

National Asbestos Mfg. Co.
Jersey City, N. J.
National Rfg. Co. Tonawanda, N. Y.
Pioneer Paper Co. Los Angeles, Cal.
Reynolds Shingle Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
H. H. Robertson Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
[illegible] Paper Co. [illegible]
Safepack Paper Mills Boston, Mass.
Si Fo Products Co. St. Paul, Minn.
Standard Paint Co., New York, N. Y.
Uvona Mfg. Co. Aurora, Ill.
H. F. Watson Co. Erie, Pa.
A. H. White Rfg. Co.
New Orleans, La.

Photographic reproduction of Sta-so Surfaced Roofing. Sta-so's grained texture lends itself to every style of architectural treatment.

can buy five hundred shares for three thousand dollars. In four months the stock will go to fifteen dollars a share."

"Yah," said Bierman, "ef I vas sure it would be all ridet."

"I'll tell you how sure I am," said the swindler, bringing up his hurrah. "If you'll take this stock I'll buy an option from you. I'm willing to bet my money along with you. Take five hundred shares for three thousand and I'll give you five hundred dollars for an option at ten dollars a share any time in six months."

Bierman heard that he was being offered five hundred dollars and his mind immediately jumped over the intervening obstacles.

"How's dat? Exblain it," said he.

"You buy the stock for three thousand and I pay you five hundred for the privilege of buying the stock back any time in six months at ten dollars a share. If I buy you get five thousand for the stock."

"Why you want to do dis?" said Bierman excitedly.

"Because I think the stock will go to fifteen. If it does you'll make two thousand dollars in addition to what I pay you for the option and I'll make twenty-five hundred. That's why."

Bierman puzzled this simple thing through his mind several times and finally grasped it—or thought he did.

"I do it," he said finally. "But I got to get money. I got only Liberty Bonds."

"Well, they're a little off in the market," said the accommodating salesman, "but you're a friend of mine and I'll take them."

And he did. He had cleverly tricked Bierman into paying five dollars a share for stock offered at six and worth nothing. By complicating the transaction he had blinded the victim to the reality. Bierman opened his eyes a bit later—and so did hundreds of others. They had all been defrauded by means of one of those little mechanisms of con ever old and ever fresh.

But the working of most games aimed at the Liberty Bond owner involves knowing who has such bonds and often the amounts of individual holdings. How are such names and figures procured? For general information on this point I refer my readers to my previous consideration of the sucker list. There are, however, several specific practices in vogue. The commonest is to buy lists of bondholders from bookkeepers in large establishments where drives were held. The employees in these places bought government securities in the course of the war and those who purchased in any amount may be presumed to retain their bonds.

Another Familiar Game

Again, employees of banks have been known to sell lists of bondholders. The questionable bond brokers, whose places have mushroomed into sight all over the country, never fail to question a soft-looking customer as to his holdings. It will also be remembered that in the loan drives it was often a practice to announce large purchases by individuals. How many times were subscriptions cried from stages and rostrums with the names of the purchasers. In some communities the newspapers published the names of large subscribers to the various loans. The gentlemen who bought the bonds considered all this good advertising—and so did the con men, who made copious notes.

For instance, two gentlemen of the illicit persuasion arrived in a Central Western city six months since with a sheaf of very handsomely printed stock certificates in a trunk. These bespoke shares in an oil claim situated somewhere west of Suez. Let us call these brokers Black and White. Funds were low with both and a scheme that promised immediate returns was needed. After some hesitation these promoters decided to open two nominally distinct offices for the purpose of playing a shuttlecock game with the stock. This done, they began to advertise their shares in the newspapers and by means of a mail canvass. White's brokerage firm began it. That operated by Black stood by and pretended to buy loose shares on occasion. There was no market, prices being fixed arbitrarily in White's office—the good old-fashioned fraud.

After some preliminaries, during which the shares were worked up from thirty-five to seventy-five cents, White began to attack the local public with personal letters and salesmen. He got very little income out of it. The town was not falling for oil stocks just then. In this crisis Black resorted to a bookkeeper employed by a very large manufacturing concern having about nine thousand employees. This man he managed to bribe, with the result that he shortly had a complete list of Liberty Bond buyers with their holdings. From a total of seventy-five hundred names Black now selected about two thousand who had bought the bonds in amounts above five hundred dollars. He turned this list over to White and a fresh attack was begun.

Through the mails and the mouths of salesmen the oil stock was now offered to all these two thousand persons. When the campaign opened the price was seventy-five cents and it was gradually advanced to two dollars. Still very little was sold, nor was this contrary to calculations. However, many persons had been interested and half persuaded. White now suddenly changed his tactics. One morning each of his two thousand prospects received a letter which said:

"We desire again to call your attention to —— Oil common stock. This issue entered the market two months ago at thirty-five cents a share. To-day it is worth two dollars. We need not call attention to the opportunity which you failed to seize in this connection. Many others have taken advantage of it to their profit."

Two days later came a second letter:

"Have you any —— Oil common stock for sale? The demand for this security is now brisk. We are ready to buy any amount at the market. Offered at two dollars. We will pay one dollar and ninety cents."

In a few days came a third letter, once more offering to sell —— Oil stock at two dollars and to buy it at ten cents less. A fourth and fifth letter making similar offers followed, all from White & Co.

Bait for Liberty Bonds

Then one morning a corps of salesmen set out from the office of Black & Co. They canvassed the two thousand persons already prepared by White's campaign. To a prospect they represented themselves as dealers in various stocks. They had no one variety to offer. Black & Co. were doing a general brokerage business. Perhaps Mr. So-and-So would like to pick up a few shares of Anaconda Copper or United States Steel? No? Then might he be interested in Standard Oil of New Jersey at a very attractive price? The salesman began going down his list. Without too much delay he came to —— Oil.

"I've got nine hundred shares of —— Oil common at one dollar and forty cents," said he carelessly.

The victim pricked up his ears. That very morning he had received another letter from White & Co., offering to buy any amount of this stock at one dollar and ninety cents.

"How much for —— Oil?"

"A dollar forty," repeated the salesman, pretending to consult his list. "I've got a block here that we've had on hand some time. Why? Are you interested?"

"If you'll take Liberty Bonds," said the dupe, "I'll take all you've got."

"Glad to take the bonds at the market," said the salesman.

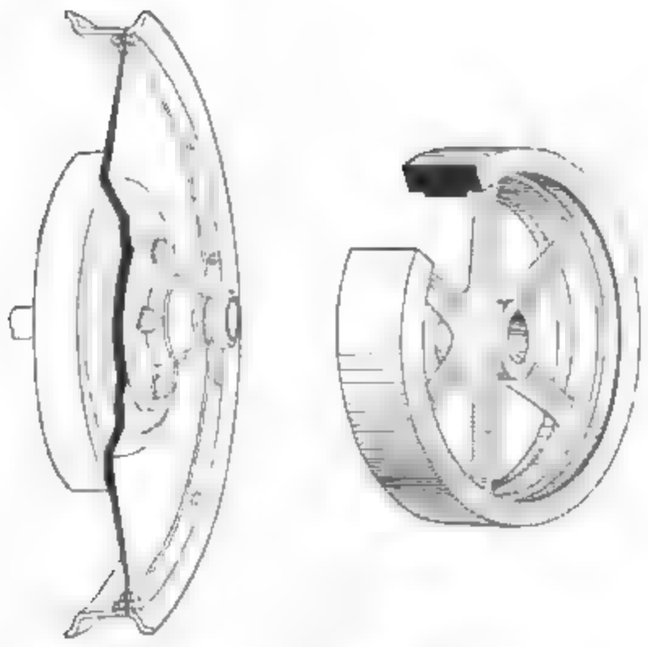
And it was done. By this means about two hundred and thirty thousand shares of absolutely worthless oil stock was unloaded on a single community of medium size. The price ranged from a dollar-twenty to three dollars.

However, the schemes aimed at our Liberty Bonds have not all been stock schemes. A gentle rascal operating from New York has very recently taught the country at large a quite different dodge.

In September, 1919, Edward Murphy, an ex-convict with several terms to his credit, appeared in New York and rented desk room in the offices of a real-estate concern established in one of the second-rate buildings. Murphy had printed a letterhead putting himself forward as the "Blank Manufacturing Company, rebuilt cars, dealers in tires and tubes and accessories of all standard makes." The address of the building where the man had desk room was in one corner and below it a telephone number which was not Murphy's, since he had no connection. In the opposite corner were the words, "Factory, Newark, N. J.," and in the center, "Established 1901."

(Continued on Page 60)

Facts You Should Know About the Wheels of Your Motor Car



Sectional Views of a Disteel Wheel and the Ordinary Fly Wheel

The weight of a Motor Car Wheel should be concentrated at the hub.

A good example of what a Motor Car Wheel *should not* be is the fly wheel. Instead of having the weight concentrated at the hub, the fly wheel has its weight concentrated in the rim.

There is a reason for that. The purpose of a fly wheel is to preserve momentum. It keeps going. Because of the weight in the rim, the fly wheel is difficult to start and difficult to stop.

The Motor Car Wheel should start easily and stop easily. That is the reason why the weight should be at the hub, not in the rim. This saves power, gasoline and the mechanism of the car.

The spokes, too, of a fly wheel are rigid, untapered, unresilient. A fly wheel is not dished. There is no spring in it. Needless weight at the rim increases the hammering effect of every blow the tire takes from the road.

Be sure Your Motor Car Wheel Is Not a Fly Wheel.

The Disteel Wheel is a single, dished and tapered disc of steel. This steel disc tapers in thickness from the hub to the rim, which makes the wheel lighter as well as vastly stronger and more resilient. And the wheel is dished inwardly like a bow. Also, the rim is offset where it is fastened to the disc.

It is a basic principle of wheel design that these three features, the taper, the dish, the off-set rim, diffuse and dissipate road shocks before they can reach the hub.

Back of the vastly greater beauty of Disteel Wheels, you will find upon investigation these fundamentals of scientific wheel design and construction that mean greater comfort, safety and economy in motoring.

Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue — Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliott Avenue

New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St. — Chicago: 732 Michigan Avenue

Boston: 925 Boylston Street — San Francisco: 336 Rialto Building

Wheel-Talk Number Three

Engineering Science is making tremendous strides in the design and construction of Wheel Equipment for Motor Cars. It is our motive, and our only motive, in this Series of Wheel-Talks to acquaint the intelligent motorist with these successive advances and to inform him as to what essentials of safety, efficiency and economy he can reasonably expect and demand in the Wheels of his Motor Car. These Wheel-Talks are now published in book-form which can be supplied upon request.

DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

Use More Water—Hot or Cold

I don't mean as a substitute.

Being what you might call a chronic guest of Mr. Pullman, I am able to study the shaving technique of a lot of men, and not one in ten uses enough water.

One of the chief virtues of Mennen Shaving Cream is, that the lather will absorb about three times as much water as ordinary shaving soap. Only a good, moist lather will really soften a beard.

I know it's your beard and you have a right to suffer in your own way, but I am making a good living persuading men to enjoy shaving, and I am going to keep at you until you try it my way once. After that it will be your way.

First, go easy on the Cream. It's potent, and half an inch is enough for most men; three quarters for extra sized faces. Likewise the Cream costs money, but water is cheap.

When the lather fluffs out on your chin, add more water—hot or cold. Don't break down the lather by rubbing it with your fingers.

That is mussy, unnecessary and inflames the skin. Keep adding more water, and "brush it up" into the lather. Don't be afraid that the lather will drizzle the way it does with ordinary soap.

Work in the lather with the *brush* for three minutes. Perhaps you think that is too long and is foolish and everything, but try it once.

The rest is between you and your razor. If the beard sort of melts away—if that blade that was ready to resign takes a new grip on the job—if your skin is smooth and happy—why, just come through with a confession that Jim Henry knows what he is talking about when it comes to the superiority of Mennen Shaving Cream.

My 12-cent demonstrator tube is still at the pre-war price of 12 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 58)

Murphy procured from a jobber in such lists a roster of physicians and dentists in small towns as far west as the Missouri River. To several thousands of these men he addressed a letter on his prepared stationery. The letter said that the Blank Manufacturing Company had bought a large lot of a certain kind of cars from the Government and rebuilt them all so that they were equal to or better than new ones. It was offering these cars at great reductions. However, it wished to make the addressee a special offer. For one hundred dollars, half in advance and half on receipt of the car, the company would deliver an open or closed car with the understanding that the recipient was to show his car at reasonable hours to other prospective purchasers in his community. This was, said the letter, an advertising proposition. It would be made to only one physician and one dentist in each town. However, if no reply was received within ten days it would be assumed that Doctor Blank was not interested and the opportunity would be offered another man in his town. "Liberty Bonds taken."

In six weeks Murphy received more than seven hundred replies, and because Liberty Bonds were a few points below par the astute men of the tooth and the pharmacopœia sent in their securities. It is said the payments were made by bonds in four-fifths of the cases. Calculations made afterward showed that Murphy had taken in nearly forty-five thousand dollars. To certain of his victims he had offered higher-priced automobiles, so that in some cases he got as much as two hundred and fifty dollars.

The post-office inspectors and the New York district attorney descended on Murphy at the same time, only to find that he had folded his top like a benzine Arab and silently chugged away. He had not owned a single car of any description and he left some of his printing bills unpaid. Such is con's ingratitude.

In one of the loan drives a wealthy widower made a little capital out of a hundred-thousand-dollar purchase of Liberty Bonds. So likewise did a con man named Dunne, who chanced to be in that particular city at the time. To the con man a person who advertises his wealth is always a prospect. Ingenuous public display of purse pride is a sure token of mental insufficiency of one sort or another. So Mr. Dunne believed, and he demonstrated it.

Enter, the Widow

For some time no feasible plan came to him. Then as the drought bothered him one night and he felt like pulling out for the North, where in those days a man could still slake a thirst, he was bitten by inspiration. A deserted brewery stood in this city, a dolorous, gray, monumental place, a monitor of inebrious days gone by. Dunne had looked at it often with a sigh. He contemplated it suddenly with a smile. Within a few days he had bought an option on the place for a small sum. The agent who sold it had grinned. For two years the brewery had been vacant. Rust was gathered in its tanks and rust was eating the heart out of the refrigerating plant. Who wanted an option on a brewery out of brew, a drained flagon, a broken bowl?

Remembering that the wealthy widower had put a hundred thousand into Liberty Bonds, Dunne peopled the brewery with fancies and ideas. What a fine abattoir it would make, with its ice plant already installed and its vats ready for the rendering of lard! Dunne immediately organized a packing company for a quarter of a million dollars. He saw some of the business men and unfurled the pennons of his dream. The region was full of cattle and hogs. Why bring meat products a thousand miles? Why not build up a local industry and eat local meats at local prices? The business men liked the idea. As Dunne did not ask them directly to invest they had no cause for disliking. Evidently the capital was to come from somewhere else.

The widower heard of the project casually. No one asked him to invest. He paid no attention. Perhaps a brewery made into a packing house was not a bad idea.

Dunne having got the elements of his game together wrote North and urged the presence of Mrs. Penny, a woman of considerable experience in business. Her actual name is otherwise. In a week a lady from the North engaged an expensive suite in the better hotel of the town and established herself, opening a liberal account with a local bank, joining a church and maneuvering for social acceptance. The church was, to be sure, that attended by the wealthy widower and his son.

In three weeks Mrs. Penny had managed to meet the intended dupe. She was very gracious, and very good to look upon for that matter. It wasn't the man's fault that he was past sixty and she under thirty-five. Besides, it made no difference. He liked the Widow Penny and thought he did not show it. She reciprocated and seemed not to mind if he knew. He invited her to dine and she accepted. A friendship developed.

At about this time Mrs. Penny bought of Dunne a block of stock in the new packing house. The deal was consummated at Mrs. Penny's bank and a check for eight thousand dollars paid over there in the presence of the cashier.

The Plot Thickens

A few days later Mrs. Penny asked her new friend if she might consult him in a matter of business. She had bought stock in the new packing house and wished he might investigate the proposition for her. If he thought well of the enterprise she might invest still more. In this way the elderly widower was brought to an interest in Dunne's affairs. He had retired from actual business seven years before and now seldom did anything beyond the lending of his capital. He went at his new duty with a feeling of importance. He called on Dunne, who had opened an office, and went into the packing proposition with great minuteness. Dunne was, to be sure, prepared for this. He had made many and involved calculations, drawn plans, computed the costs of plant remodeling, set down local livestock costs in lengthy tabulations, figured the cost of labor, the overhead, the distribution charges, and so on, ad nauseam. All these things he had reduced finally to estimated selling prices of various meats. His finals were very much lower than the prices current. Ergo, his calculations argued that much money was to be made in meat.

The widower decided after ten days of conferring with Dunne that here was an able man with a sound proposition. He said as much to Dunne and to Mrs. Penny and felt he had discharged a duty nobly. Dunne quite naturally pretended to assume that the old gentleman was interested on his own account and followed his investigations with a series of propositions, to all of which the capitalist listened politely and invariably failed to respond.

He was not interested in the packing house, but he was decidedly intrigued by the capable and attractive widow. They grew constantly more intimate with every week. Mrs. Penny met the son, an idle boy of twenty-three, whom his father was genuinely anxious to start in business. The widow simulated a motherly interest in the boy, who reciprocated with a much more dangerous sentiment. Without going into needless details, this clever woman shortly worked herself into a position so close to the widower and his son that she felt justified in making a suggestion. Why didn't the gentleman go into the new packing plant on a fairly large scale, get control of the thing and gradually establish his son in this industry? Here was a future for the boy and a great chance at profit.

The capitalist considered the proposition with care. He did not like speculations. He had never engaged in them and this was certainly a purely speculative affair. Most of all, he disliked linking his name with a thing that might seem a gamble to many of his conservative townsmen. All these things he guilelessly confided to Mrs. Penny and she saw the pertinency of his objections.

One evening when he and the pretty widow sat alone after dinner she became especially confidential. Little by little he had progressed to the stage of tacit wooing. He did not realize it and the notion would have frightened him. Nevertheless, there he was.

"Fred," said the widow, "the more I think of it the more I believe you ought to go into this thing for your son's sake."

"Somehow I don't like it, Gladys," said he. "I've never been connected with anything of the sort; I don't know this man Dunne; I can't tell what I may be getting into."

"I've thought of all that," said she. "But there are ways of managing it. In the first place your name doesn't have to appear. You can handle it all through me. And as far as Dunne is concerned, I've a feeling myself that we ought to be rid of him. From all the signs I think that will not be hard to do. He isn't known here; he hasn't had much luck with his promotion. Someone is going to buy him out shortly at a very low price and I think we ought to be the ones."

"Someone would know of my connection," said her dupe. "A check through the bank would be enough to let the cat out."

"There need be no check, Fred," said the woman, patting the hand of her admirer.

"If I withdraw any large sum from the bank and Dunne disappears a little later inferences will be drawn."

"There are other ways, Fred," she said again. "Supposing we try this: You undoubtedly have stocks and bonds. You might turn enough of them over to me to make any purchase agreed on. I could take a loan on them here, putting them up as my own, or I could hypothecate them in another city. The purchased stock would be put into my name and I would turn it over to you with a bill of sale and receipt, which you need never show until you want to."

The capitalist was persuaded and negotiations were opened with Dunne. He set a high price on his stock and was obdurate. A series of negotiations followed. Finally by stages of rising bids from one side and declining offers from the other a price of twenty-eight thousand dollars was agreed upon for all the stock and rights in Dunne's hands. Mrs. Penny had accomplished this by the old and effective con trick of the in-and-in.

"Dunne wants twenty-eight thousand dollars, and I don't think he'll come any lower," she told her aged admirer one afternoon after he had come to talk sentiment and she had patiently turned him off onto business.

"I won't risk that much," said he.

"I don't want you to, either, Fred," she said, ruffling his scant hair. "But I think it's worth the money and I'm ready to back my judgment. I've put eight thousand into the thing now and I'll put in another ten thousand if you'll put in eighteen thousand. In that way we will be risking equal amounts. We will be equal partners in the thing and we'll have it to ourselves."

A Scared Old Man

The old gentleman had learned to respect the business head of this woman. She was ready to put more of her own money into this venture. She was asking him to help her. She spoke of having the thing to "ourselves." She wanted to place "our boy." He leaped. He turned over twenty thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, which Mrs. Penny immediately put up for a loan of eighteen thousand dollars. This with ten thousand dollars of her own, which she had meantime drafted from Boston, whence she was supposed to have come, was turned over to Dunne, who signed, sealed and delivered everything, entertained his successors at an elaborate dinner and departed the town.

The widow's attitude toward her admirer changed immediately. From one of reserve and dignity she let her pose descend to one of ardency and possession. She was guilty of numerous indiscretions that might have been put down to overaffection. She embarrassed the very circumspect capitalist repeatedly. His neighbors began to talk. Worse yet, Mrs. Penny had overreached herself in her investment. Her money was tied up in the new enterprise and she had to resort to her "dear Fred" for loans and advances. Finally she visited him in the middle of the night at his home and apparently she had been drinking. The old gentleman was shocked and frightened. He was still deliberating painfully when his young son came home with too much stimulant in cargo, confessing that he had spent the afternoon with Mrs. Penny at her hotel and that she had been very tender and motherly.

The widower saw serious compromise and possible scandal leering at him. He speedily forced Mrs. Penny to sell out her interest for what she had paid, demanding also that she depart at once. She wept, sobbed and reviled him. He had courted and won her. He was inconstant. What had she done to him? Was he chasing her out of

(Concluded on Page 63)

Practical Features of PLUMB Double-Life Hammers

Claws with extra curve and short split. Nipper like edges that grip and hold any nail. Large striking face, with weight centered in a chunk above it. Hand Comfort Handles that do not tire or cramp the hand. Tapered eye and special anchoring to keep the handle firmly fixed. Hand forged, non rust finish prevents tarnishing. Price, $1.75.

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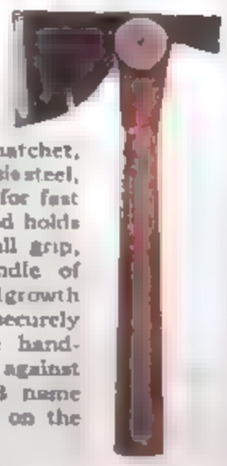

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To further insure PLUMB Hammers, Hatchets, and Axes against variation of temper, they are always ground before being tempered. Where this precaution is not taken, the heat of grinding is liable to draw the temper. We take no chances.

Such refinements of manufacture make better tools—and cause men to say of PLUMB Hammers, Hatchets, and Axes, "They're Worth More."

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Alicante almonds in real cream caramel

SOUR ORANGE
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Mayette walnut in apricot jelly

NOUGATINE
Honey, egg, fruits and nuts
(Enlarged)

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WHEN you pass around the usual box of chocolates, see people pick and choose—

"Will I like *this* one?"—

"Suppose *that* one's nice?"—

And so on, till only the kinds no one really wants are left.

Not so with Liggett's!

For here's a box made up *only* from the centers people like best—we've a sure way to tell what those are—right down to the last piece—

We'll prove it—take home a box today.

$1 to $7.50, in packages from one to five pounds. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

By special arrangement, Liggett's Chocolates are sold exclusively by The Rexall Stores, throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8000 progressive retail stores, united into one world-wide service-giving organization.

(Concluded from Page 60

town because she had shown him an affection he had been careful to encourage?

Nevertheless, she sold and went. I doubt that the aged widower ever fully understood what had been done to him. He had been taken for thirty-six thousand dollars, which Dunne and the erstwhile Mrs. Penny gleefully divided at Atlantic City. I don't suppose, either, that the town appreciates owing its new packing house, into which the conservative investor had to put more than eighty thousand dollars, to the machinations of a con pair.

Perhaps I have explained that an inheritance is a thing of magical beauty to the con man. He enjoys certain advantages over ordinary mortals in this connection, for it does not greatly matter whether he or another receives a legacy—always provided that the heir is one capable of listening to reason. For men and women of this accommodating bent of mind the operator in nefandous subtleties is always alert. They exercise a strange and deep fascination over him; they allure him with golden Lorelei tresses; they tempt him to their destruction.

Jacob Albert, of Noburg, is competent to testify in this matter. A year ago he inherited more than a hundred thousand dollars in the shape of farms and farm mortgages from his father, who had been until late in life engaged in agrarian pursuits. Hearing of the good fortune of young Albert, who had spurned the farm and engaged in the drug business in Noburg, George Fawcet, a persuasive fellow who is known to the police by another name, hurried West, resolved to help the young man through the inevitable troubles which follow in the wake of inheritance.

Alas, the altruistic Fawcet was too late! Albert had already come into possession of his fortune, and his father's old lawyer, who realized that there was no specially high voltage in the machine under the heir's hat, had converted everything save the family home into Liberty Bonds.

Fawcet's Zinc Mine

Nearly two years earlier Fawcet had been through a Western zinc-mining district, where he had learned something about the mining and preparation of this valuable metal. He had discovered that there were several mines in this and neighboring districts which stood abandoned for reasons not apparent to the layman. Ore was plentiful and of high zinc content, but there were present so many refractory ores that the process of preparing the mined material for smelting proved too difficult, involved and costly. With an eye to future frauds, Fawcet bought such a mine. It had been worked not once but several times. The claim was a large one, ore was abundant and often ran thirty-five dollars of zinc to the ton, a very high figure. Machinery abandoned after the several attempts to operate the mine stood about everywhere, growing in rust and desolation. Rain and seepage had partly filled the old shaft with water. This latter gave Fawcet some concern at the time, but it proved his salvation in the end.

From the first moment of his acquaintance with Albert the conspirator had passed himself off as a mining man. As acquaintance grew he permitted himself little boasts.

He showed checks which had come through the mails; he spent money freely. He smiled indulgently at the thought of Albert's small interest from his bonds.

"Bonds," said he, "are fine for widows and orphans. A man with brains wants a better run for his money."

It was perhaps not unnatural for Albert to agree with him. An income of five thousand dollars a year is small enough, everyone knows, and aggravatingly small to a young man with rather loose ideas who considers himself a wealthy heir. It was not difficult to persuade him to an interest in the mine. And Fawcet confided to his friend the story of his mine.

Here was a claim, he said, that had been abandoned years before, because subterranean streams had been struck. Periodic attempts to drain off the water had all resulted in failure, but a few months before Fawcet, who was a mining engineer, had made soundings in the mine and discovered that there was a second level of streams deep below those which had put the mine out of business. Such an idea had never occurred to the other men who had owned the mine. Fawcet had discovered the thing by means of deduction. He saw mines operating all about him whose shafts ran much deeper than his. These mines had little or no trouble with water. It had suddenly occurred to him that the normal drainage of the district lay along a deeper stratum. He had bought an option, made investigations, and lo, the thing was as he had supposed! He was now about to drain the mine. His fortune was made.

Albert's eyes glowed with pleasure and high hope. Was this lucky Fawcet going to let him in on this great opportunity? Fawcet, who hardly understood the verdancy of his victim, played the game cautiously and waited for a right moment to spring his proposition, with the result that he gave the poor young man needless pangs and nights awake. Finally he came to the point and Albert almost choked on the bait.

Walker, the Confederate

By the end of that week, in the late part of last spring, Albert had hired a temporary manager for his drug store and hurried West with Fawcet. He was left in St. Louis, while Fawcet went on to the mine alone, giving some plausible explanation. The schemer was met at his destination by a confederate whom he had summoned from Denver by wire. The very first act of the conspirators was to draw up and antedate a bill of sale for the mine, whose ownership Fawcet transferred to his confederate. This instrument was recorded. At the same time an antedated option was drawn in such a fashion that it had only a few days to run. The option was, to be sure, given by the confederate, whom I shall call Walker, to Fawcet. This done, Walker retired to a near-by town and waited.

The following day Albert arrived on the scene. Fawcet met him and cautioned him immediately to use discretion. The option on the mine had not long to run, and Walker, who owned the mine, was suspicious that Fawcet had made some sort of valuable discovery. He was rich, influential and unprincipled. If Albert made the mistake of inquiring about indiscriminately Walker would certainly smell a rat and place obstacles in the way of investigations. The druggist said he was no fool.

A visit was paid to the mine, where everything was as Fawcet had represented it. The shaft was almost full of water. More than that, some rusty pumps lay about, reminders—Fawcet said—of old failures to cope with the flow.

"Now," said Fawcet as he led his victim back to town, "everything depends on one thing. I'm certain that a boring to the lower water level will send all this wetness running off in an hour or two, but there's nothing like being dead certain. We must make that boring, but we must make it so that Walker doesn't get wise. If he does he'll find some way to stop us and we'll either have to let the option lapse or buy a pig in a poke. I don't want to risk my money and I don't want you to risk yours. We must be dead sure there will be no more water trouble."

The next day Fawcet was mysteriously busy—getting ready to have the boring made secretly, he said. Late in the afternoon he took his dupe to the mine with an expert he had hired. This individual gave an estimate of the number of tons of ore likely to be found in the claim and the probable zinc values per ton. All this he did quite honestly, and his figures showed that the claim was, in fact, one of the richest in the immediate district. He had not been hired to give an opinion on the matter of refractory ores, and kept his own counsel. Albert was not quite green enough to accept the uncorroborated word of the expert, and Fawcet referred him to any local authority of his own choosing. He selected a man, whom he was himself to pay. He and Fawcet went to see this individual and Fawcet—again urging the need of caution—asked the man an agreed question, as follows:

"If a way could be discovered to handle the ore in the Walker mine, what in your opinion would the property be worth?"

The mining man smiled an incredulous smile.

"Well, a lot of people have tried that and failed," said he. "I don't believe there is any way of solving the problem, but ——"

Fawcet trembled for a moment. Was the man going to gabble and ruin the deal?

"But if anybody can find a way that claim is worth millions."

Fawcet dragged the excited druggist out into the street and away, leaving the mining expert to wonder at the strangeness of some human beings.

In the dead of that night Albert, Fawcet, a drill foreman and five workmen slunk out of town, drove rapidly into the mining field, drew up at the abandoned shaft and went to work. A little before dawn the boring had been made. The workmen loaded their apparatus back into their car and drove off. While daylight crept over the place, revealing the twisted and shrunken arms of the old machinery like specters of all the dead failures of the past, Fawcet and Albert sat in the lee of the shaft house and watched the water go down foot by foot; watched it and grew jubilant—each in his own fashion.

"My boy," said Fawcet, offering his dupe a drink from a flask, "we're potential millionaires this minute."

They went back to town and Fawcet telegraphed for Walker. He arrived late in the afternoon. Albert was introduced and found the mine owner cold, hard and forbidding.

An engagement was made for ten o'clock the next morning and Albert went back to his hotel with Fawcet.

The common weakness of the man who doesn't know and who feels his ignorance overcame Albert in the last night. Perhaps it is only a survival of primitive animal terror at the unknown. He sat on the edge of his bed taking off his shoes and said to Fawcet, who was smoking at the window: "I'm not sure yet, Fawcet."

"Not sure!"

"No. All I know about this is what you've told me. And two months ago I didn't know you. I think I'd like to do a little more investigating before I go into this."

"Suits me," said Fawcet. "Only you know the option expires at midnight tomorrow."

"Can't we get Walker to renew it for a few days?"

"You might ask him. If he isn't wise he'll renew it and be glad to sell to us at any time and any price. If he knows what we know to-night, or even suspects it, he won't take a million dollars for a one-day renewal."

Albert slept ill, took three bracers before breakfast, felt unsteady and went off to see Walker.

"Go alone and see what you can do," Fawcet advised him. "I know he won't renew for me. He thinks I know too much."

The Deal Goes Through

The doubtful youth found the forbidding Walker, was taken up to the supposed magnate's room and began lamely to ask for a renewal.

"What!" Walker interrupted him brusquely with a loud laugh. "Renew your option? Listen, my young friend! Do you think you can sneak out in the middle of the night and drain my mine without my knowing it?"

Albert stared at him, baffled and confounded.

"I wouldn't sell you an extra hour's option for all the cash in the banks here," said Walker fiercely. "I wish I had the old one back."

He showed the stunned Albert the door without further words and the bewildered druggist half staggered back to Fawcet.

"He's wise," said Albert, dropping into a chair in the hotel lobby. "The game's up."

"You mean he knows?"

"He found out about last night."

Fawcet, turning pale, got up and walked nervously up and down the tiles. He bought a cigar at the counter, lighted it, considered, walked some more and stood before Albert with a wide grin on his face.

"Well, he found out just too late, didn't he?" said Fawcet. "We've got till midnight to pay up—and our money's here."

Albert sprang up like a man suddenly contacted with a battery.

"Lord, I forgot that!" he cried.

Fawcet led him to the bank on a run. Each man withdrew twenty-five thousand dollars, which had been placed there previously on Fawcet's advice and for just such an emergency. In two hours the deal had been made. Walker had the money and was off for the East. Fawcet and Albert owned the mine. And so far as Fawcet knows or cares, the credulous druggist owns it all to-day.

So pass the Liberty Bonds of the people.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Crosby and Mr. Smith. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Bathe in Clean Running Water
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THE POSSIBILIST

(Continued from Page 25)

officials in the miners' union, over whose heads he had been brought into the district. And at the very outset there was a note of danger.

"You see that bird over there?" asked Hecker, coming back in the later dusk with Spinner to this dismal small hotel for their evening meal. "He's out looking for trouble!"

He was a huge figure of a man, huge and black, Spinner could distinguish dimly by the wan light from the misty window of a small store before which he stood across the street. But that was all.

"Why—what makes you think so?" he asked quickly. They were on their guard all the time of course.

"He jammed me off the boardwalk here half an hour ago," said Hecker, "into the mud."

"Wait," said Spinner. "Don't let him frame you."

"I waited!" said the gunman grimly.

There might be possible forces behind an episode like that, which required estimating before action. There had been, it soon developed, in this case. This man was very clearly now, as Hecker said, out looking for trouble—without doubt for a purpose.

He was a man known locally as Big Joe—a man of foreign blood—of Austrian ancestry, it was said. He lived much of his time in a larger city; but at intervals he reappeared in the valley where he had once lived and worked as a miner. His present source of income was unknown—something touching the saloon business, it was said; but he still kept up some nominal association with the miners' union to which he had once belonged.

"Bad man!" pronounced the local foreign radicals. They all seemed afraid of him—avoiding even passing him on the street. He was a notorious local bully.

This figure appearing from nowhere, with no apparent backing, suddenly rose in the path of Spinner and the gunman, ostensibly intent on a campaign of instinctive personal animosity to the two visitors—and more especially Hecker.

"I'll get him!" the gunman said to Spinner, coming into the hotel again—his round face fiery red, the smile off his mouth, the muscles twitching at the corners of his square-cut jaw. "Once more, and they'll be a ton more of fertilizer lying round town. He's too gay!"

"Noshooting," warned Spinner. "They'd like that too well!"

"What the hell do you think I am?" inquired Hecker.

And yet Spinner knew that until it was time he would keep himself within control. That was one reason he had chosen him as his companion. He was wise to all possible tricks of the game. This was no unusual trick. This figure of this venturesome bad man out looking for trouble was an obvious, almost stereotyped, notice for them to get out. Ostensibly he was alone—a confident, desperate, foolhardy ruffian intent on provoking trouble, or forcing the two invaders in ignominy out of town. But back of this figure, using him as a tool, lay forces which they could only conjecture from their knowledge of the situation. The whole complicated, subterranean group of forces—political, corporate and possibly even labor—of a section, of a state.

"They'd frame us both in fifteen minutes," said Skinner, "after you first showed a gun."

"I understand all that," said Hecker. "I haven't been carrying my gun outside of my hotel room, have I? But I wouldn't want him to know that either. Not if I expected to live much longer. This has got to stop."

Spinner saw that too. They had received their warning, their notice to leave or get personally beaten up—shot—killed perhaps, without possible redress. It was a wonder to him that Hecker had staved off the inevitable so long. It was a clear sign of at least a certain respect on the part of their pursuer for his man that he had not forced the issue already. But now the thing was very clear. It was their move.

"What are you waiting for, anyhow? To get both our lights put out?" asked Hecker.

He was getting ugly and restless under the strain. Besides, he was right. It was full time to act.

"Can you handle him?" Spinner asked.

"Can I handle him—the dastard!" was the answer of the Strangler. A dangerous light—almost of electric blue—shone in his usually laughing eye.

They went out that night to look for him.

The demand for liquor—unobtainable here by open purchase—was supplied by the rooms of one of the orders popular with the so-called sporting element throughout the United States. It was in these rooms that after a certain time they were sure to find this Big Joe. He was there when they arrived, standing at the bar. They stepped up beside him and ordered drinks—Hecker next to him.

The man stood, an enormous figure, a full six inches taller than the stocky Strangler; great shoulders, a round face, a small faded blue eye with a fixed expression, and round as a marble.

For a moment he did not see Hecker, and Hecker made no move—Spinner's plan calling for an action first of all which would leave all possible initiative in the quarrel to the enemy. The man saw him then—a nudge from his neighbor on the other side directing his attention. He turned and looked down, his small eyes in his big face fixed and implacable as the painted eyes of a malevolent idol. A wisp of his thin hair had come down under his derby hat upon his low forehead.

"Why, hello, you little stinking coward!" he called with appropriate blasphemies in a thick voice; and very deliberately he wiped his huge palm straight down across Hecker's face in an insulting mockery of greeting.

The gunman stood still until it was done. When it was all complete—all eyes of the surrounding crowd upon them—with a flash of motion which scarcely registered in the eyes of the waiting audience his revolver was in the face of the other man.

"Up! Up!" he said. "Stick 'em up—you big dastard!" His sharp bitter voice rang out.

The crowd scattered; the big Austrian stood, his thick pawlike hands up in the uncouth attitude of a dancing bear. And when he did this Spinner, like a cat, had frisked him, taken away the weapon from his pocket.

"Now, then, you big cheese," said Hecker, handing his own gun back to Spinner, "I'm going to do something no one else was ever able to do yet. I'm going to teach you something—push something into that bean you carry round over your neck."

He smiled for the first time Spinner had seen him smile in the past few days—since this indignity had been laid upon him. He smiled his wide and reckless smile, and as he did so slapped his flat hand against the other's thick-lipped mouth.

The crack of flesh against flesh filled the room like a pistol shot, but there were no apparent impression made upon the giant opposite the Strangler by the blow, except the reddening and puffing of the flesh upon his face. It scarcely moved the great bulk of flesh and bone upon his great, flat, stable feet.

The Austrian did not start at first; his heavy mind did not realize—could not credit at once his good fortune; that he was to be allowed the freedom to use his tremendous advantage of weight and power against the other within the comparatively narrow confines of a room.

"Come to it, you big stiff! Help yourself," said Hecker with a jeering smile.

And with that the great mass moved, much faster than might have been expected of it, striking heavily with its huge almost hamlike fist—pounding the air where Strangler Hecker had just been.

Spinner had never seen his own man in action before; never really estimated the physical ability that had given him his nickname. He stood now in his wrestler's attitude, his abnormally long arms swinging down, with something probably of the attitude of the first fighting man—of the belligerent ape. He was quite clearly a skilled man—but was there any chance at all for him, Spinner could not help but wonder, against that seventy pounds at least of superior weight in the man across from him—especially within the confining boundaries of that room.

As Spinner watched him and eyed the audience, guarding against possible interference, the first encounter came. Big Joe having made his first pass followed it by a first violent rush. His antagonist, still smiling, stepped aside and with a sudden trip and twitch had pitched the great mass

ENJOY FLORIDA WARMTH
in your own home Now!

Science calls you to enjoy the balmy warmth of Florida in your own home—by installing the patented CaloriC Pipeless Furnace.

With a CaloriC in your home, you may be sure that every room, upstairs and down, will be delightfully warm in severest weather. You can rely on a saving of one-third to one-half the fuel. And think of it—clean rooms—that *stay clean!*

ADVANTAGES of CALORIC HEAT

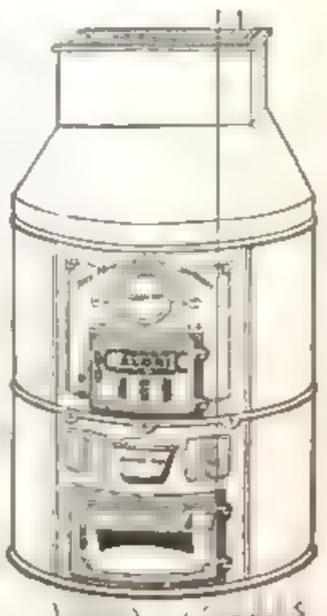
The CaloriC is the original pipeless furnace triple-casing patent. It embodies basic patents which are essential to most efficient pipeless heating. In the CaloriC ONLY you get these exclusive features.

The CaloriC delivers practically 100 per cent of the heat from the fuel *direct* into your rooms through *one register.* Natural law *circulates* this heat into every nook and corner of your building—*without waste.*

CaloriC heat is healthful, circulating moist air, pure and balmy. Air in every room changed practically every half hour. Endorsed by physicians.

The CaloriC is a proven success in over 76,000 homes, stores, churches, factories. Installed in new homes or old, of 18 rooms or less—usually in one day. No plumbing, no pipes to freeze, no alterations. Burns any fuel. So simple a child can operate it. Temperature controlled from first floor.

The CaloriC costs less than the stoves necessary to heat the same space. Sold under a money-back guarantee to heat your home to 70° in coldest weather.



Decide NOW you will join the big family of happy CaloriC users. See the nearest CaloriC dealer or write at once for CaloriC book and names of users in your locality.

THE MONITOR STOVE COMPANY
(The Monitor Family)
101 Years in Business CINCINNATI, OHIO

CALORIC
THE ORIGINAL PIPELESS FURNACE TRIPLE-CASING PATENT
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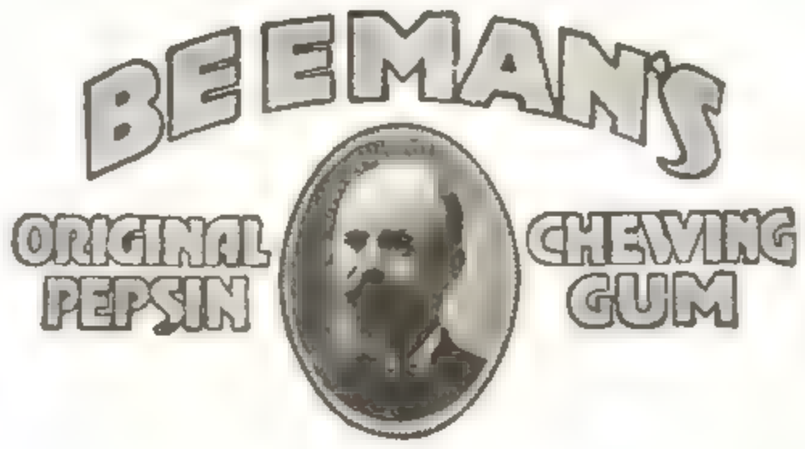


Safeguarding Digestion

By eating rapidly we fail to supply sufficient saliva most necessary in the first processes of digestion. In hurried eating the teeth fail in their important function of grinding the food into small particles.

The use of Beeman's Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after each meal helps to supply the saliva which was not provided at meal time, and thus improves the digestion of the hurried eater.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

forward under its own impetus. The man struck head first against a corner of the bar; blood started down his tangled and soon matted hair from a cut above the forehead.

The Strangler did not try to take his obvious advantage, but stood back, smiling the happy malice of his fighting smile. Spinner wondered and feared a little at his confidence. No doubt he knew his business, but it was no time for unnecessary chances.

The other man, Big Joe, gave little time, however, in which advantage could have been taken of him. By a movement grotesquely awkward but incredibly swift for his huge bulk he had turned—almost before the mouths of the spectators had framed their surprise at Hecker's trick. He turned, his strength undiminished; his small round eyes beneath the trickle of blood upon his forehead more unhuman, more fixed, more than ever with the implacable malicious hate of the round painted eyes of an idol—a great working mechanism of animal anger, with the insanity, the insensitiveness to pain, the fighting automatism of a charging bull.

He turned and with a hideous thick oath—out of any proper control with anger—launched a kick of his great shoe at Hecker. Again, with the swiftness of this game which he did not rightly know, he found himself heavily and ignominiously seated upon the floor—his spine, his whole bulk shaken by the fall.

His confident opponent stood near him, calling insults from his grinning mouth, giving him the still greater insult of not taking advantage of his condition to attempt to finish him.

But this confidence of Hecker almost proved fatal. With a sudden unanticipated movement the bulk upon the floor shot out a heavy foot and caught the smiling Strangler in the lower leg. It was by necessity a short quick blow—very fortunately. And very fortunately, even then it did not strike a bone. But it served its purpose, as it was. The fighting smile upon the wrestler's face remained, but it was changed now sharply—touched with a sudden gleam of pain. The worst possible thing had happened to the lighter man, Spinner saw; he had lost the one marked advantage of his lightness. He was lamed.

The spectators gave vent to new blasphemies of excitement. The mass upon the floor came up again—his vitality apparently still unimpaired—while Hecker, backing, shifting his weight upon his uninjured leg, waited. Spinner was afraid.

Their opponent—more cautious now and more confident—adopted new tactics. He came forward slowly, watchfully, and started inch by inch herding Hecker toward a corner, the crowd spreading well away from them. The alertness and almost invisible quickness and ease of motion of the wrestler were now gone. The other blocked his efforts to slide to one side. Inch by inch he drove him into the corner, the place of expected slaughter, his round blue eyes fixed watchfully beneath his bloody forehead—care in every motion.

The situation seemed hopeless now to Spinner; his man's leg gave visibly when he set his weight upon it. But there was no quarter in this fighting; none of the artificiality of fighting codes which have set their curiously compelling restraints upon the human fighting animal in the last fifty or seventy-five years. This fighting went back to the time of the eye gougers and the face kickers in the days before rules. Once in the corner, once upon him, it was the clear purpose of this round-eyed fighting animal to kick his opposing animal into pulp. Spinner wondered what he should do. He had the firearms. Should he allow this thing? If so, how far?

But as he wondered the new thing happened. The bloody-headed giant came heavily on, with head forward, his arms outstretched. He was almost there, into the corner, when with a motion like a hunting cat the Strangler was on him, at his neck; and they went down together.

They lay when they had crashed down in a confused heap; from surface indications the heavier man might have the advantage. He lay apparently on top. But now, as the craning crowd immediately saw, this advantage was merely an apparent one. The wrestler had obtained finally what he wished. He had secured that deadliest of all grips, the strangle hold. He lay, Spinner saw, in a sort of coil, knees up, his head behind his victim's; the smile still on his thin wide lips—the smile of triumph. And now the writhings of the other man began.

There is but one commonly successful break to be used against the strangle hold—a grotesque thing, a spectacular hurling of the whole lower body into the air with the hope of freeing the confined head underneath—while there is yet time! This man, this Big Joe, knew that much at least. Time and time again his bulk shot twisting in the air. In vain. Underneath Spinner saw from his viewpoint the face of the Strangler with its fighting smile—the strange combination of happiness and effort and ferocity which shows in the face of a fighting dog. A gold tooth, one of the first molars, gave an added gleam to its ferociousness, and Spinner thought the man shot a glance of triumph on him from his eyes. He could now afford the strength; his enemy, though still violently struggling, was evidently losing power.

The crowd groaned, cursed and held its breath together with the strangling man. The hulking body flopped more and more grotesquely, straightened out in one terrible last effort. The man with the grinning face of the fighting bulldog still held his unbroken grip underneath.

There was murmurous talk among the spectators—instinctive protest; it was growing too much already for some of them.

"Keep off," said Spinner. "Let them alone."

They did so, knowing he was armed. But Spinner himself felt now that it was time to interfere. "Don't kill him," he called to Hecker.

"Don't fret," said the Strangler carelessly. "He's got two or three more flops in him. "Haven't you?" he asked in low-voiced insult of the head beside his, looking down as a woman might upon a child at her breast.

A renewed effort followed his taunt.

"Don't! Don't!" said someone, a voice in the crowd with a groaning blasphemy. "Let him go!"

"Had enough?" asked Hecker finally of the bloody head against his breast.

A convulsive effort followed.

"Will you get out of here? Quit? Leave the district right away?"

There was no answer, naturally.

"Why don't you answer?" taunted the victor.

"Don't be a damned fool! Don't kill him!" cried Spinner, now sharply apprehensive.

"If you will—if you'll go," said the maliciously grinning gunman, "show me! Shake a leg. Shake a right leg. That's right," he jeered. "Shake a leg!"

It was hideously ridiculous, horribly grotesque. At his jeer the leg came up fell back again. Final collapse had about come. The Strangler released his hold.

The man he had strangled lay face down; he turned him over on his back. He lay struggling, gasping, drawing in the grateful air in great noisy gulps; turned and groveled on his hands and knees for his breath—filling the room with the distressing noises from his throat and lungs. And over him the watchful, grinning Strangler kept the crowd back, giving him the air which he must have.

He recovered finally, as quickly as only a fine animal could. But he was still sick through and through when Hecker got him on his feet, got him his hat and sent him out.

"You're lucky at that," he said, turning on him the murderous humor of his grin. "The next time," he warned him, "that you come across me you'll be out of luck. Understand?" he said, and slapped for the last time the now flabby face.

The man staggered. The fixed round eyes were down before Hecker's; his enemy was beaten down before him permanently.

"Now go!" said Hecker. "And out of town by the first train—remember!"

The man went lurching out the door—and promptly out of town. They sent his gun on to him later.

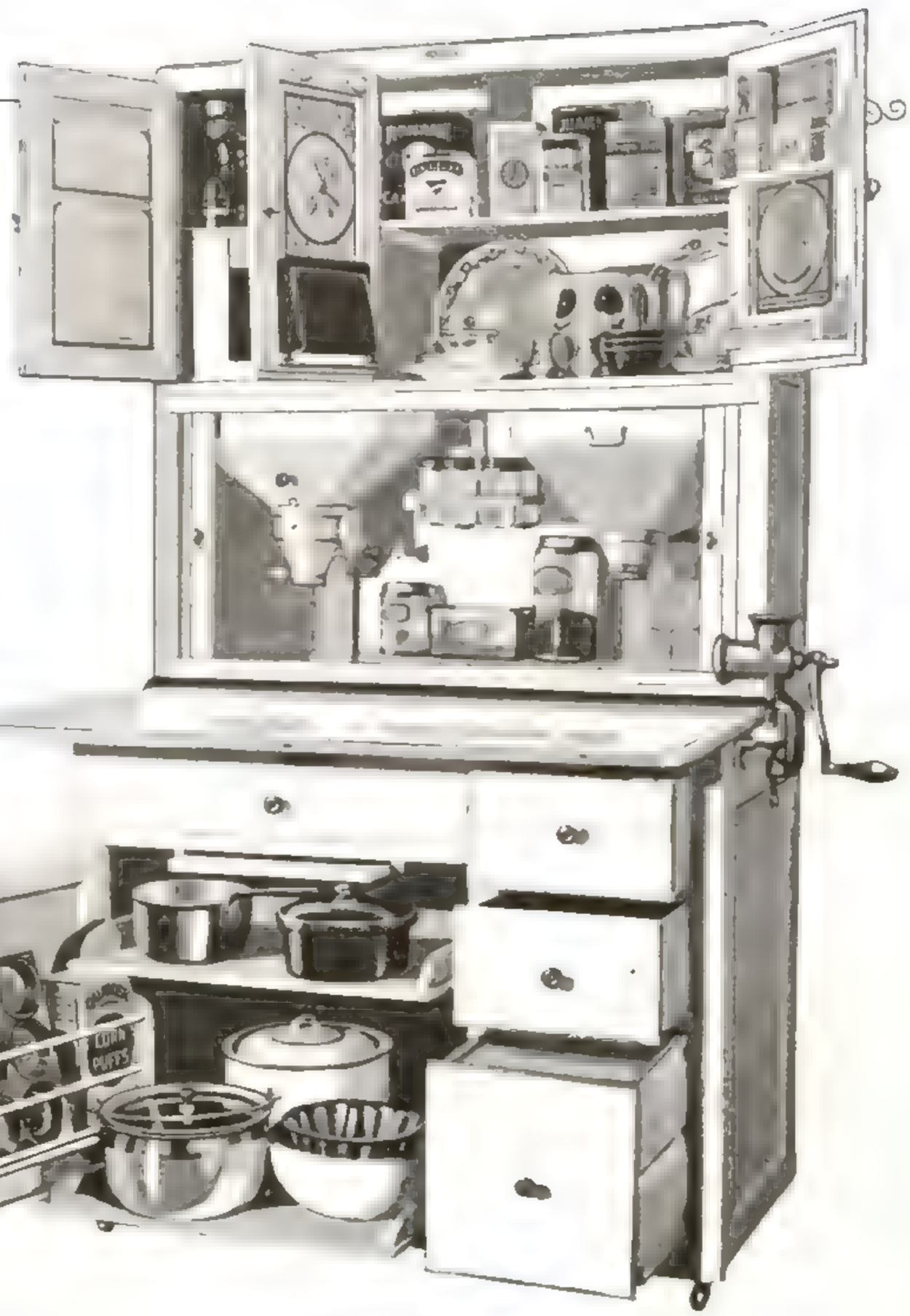
After that the organizing went on still faster—without a break. Physical prowess means much to all of us. It is at a special premium among physical workmen—a still greater one among the foreign laborers, who can claim it as a possible ally in a situation that is at best doubtful for them.

XVI

SPINNER sometimes wondered as a matter of fact at his exceptional good fortune in securing foothold in such a field as this one.

"The capitalist," he had been used to saying when soap-boxing, "is like the Hebrew tribal god and man that my old

(Continued on Page 69)



The big drawer at the bottom is the self-ventilating metal bread box. It is equipped with a sliding cake tray. No matter how far out you pull this drawer, it does not sag. The middle drawer is metal. Most women use it for corn meal or substitute flours. The top drawer is metal and may be used for food supplies or kitchen dish towels, etc.

HOOSIER drawer space is 35% over-size at no extra cost.

Put Hoosier Happiness In Your Home

Every kitchen is a little food factory, and every housewife a general factory manager—alert to every possible time and temper saving device.

Which explains why nearly two million American women have adopted the Hoosier—and why American women, almost as a unit, are rapidly taking "the silent servant with a hundred hands" into American homes.

There is no kitchen cabinet "improvement" with which the makers of the Hoosier have not experimented—the good ideas have all been accepted and built into the Hoosier—the bad ones rejected.

Nothing we can say can convey even the faintest conception of what this great step-saver, time-saver, temper-saver will mean to you in your home—no picture of the Hoosier can make you realize in how many ways its hundred ever-ready hands will help you.

The only real way is to go to the authorized Hoosier dealer—sit down in front of the Hoosier and then build your own mental picture of the Hoosier placed in your kitchen. And prove yourself a good business woman by doing this today.

If you don't know who your Hoosier dealer is, write us immediately.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Branch Office Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. Main Office: 220 Maple St., Newcastle, Ind. Branch Office: 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Can.

HOOSIER

THE SILENT SERVANT WITH A HUNDRED HANDS

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Does Your Face Feel Fine?

Read How I Found the Secret of Pleasant Shaving

by A·C·Penn

A. C. Penn, who found and developed the Double-Bevel Blade

I KNOW the razor business from beginning to end. I've known it for years. And for years I searched for a *perfect* shaving edge.

One day I found it. It was on a razor I bought in an old cutlery shop, in a European city.

I tried this razor on myself. It surprised me. I used it day after day. Each shave was the same. Each shave made my face *feel fine*.

Each stroke of the razor removed whiskers without irritating my skin in the least. I would look in the mirror—examine my face closely—run my finger tips across the skin—not one trace of soreness could be found—not a single spot of irritation.

Then I found the *secret* of those fine-face-feeling shaves.

You have to examine the razor closely to find it. It is a small thing to find, but a mighty big thing in making-shaving-feel-fine.

The old man who made this razor explained it in a few words. He put it this way:

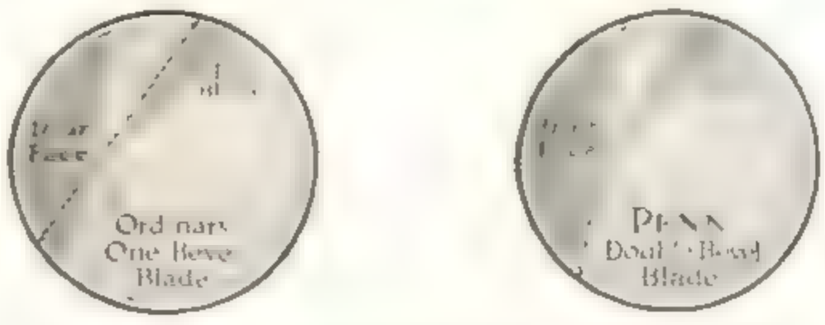
"When a razor scrapes and leaves your face sore, that's because it is shaving off some of the *skin* along with the beard.

"The blade is digging into the surface of the skin. The pressure necessary to carry it through the beard makes it dig.

"In grinding *my* razors, I add an *extra bevel*—very narrow—you can hardly see it—right close to the edge.

"This bevel lifts up the keen edge, and holds it flat against the face. Thus it shaves off the beard, but does not dig into the skin.

"That's why my edge leaves your face feeling fine."



Comparison showing the reason why the Penn Double-Bevel Blade does not dig into the skin

Putting a Double-Bevel Edge on a hand-ground razor was one thing. Putting a Double-Bevel Edge on thin, machine-ground, safety-razor blades is quite different. That was my problem.

I had to develop machines that would do this work. I had to hunt for steel that would hold such an edge. I had to study and experiment several years.

But I knew I had something that every man would be glad to get. I was confident that once a safety razor with the Double-Bevel Blade was perfected, it would only be necessary to reach men with my message and success would follow.

So, to the men whose faces do *not* feel fine after shaving, and who have not yet heard of the Penn Adjustable Razor with its Double-Bevel Blades, this advertisement is directed.

Penn Double-Bevel Blades fit all models of Penn Razors, of which a wide line is now offered, ranging in price from $10 down to $1.

New-Model Penn Razor, instantly adjustable to all types of beard

The new Penn *Adjustable Model* Razor, with 10 Double-Bevel Blades, in choice of several cases, $5; in Shaving Sets, including strop, $7.50 and $10. Penn Razors without adjustable feature, $1 and $2.50.

You can't get these fine-face-feeling shaves any too soon.

Go to the nearest cutlery, hardware, drug, or department store, and get a Penn Adjustable Razor. Use it. Then you'll tell your friends how you found the secret of pleasant shaving.

Note: If your neighborhood dealer has not yet been supplied with the Penn Adjustable Razor and the Double-Bevel Blades, write to me and I will see that your need is supplied.

Penn ADJUSTABLE Razor

"With the Double Bevel Blades"

A. C. PENN, Inc.

Singer Building, New York, N. Y Newark, N. J.

(Continued from Page 66)

north-of-England mother used to read me about Sunday mornings when I was a boy from the old book of Hebrew mythology which was about all the reading she had like most of her generation He creates his corporation in his own image Whether you like it depends on your taste and bringing up. If you're bourgeois you'll like it anyway. If you're proletarian you curse and gnash your teeth."

Here the image of the capitalist which he could show in the corporation was all that he could desire. Mines come quite commonly in the mountains; the mountains in a wilderness—a frontier; and power and property in a frontier are not unnaturally grasped by the hard-fighting pioneering spirits—no less to-day than when these held and fought upon the frontier marches of Europe. For purposes of the agitator the impersonal indifference natural to the corporation, driven from behind by hard-hitting, grasping, uncompromising spirits of an old pioneer régime, who fought for their operation of their property as they had fought first to obtain it, tooth and nail, with all conceivable weapons—all this made a combination which was ideal for Spinner; had furnished, in fact, for years a happy hunting ground for agitators in general. The hatred and suspicion which it was the radicals' first business to foment were already there—a suspicion inbred, unchanged, against every possible agency of society, from the employer through the state down into the leadership of labor itself.

It was well organized in a way, too, already, through the various benevolent societies of the foreign workmen, all under radical leadership; through the rank and file of the various radical unions that were established already in the section. Spinner's campaign was almost self-operating; he could trust the organization of his new field to conduct itself under the forces of the locality, and could devote himself meanwhile to his main problem.

It was not the purpose of the radicals to raid the elections of the American Federation of Labor in 1919. Possibly in 1920—but even that was not sure. Too many conventional political bonds would still hold back the radicals from registering the full force of their vote. They could only wait and see what came. But meanwhile they must begin to untie these bonds that held them, it was Spinner's theory, from the bottom up; to control first the local and then the International and then at last the Federation of Labor. It was Spinner's hope and plan of campaign to control the great miners' organization if possible at the next international election.

The radicals in very many districts of the union were already well started on a bitter campaign—which should grow bitterer as the unemployment following the close of war continued—to oust their former officers of all grades; making every form of charge, and more especially that the radicals were being defrauded of their vote and of the actual election of their radical officers by manipulation of election machinery, not only in the districts but in the International itself. Whether their charges were true or not was not of practical consequence to the working radical. They were certainly widespread. And Spinner was now, as his organizing campaign came to a head, planning carefully to adapt these charges and this widespread belief to the conditions in his district. If he could secure, through a set of district officers he could choose, a radical control of this district of the union he would add one more important nucleus for the coming fight within the International.

The time of local and district elections was coming on—in this district being set in the later winter. His time was limited and he worked with great haste to bring in his new locals soon enough to cast their votes in this year's election—as they might possibly do, with haste and under a liberal interpretation of the union's voting laws.

It was soon clear that it would not be easy to accomplish this. The old board of district officers were in no mood to be replaced; and it could not long be concealed from them that there would be a ticket to displace them. The question now was: Would the charters for the new locals be granted and delivered within sufficient time for the voting of the new and radical unions?

The excitement among the radicals of the district over this—their first real opportunity, as they thought, to secure control of the district organization—grew intense. There was a growth of bitter protest and recrimination as the delay in the delivery of charters continued.

"Wait," Spinner advised. "Give them a test. Let's be fair. Let's let them show themselves—just how honest they are."

He smiled inwardly as he did so. It was a foregone conclusion; whatever might be the truth of the charges it was a commonplace of expectation that the district officers would employ the usual tricks of labor politics to their own advantage for reelection.

They did involve themselves, he thought, watching them, most thoroughly. They certainly did in the estimation of their present constituency made overwhelmingly radical by the acquisitions from his newly organized field.

"Let them go; let them wind themselves up!" Spinner said to his following.

The temper in the district was growing uglier against them every day. The general temper was not pleasant now among the miners. A period of good wages freely spent during the war was now followed by absolute famine. There was practically no income for a miner; the free expenditures for food and clothing and personal enjoyment were through; the luxuries bought from the installment houses were being taken back again upon the failure of the periodical payments. The miners were on the streets or in their halls or other rendezvous, kicking their heels, cursing the scheme of the universe in general, and their own sudden misfortunes in particular—the operators with their millions from the war profits, the Government, the nation, their own leaders.

"These boys are a little raw this time," Spinner now admitted concerning the district officials and their election—giving at the same time a significant smile to his inner group of helpers.

The district officials had shut off the radical vote; they were making, in those local unions whose officers they controlled, rules as to technicalities of time and place of voting which would all favor them. There was open talk among the unions of the radical foreigners that they intended to miscount the votes.

However, they held their election -in their way—as they chose; won as usual in the district. Even then Spinner did not act.

"Wait," he told his party, "till the new charters all come!"

They were oversuspicious now, some of the foreigners. They were growing suspicious of him!

But now the new charters came; the old officers had played their hand out, made all their mistakes—and Spinner made his move.

There was a provision in the district laws by which sixteen local unions could call at any time for a special convention. This Spinner now arranged to do—for the purpose of deposing the district board, as being illegally elected. He got far more than the number of petitioning unions required.

Whether or not there was a legal right to depose these officers in this way would be a matter to be disentangled by the usual wrangling of the experts in the complicated union laws. But that was not the practical question, as Spinner clearly saw. He could bring now—with his new local unions, with the roused and angry sentiment of a good share of the others—an overwhelming majority of the district into the convention against its present administration. The thing spoke for itself, a great majority of the district was in rebellion against the old officers. The least that could happen practically was a revolt carrying out that common and now much dreaded situation in the miners' union the dual organization of a district. There had been too many of these secessions in late years all over the United States. They were a most threatening feature in a time of threatened general disintegration.

For there was more than a locality or district—important as that was—involved in this now; there was the union's general position throughout the country. Rebellion was spreading. The process which was to bring about the great bituminous coal strike of 1919 was already well under way.

It was absolutely certain that the International must concern itself to straighten out the quarrel in this district—and with the greatest haste.

"I have had now thirteen telegrams from him," said Spinner, laughing to the Strangler, washing his hands in the clanking china washbowl in his hotel room before the evening meal, "yelling to hold off until he comes."

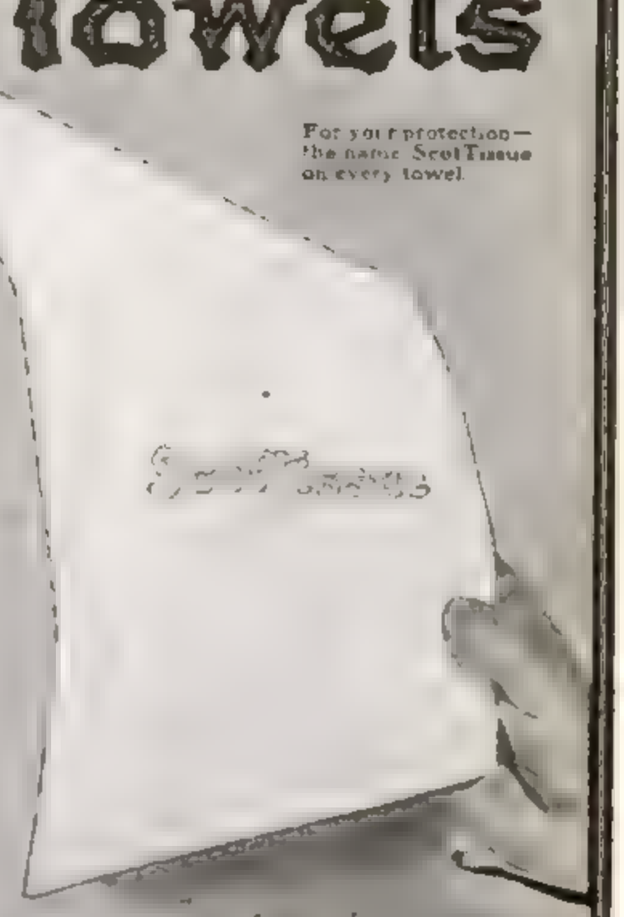
(TO BE CONTINUED)

All you need to know about washroom towels:

Are they clean?
Are they comfortable?
Do they dry?

Scottissue Towels

they dry



Towel questions in factory, hotel or office are answered easily, *economically*, by installing ScotTissue Towels. They dry, and always leave the user with a clean, comfortable feeling. One ScotTissue Towel, folded once, dries the hands; another the face. Write on your business letterhead for trial test offer.

Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa.
New York Chicago San Francisco
ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

Dip a ScotTissue Towel in your inkwell—prove its absorbency.

THE ROUND-UP

(Continued from Page 20)

It shall be unlawful for any person controlling the use of any room, building or other premises knowingly to permit the same to be used as the headquarters of any organization which advocates crime and violence.

It shall be unlawful to display at any meeting any flag symbolizing a purpose to overthrow the government.

Any person who shall violate sections 265a, 265b, 265c or 265f of the act shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction shall be imprisoned not less than one year nor more than ten years. Any person who shall violate sections 265d and 265e of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of not less than $500 nor more than $1000, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year, or both.

"Without any question," said Mr. Barnhart, "we have a lot of deportable cases right here in this house. How many we shall have to turn loose we can't tell yet. There will be hundreds of them taken in before we are done. It will take a special grand jury to indict them, and as to getting juries to try them, it would take a year to do that—think of the number of challenges, which would run into thousands. But the worst of these men we hope to send overseas, and the next worst of them we hope to keep in the penitentiary all their lives."

"What do you think," I asked him, "of the actual safety of the Government? Can we whip these people or are they going to beat us and really set up a soviet rule in America?"

The official did some thinking before he answered.

The Illinois Act Valid

"If we all get together and go after this thing right now, and keep after it," he said, "I think it can be stamped out. Otherwise no one can tell how fast and far it may run. We have not started any too soon. I do not believe that the people of America generally have any idea at all of the extent to which the labor element of America has been undermined by radical principles. All this soviet talk is nothing new to these people. They have set 1920 as the year for the revolution. One of their leaders declared last October, when he spoke at one of their meetings: 'You can all see and realize that we must all prepare ourselves for the coming spring, because the revolution is bound to start early in the spring, and a year from to-day we shall have the entire country in our power.' Lenine has wirelessed the world to-day that in 1920 there will be soviet rule in Washington.

"A majority of the cases we have will stick, though some may not. We think that the Illinois act is valid, and rest our belief on the Abrams case, in which the Supreme Court construed as 'force and violence' such expressions as 'Down with the flag!' 'To arms!' and so on.

"A great deal of this stuff runs back to Russia. We get our soviet ideas and some of our soviet money from Russia. If you want to see the people who are spreading this sort of doctrine go and talk to them yourself. I hope you will enjoy their society."

From Mr. Kenney, secretary to the state's attorney, and from others of the office force a general statement of the plan was obtained.

"We are especially after the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party. They began in Russia, and are under soviet control. It is their intention to disrupt the labor unions of America, and to use force to destroy what they call the capitalistic state. We have got a lot of Communists, Labor Communists and Left-Wingers in here. These last are part of the Communist International, whose open propaganda is sovietism all over the world. That, of course, means revolution. All these people think that they are going to have their revolution. They are not beaten even yet. We intend to keep after them."

About one hundred and sixty gathering places had been raided that afternoon and evening, not to mention more than one hundred and fifty homes. Some of the headquarters which had been raided were full of evidence. I saw one bomb, about as big as a baseball. It had a fuse attached. We could not tell whether it was a real or phony bomb. More than two dozen meeting places in one district on the West Side of the city were raided. There was found an office of the Embassy of the Soviet Government of Russia. There were also headquarters of Russian anarchists, Italian anarchists and Jewish anarchists. One headquarters is known as the Northwest Side Communist Party, another as the Ukrainian Headquarters. There were Communists of many different tongues, whose hearts beat as one with the honest purpose of abolishing bosses, capital, business and everything else.

It was quite a picture. It looked like a busy day in our town. Was it not so in yours?

Somewhat intrigued with the idea that a quiet little woman with a slow smile and a drawly voice and a very pleasant face could be a real honest-to-goodness policeman, I paused at the door to see her and her roomful of prisoners. She had quite a number of the more prominent ladies of Communist persuasions who had been picked up early in the evening.

Just beyond the presiding officer was a large imposing lady with a wide smile and a very tall feather in her hat. She was well clad, apparently well content with herself and entirely willing to talk. She had strongly marked Scandinavian features, but described herself as an American. Though I may be wrong I took it that her great-grandfather or something came over with the Jamestown Colony, and that her grandmother was one of the Mayflower party. She admitted that she was married to a European who had a German name. Later I found this gentleman in another room, and he said he was a Swiss, but was born in the Baltic provinces; that he was a machinist, and had traveled over much of America; that he had been married a couple of years, and that both he and his wife were of the belief that capitalism was all wrong. They also both admitted that they would enjoy a sandwich.

My policewoman told me that the lady with the tall hat was quite bright mentally; that she lectured. I talked with her, and she replied very freely and volubly.

There were two young women, very dark of eye and hair, pleasant-faced young persons enough, who had been brought in with their old mother, a Russian woman round sixty years of age. These were grouped in the farther corner of the room. The old lady had a hard angular face which betokened no great happiness of life, past, present or future. She retained the European shawl over her head, the covering which marks the peasant type. Her daughters took good care of her, and the old lady remained entirely silent, claiming that she could not speak English.

The Girl from the Ukraine

Her daughter, a young married woman, gypsy in looks, was willing to talk. They came from the Ukraine, she said, and were factory people here in our town. I asked this young woman what she thought she was going to accomplish by this revolution. She was very eager and candid in her expression of opinion.

"Why should I work so hard to make others rich?" she said. "Why should not we who produce the wealth own it?" Her language was somewhat broken.

"Then only those who work should eat?" I asked her; and she eagerly admitted that that was precisely her line of thought.

"Surely, that's right," she said.

"And you don't think that your employer, the boss, works at all?"

"Sure not. What does the boss produce?"

"Well, I had been of the impression that he produced the coin Saturday morning," I said to her, but she could not get that at all.

"The people do all the work, and someone else gets all the money," said she.

"Then you mean to distribute the property of the boss?"

"Sure."

"Maybe you'd have to kill the boss to do that?"

She glanced aside quickly and spread out her hands deprecatingly.

"We no harm nobody," she said.

"Then how are you going to get everybody to divide even with you?"

"The people who work must rule," she answered.

"But who is going to run the business then? Who will be your boss?"

"We have no boss then, sir."

"Things will somehow run themselves, eh?"

"Some of us will know more than others. There will be different sorts of work."

"But all paid just alike?"

"Sir, perhaps some will be paid more than others. We must educate."

"But you will not have any roads or any schools?"

"Sure, we have schools."

"But who is going to run the schools? And who is going to support the schools? Where are the taxes going to come from?"

"We have no taxes then, sir. When all is free, all is common together, there will be no more taxes."

"Wouldn't that be fine!" I said to her. "And you really believe that that will happen?"

"Sure, it comes!" said she.

I let her go back to her old mother. I am confident that the young woman actually believed in everything she proposed. Of course it is almost incomprehensible that such mentalities should exist, but the truth is that they do exist and that there are millions of just such people in America to-day, thanks to our own ignorance, our own lack of mentality.

I called up another young woman—a strapping fine specimen of young womanhood she was, large, strong, of dark hair and eyes, and a very pleasant face. She might have been the matron in a hospital, so kindly and competent she seemed.

Wisdom from Odessa

"I am from Odessa," she said when questioned. "I have come over to this country, as a great many of my people did."

"And you stayed Russian when you came? Do you want to go back to Russia now?"

"Yes," she said. "We find America is not what we thought. It is not so free."

"Tell me," I said to her, "what you people are trying to get at. What do you want? What is your idea of freedom?"

"All people should share alike. There should be no oppression. Some should not work for the wealth of others."

"Then you believe that all human beings are alike?"

"Sure they are. One human being is just as good as another."

"That sounds democratic to me," said I. "Then you mean that all babies are born just alike—that family means nothing—that blood means nothing that there is no such thing as race or heredity."

"Sure not," she said, smiling pleasantly. "All people are alike. All ought to share alike. If I am alive I am as good as all these others. Why should I work for them? Why should they have more money than I have? Why should this Government oppress us?"

"My dear young friend," said I to her, "if you don't like this country why don't you get out of it?"

I was clear in my own mind, as I have been always, that you can never in the world Americanize people like this, but first must construct them into human beings, able to think and reason.

"We can't go back now," she said. "How could we get passports?"

"Well, I think they ought to be arranged for you, and several hundred thousand more," I told her. "I don't think you know what you're trying to get at. I don't think you know what reason is. So that is what you think of America as a land of freedom?"

The young woman smiled very pleasantly, and took no offense at what I said. I could not discover that one of these people had any uneasiness or any fear. They seemed to be convinced that they were right and that after a time they would succeed. In other words, here was a soviet in our town.

Across the table from my quiet policewoman was a young woman in a nice white shirtwaist and a neat dark hat. She had clear-cut features, a straight nose, rather straight lips, blue eyes, and a certain color in her cheeks which in the prevailing light seemed natural. There was a hard, austere sort of good looks about her face. She paid no attention to the Russians on the other side of the room.

"She's American," said the policewoman to me. "I don't think she'll talk."

"I wonder how old that young woman is," I said in an audible aside to the policewoman. "She looks to me to be in her late thirties." I grinned pleasantly. The young woman turned to me with a flash in her eye.

"Oh, you think so, do you?" she said.

"I might be mistaken," I said to her. "Perhaps you are not more than twenty-three. I observe that your mouth turns up at the corners, so apparently you are of a sweet and amiable disposition. If so, would you mind telling me the story of your life?"

She did so. I found this young person to be mentally very keen, with a bitterly sarcastic tongue, and a sort of acerb acuteness about her. Life for her apparently had not been a bed of roses. Later I learned that she was married to a German who had deserted from the German Army and come to this country, where for some time he has been known as an agitator. This young subject was a waitress in a restaurant. She appeared to be well fed enough and well clad, yet was confident that she was among the downtrodden.

"How can I eat," she demanded, "when I know that my fellow man is hungry?"

I suggested to her that she and all her fellow men who acted as waiters in a restaurant ought to be able to solve the eating question in peace and comfort.

"Is that so?" she demanded. "It shows how much you know about life. Should I steal? In the restaurant we are watched, and dare not take a bit of food. After the meal is over we may eat scraps. 'Here are some bones,' the boss said to me. 'Eat them—you're a dog, aren't you?'"

This sounded rather ultradramatic to me, and I ventured a great many other questions, most of which brought out vitriolic replies. She was unquestionably a socialist of the bitter type, though American born of several generations. It would do little good to rehash the patter she handed out, as did most of these others. Few of them actually agree, because some of them forget their lessons. At the bottom of their logic are discontent, envy, jealousy, failure.

The Policewoman Talks

Some of the women who profess socialism get their doctrines from their husbands. Thus, in the room at the same time, very silent and very sad, it seemed to me, was a young Irishwoman married to a European socialist, some man whom I presume she had met in her own circle of life. For some reason this woman woke in me a sort of feeling of delicacy, and I did not have the heart to cross-question her as to why she was there. She did not speak to the others, but after a time made herself a sort of bed out of her cloak, and lay down, trying to sleep. At midnight none of these had had anything to eat. The old Russian woman was wakening the sympathy of the little policewoman. I turned to talk with the latter, and asked her what she thought.

"I'm sorry, and I'm rather hopeless," she said. "Once I believed in the union idea, but not any more now for me. Life hasn't been so easy for me. I'm a widow, and I support my little girl, twelve years old. I've been on the force about ten years. They send me out on investigation work, of course. Sometimes I've been alone in a hall full of these people, who didn't seem human. I would listen to them talk for a while and then slip out and tip off the meeting for a raid."

At four o'clock in the morning, when I left that part of the building, the little woman was still on guard over her charges. She smiled a slow crooked sort of smile which had much wisdom in it, it seemed to me, and all the sympathy that the occasion demanded for her charges.

There were considerable numbers of women taken in the raids of the evening, some of whom had been very active in I. W. W. and soviet propaganda. While I was sitting in the room talking to the policewoman an officer brought to the door and pushed into the room yet another young woman, very well dressed, very self composed, and of very pleasing personality.

"Here's a propagandist," said the officer to me. "Maybe you can get her to talk."

This young lady smiled very pleasantly, but seemed to prefer to talk to the waitress.

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 70)

near whom she seated herself. These two apparently had met before, or at least they fell into animated conversation at once on very friendly terms. They kept apart from the Russians, were better dressed and of higher type. Already there was class feeling in that room of equalists. I did not undertake to interrupt their conversation. Sandwiches and coffee were served, and I take it that the waitress was able to get a square meal for once at least. The night had gone far when I passed this room again and saw the fragments of the city's hospitalities still resting on the table.

"Is there any coffee?" the policewoman asked of one of the guards who came in. "I think that old lady over there ought to have some."

With rough kindness the big man took over a cup of coffee to the old lady who could not speak English.

"Is it hot?" she asked rather distinctly.

"Well, no, ma'am, not very," said the big chap.

The old lady shook her head.

"If she doesn't want it," said the policewoman in her soft voice, "I wish you'd let me have a taste. I've had nothing all night."

In a room off the main hall a number of prisoners were in line while the officers were frisking them for weapons or anything that could be used in evidence. In the line I noticed two negroes—one a short black man of middle age, the other younger, tall and slender, with a deep scar across his face, as though someone had used a razor on him for social purposes at some time in his career. Both of these men were entirely calm. The shorter man was pleasant as the officer went through his clothing. Some money was found and handed back to him, also a fine gold watch. His union card was retained.

"Business agent," said the officer. "Whose card is that?"

"That's me," said the negro carelessly. "I'm the business agent."

I followed these two men into the general room where some fifty of the prisoners were rounded up. Meantime I learned that the agent was a negro orator and agitator who has traveled widely over the country, organizing his people. His case uncovers the truth that the radicalists now are enlisting in their ranks all manner of ignorant and discontented folk who are dissatisfied with their conditions in life. For a long time few unions would admit negroes.

The Red Turk

There was one short stocky man with bushy dark hair and a European cap drawn over his forehead, who returned my straight look with one equally straight from his large gray eyes. You would class the man as one who would fight, and I think he would. He was a machinist from Northern Europe, a man who had traveled all over this country, and whom I took to be one of the leaders. He admitted the full Communist creed.

A tall young man, dark, slender, animated, pushed to the edge of the circle where the two Irish guards and I were joking with the nearer ranks. This man declared himself to be a Turk. The big Irishman on the door expressed little sympathy with the people who had been brought in on such charges as he knew had been filed in these cases here.

"Huh!" exclaimed the Turk. "How about the policemen's union in Boston? You're no better than the rest of us."

Then turning to me he launched into quite an extensive discourse on the rights of man.

"We came to this country under the protection of your Constitution," he said. "But it's not what it was; not what was offered to us before we came. The Constitution under Lincoln was one thing, and under Wilson it's another. You told us we would have a free country here, but it's as bad as Europe. We have no more rights here than we had in Europe. You've forgotten all about Lincoln, you Americans."

I had heard here and there a great deal of talk about Lincoln, and about the people, and about the principles of our democracy.

This was to come out yet more from time to time during the evening, and at last I ran against its full expression.

"Go get him a bad one, boys," said big Flannigan, special detective on the raid.

We went out into the corridor and paged a bad one. He sat tight, seeing that he was not known, but at last one of the men dug him out from the bench and jerked him up to his feet. He was led into a little room, and there I talked to the bad one in the presence of a boyish-looking young assistant attorney, not long back from the war, where he came out a lieutenant with high recommendations for bravery and efficiency. The young lieutenant sat across from the table from the bad one and me.

A Typical Radical

We were in contact with a real one, for the bad one is recognized as being one of the brainiest of the radicals. He did not ill-play the part. A gaunt man, loose and stooped, with the indefinable type of dress of all these radicals, curiously alike, he had the small ferretlike eye, the abundant hair, the peaked chin, the sallow skin so noticeable in general here. He could have gone before the camera as a movie actor for this particular part.

"Yes, I'm a unionist. Yes, I believe in the rule of the people. Yes, I think an absolute wrong has been done to all the laboring classes."

"What is the especial wrong which you have suffered?" I asked him.

"It is not a special wrong, but a general wrong, a wrong to all my class. We come to this country as a land of freedom. We had held out to us the doctrine preached by Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, the great democrat, the great friend of the plain people. But the Constitution of his time is not the Constitution of to-day. Yes, I'm against the capitalist class, of course. What we believe in is what Lincoln said: 'A government of the people, by the people, for the people.'"

I don't think any one utterance I ever heard a man make has shocked me so much as that.

"Do people like you dare use the words of that good man, dead in his grave?" I said to him. "Can you use the Gettysburg Address as any justification of your tearing this Government to pieces?"

I got up and left the room. I don't know what became of the bad one. The little lieutenant followed me out, his face flushed.

"For a cent I'd have smashed him in the face with the inkstand," said he.

"Tut, tut, son!" said an older man busily engaged in making entries in the book. "Don't make 'em worse. We'll take care of them."

They brought in another, a quiet dapper little man in dark clothes, very well dressed, very self-composed. He seated himself in the chair without any agitation whatever—a smallish frail man, with very small weak, pointed chin and pinched mouth, and a tremendously wide and bulging forehead, backed with thin dark hair. In his glasses he looked precisely like a German professor. I should say he had German blood and was not English, though he claims to be English in descent.

"Yes," he said in answer to questions, in a composed, well-educated voice and manner, "I run a bookstore, and I sell Communist literature and I. W. W. literature. They took a quantity of that literature this evening, perhaps. Yes, persons of my beliefs do meet at my store. I keep a general bookstore, sell fiction and other books, sell stationery. I have had a rather prosperous business. I am an Englishman by birth, but a few years ago I came over to America. I thought I should like this country better, that it would give me more freedom."

"When did you take up socialism?" I asked him. "Before you came over; or after?"

"Afterward. I've only been reading it three or four years. Of course I believe in it. There are a great many wrongs which can be righted only through applied socialism. There must be a change in the capitalistic form of government."

"You're a different sort from these others," I answered. "You've got more intelligence and more education. Do you intend to stay in this country? If you don't like this country why don't you go back home?"

"I'm inclined to think that would be desirable," said he. "On the whole, though there are some things in the English Government I don't like, I think it is my duty to return to that country. My old mother is still there, and she is almost totally blind. I think it is my duty to go back. As soon as I can sell my store I think I shall go back."

I need not detail the conversation. I emerged from it with the devout regret that every one of these radicals did not have a blind mother in Europe demanding his instant presence across seas. That would be a great aid to our Department of Labor, which has charge of deportations.

I presume it will not be needful to burden space with further details of conversations I held with all sorts of radicals that night. To me it was a new experience. I had never known life before. I had never known my country or my Government before.

Russian Ideas Imported

So these were the people handled by the great businesses, sought after by the great politicians, the prey of the pussyfooters of the land! I could get nothing clear of it except that I knew they did not belong here; that we could have no America, could have no republic so long as they remained here. For most of them education was a hopeless thing. They had brought Russia into America, and in their ignorant resentment would wreak on us ruin, in payment for the wrongs inflicted on them for centuries in another country and under a different theory of government from ours.

And they had used the words of Lincoln, the emancipator: "Of the people, by the people, for the people."

That phrase was in my ears when I went out into the streets of our town, just as dawn was coming across the ice fields. The thermometer was five below. The wind was blowing skits of snow along the streets of our town. New Year's Day of 1920 was done.

On the following day the dragnet kept on its work among the radicals, and in all the different police stations and court rooms of the town they began to be packed together in very considerable numbers. The high cost of living was for the time forgotten in general discourse by the outside public. Everyone was talking of the raids, reading of the uncovering of the volcano close to which we have been living all the time. Decent men and women rubbed their eyes. "Why, they say these people meant to start a government of their own," said some, who perhaps know very little of how the Government of America is conducted. "These are the violent sort, who want to take away the property and divide it up. Why, isn't it awful!" said the people in our town.

The newspapers were full of what is known as the news—long lists of names and street addresses. The quarrel between the Department of Justice at Washington and the free state of Cook, Illinois, was played up with much bitterness, and many open accusations were made on both sides. Certainly there had not been harmony or coördination between the branches of the law, local and national. In the morning journals State's Attorney Hoyne was quoted in various terms, so I asked him for a statement.

Mr. Hoyne's Statement

"I regard it as extremely unfortunate that Attorney-General Palmer should in any way have sought to discredit this more humble office," he said. "He has in no way been ignored, nor have his plans been interfered with. It seems to me a trifle extraordinary that his statement that he intended making sweeping arrests should have appeared throughout the country on the morning of the very day on which he knew the raids were scheduled. No one more than myself was surprised to read that statement. The public may judge for itself as to the wisdom of shouting from the housetops the plans of intended raids among these radicals—men naturally always on the alert.

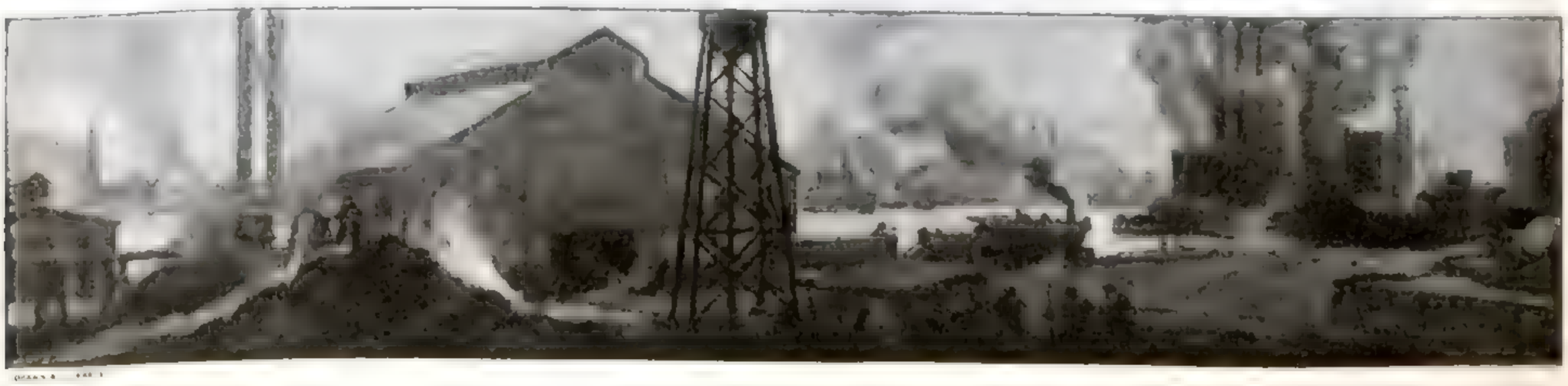
"I do not believe in a brass-band parade in this sort of work, no matter how imposing the drum major may look.

"I had a number of conferences with officials of the Department of Justice, and in our final conference they agreed to act with me. The day of January first was agreed upon, and the officials of the Department of Justice not only agreed to coöperate in the arrest but application for search warrants before United States authorities had been made in order that the seizure of records might take effect. These warrants were to be served with the assistance of attorneys and detectives from my office. The Department of Justice agreed to send its agents to the police stations to join with our attorneys and detectives in making the arrests.

"At about noon on January first, only a few hours before my men were to start serving the warrants, a special representative of the Department of Justice informed me that the department would not cooperate in the arrests. He said that he had just received word from Washington not to participate. He appeared not to know the reason for this.

"Since the special representative of the United States authorities did not know the reason for this sudden change of his plans, I am not sure that I should further concern myself with it. Certainly we did not alter our own plans. We went ahead with the arrests, and this city and this office were as a matter of fact the first over the top in this the first general frontal attack of the United States upon the treasonable element of our population.

"In these times all prosecuting agencies should work together in the general frontal against the enemies of America. Our nation is more in peril now than it was during the war—we know that here in Chicago, whether or not they know it in



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Washington. That, it seems to me, is the big and vital thing, and the only thing that is big and vital.

"I have been turning over to the Federal authorities all aliens, Communists and radicals, every case in which I have not specific evidence of violation of the state statute. I intend to coöperate with the Government in every way possible. The Department of Justice has access to the files of this office at any time and may avail itself of all our force for work in the one common purpose to rid this country of this radical element.

"Since these things are true, it is not too much to expect the coöperation of the Department of Justice during the trial of these anarchists. Of course there is a certain division between the activities of the Department of Justice and those of this office, owing to the fact that the National Government can act only against aliens, and not against citizens in cases such as these; whereas this office is proceeding not only against aliens but also against all citizens who are violating any of our statutes bearing on these matters.

"When this movement was first begun I conferred with the commanding general of the Central Department. General Wood directed that all the intelligence files pertaining to radical activities should be placed at the disposal of my office. The Intelligence Division of the Army gave us invaluable information and assistance.

"With passing arguments and recriminations to another department I have no concern. With advertising I have no concern. It is a time when all the prosecuting agencies of the Government should get together in wholly harmonious action against a common foe.

"It is true that our laws are not sufficiently exact, as many of them were formed in peacetimes, when we could not contemplate such a state of affairs as actually exists to-day. Our laws ought to be improved and made more rigid—there ought to be more teeth in them, as the phrase is. We ought not only to have laws enforcing the deportation of undesirable aliens, we ought to have a national law making it possible to take away the citizenship papers of anyone who has proved himself undeserving of them.

"Only by ridding this country of these undesirable elements and by making it absolutely sure that they cannot return at any time—either for business or political purposes—can this country be made safe for Americans. I claim to be an American. That is good enough title for me."

The Real News

Some news in our village on the second day of the glad new year! Though but a police reporter, and of only one night's experience, I would respectfully submit that the newspapers of America have not been printing the news. That this state of affairs actually exists, that we have opened our gates to the masses of these people, that we have allowed their machinations to go on so far, that there are editors and writers and business people and politicians by the thousand in America who lack courage to go straight to this foreign element—that's the news!

That the authorities at Washington have postponed from year to year this very action—that's the news! That political fear all over this country has allowed the labor-union idea to grow into this revolutionary idea—that's the news! That but for the grace of God we should this winter have had a fourfold strike tying up the steel industry, all the railroads, all the coal-mining industries, all the packing and food industries—that's the news! That the One Big Union idea has been abroad all over the country, and is by no means stopped—that's the news! That no matter what self-satisfied officials may say, the backbone of this movement is by no means broken, that the work has but begun—that's the news!

That this country will not be safe until thousands and thousands of these people have been deported forever and the gates set up against the incoming of their like at any time in the future—that's the real news of it all; and it should be remembered after the tumult and the shouting of all the advertising has died away.

I went over to the Bureau of Investigation on the morning of the second day following the New Year's raids. By this time the flaming headlines all across the United States had told of the general government raid in all the great cities of the country, describing how some four thousand or five thousand reds and radicals were at that moment in custody. I asked Mr. Edward J. Brennan, chief of the Bureau of Investigation, what he could say for us.

"I can hardly talk at all," said Mr. Brennan. "I have had no sleep for thirty-six hours, and I'm nearly done in. We've been on this work for months, getting the evidence together. Talk to Mr. Creighton."

Mr. John T. Creighton, special representative on the ground of the United States Attorney-General's office, spoke somewhat freely regarding the local situation, admitting that he himself was a stranger, and had only come to do the work as it was laid before him by his superior officers. I may quote such part of his statement as applies to the local phases of the big raids:

"I think you will realize at once that it is impossible under our form of government and under our present existing statutes for the Attorney-General of the United States to deal with the radical situation as a situation—it was necessary to deal with individuals and utilize such laws as were on our statute books and to ask Congress for such further legislation as might piece out the present laws to make them effective. To this end the existing laws were carefully studied. An alien-enemy deportation bill was just submitted to Congress. Next a sedition bill was prepared by the department and submitted.

"Later the department got behind a bill to extend the operation of the deportation laws. More than seventy laws are now pending in Congress bearing upon the radical situation, but as yet none of the three bills above mentioned has passed, nor has any other important addition to our laws been made."

Illegal Organizations

"In order to make a case against a radical under the present deportation laws it is necessary to obtain evidence that he is an alien, and roughly speaking that he is an anarchist under some one of its definitions set forth in the act, or believes, teaches or advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force, or the unlawful destruction of property, or is a member of or affiliated with the organization that has such for its purposes. The evidence must be obtained in advance and no warrant will issue except upon production of such evidence. After the issuance of the warrant the alien is then examined by an immigration inspector with an opportunity to be confronted by the evidence, to be represented by counsel and present proof in his own behalf. The record is then written up and submitted to the Secretary of Labor for final judgment on the case. Such is the law, and it is immutable so far as we officers are concerned.

"Last night's raids are the result of careful and continuous work extending over a period of four months, and were held on the first practicable minute that arrangements could be completed after the Department of Labor had ruled the Communist and Communist Labor Parties to be illegal organizations. This date was changed three times. It was first set for a day between Christmas and New Year's, and it was found that we could not get ready in that time; it was then set for the seventh of January, and subsequently it developed that we could expedite matters; the day after New Year's was then set as being the first possible day that the drive could be launched throughout the country at large. Of course it is obvious that concerted action throughout the country was absolutely necessary.

"I came more than a month ago to examine the local situation here and see whether the Department of Justice could enter into any coöperative arrangements with other government authorities which would be beneficial to the United States in carrying out this drive. After canvassing the situation thoroughly I decided that it would be of value if coöperative arrangements could be made with the office of the state's attorney, but by reason of circumstances which could not be controlled the Department of Justice was unable to launch its drive throughout the nation on the same day as Mr. Hoyne felt that he should conduct his."

I asked Maj. Thomas B. Crockett, United States Army, for a long time the head of the Intelligence Division in this

(Concluded on Page 76)

THE DAILY
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"Want to get married, do ye? All right. I kin marry ye, give ye boardan' lodgin', print a weddin' announcement in the sassiety column, an' sell ye an equipment of Weed Tire Chains, all for twelve dollars. An' I guarantee ye won't do any skiddin' on the slippery road of life."

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Look for the name on every "Pelter"

Go pick out your model at the store that sells Pelters. If you don't know one in your locality write us.

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(Concluded from Page 74)

city, whether he cared to make a statement.

"Absolutely none," said he. "I refer you to my commanding officer, General Wood."

Gen. Leonard Wood, commander of the Central Department, allowed himself to be quoted in the following terms:

"There is no more important issue before the American people to-day than the maintenance of law and order, the protection of the rights of property and of the individual, the establishment of an appreciation of the importance of the fact that true liberty is found within the law and never outside of it.

"The red element is striking both at the rights of the individual, the rights of property, and indeed at our Government itself. The alien red should be deported as fast as he can be sent overseas, and the naturalized red should be handled through the courts of our own country.

"This red-flag element must be stamped out. It is the enemy of everything this Government stands for, and it strives to tear down everything that we have spent our entire national life in building up.

"The danger within our house is not alone the red but our indifference. Wake up!"

A representative of the Department of Justice to whom I talked said: "The people don't know that we can't deport anybody. A Bureau of Investigation digs out evidence and submits it to the Department of Justice as its superior officer, and in turn it must submit the evidence to the Department of Labor. All these things have to be handled through the Department of Labor, and all the Department of Justice can do is to get its perfect deportation cases together and put the facts up to the Department of Labor. That's where the actual deportation orders must issue."

So there you are. You could get almost any sort of story you liked round our town the first three days of the current glad new year in America—the first year of peace and prohibition.

At least we have made a start. If we now be content with this first raid—whatever be the real motive back of it—if we again relapse into our old American ignorance and indifference, then we yet shall have our revolution, and the triumph of Lenine will be complete. He will have unsettled a world. Between Lenine and that triumph stands one giant figure. It is yourself.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Her Sixth Sense

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, the poet and editor, was interrupted in his reading by a caller who was insistent upon gossip.

"Have you heard," asked the caller, "what Mrs. G—— is saying about some of you poets getting rich enough to buy homes?"

"Hasn't she a delightful sense of rumor?" responded Mr. Towne.

Teamwork

ASCRIBE in New York has a seventeen-year-old daughter who for years has observed her father in his efforts to dig up catchy lines for vaudeville turns. The other day this scribe thinking himself alone in the house walked into one of the bedrooms without knocking. The daughter was dressing, and at her startled cry the father retreated.

"Why, daddy," she called out, "you caught me underwears, didn't you? Why not put that in the act?"

A Horse on the Bartender

LAST summer, on the eve of prohibition, a party of men were leaning over the rail of a buffet in Cleveland. In the exuberation of the occasion they had reached that state where a man toys with his tipple for half an hour, keeping the attendant waiting. One of them had placed a five-dollar bill on the bar and apparently had forgotten it. The bartender, hoping that it would not be remembered, quietly removed the bill and stuck it behind a glass near his cash register. Eventually one of the tipplers appeared to miss something. A ray of reason struck him.

"Where's that five-dollar bill?" he asked. "I know—I'm sure I put a five-dollar bill down there."

"Five-dollar bill? What five-dollar bill—oh, sure, here it is," replied the attendant, seeing that there was no escape. He placed it in front of his customer. Nothing was said for a moment, but the thought of an attempted robbery evidently lingered in the customer's brain.

"Have you got a horse?" he asked after a long pause in which he glared steadily at the bartender.

"Horse? Certainly I have no horse. Why do you ask, sir?"

"Well," replied the tippler unsteadily, "Jesse James had one."

The Blight of Ambition

CORSE PAYTON, the well-known exponent of the ten-twenty-thirty-cent drama, who once created great merriment at a dinner by humorously referring to himself as "America's best bad actor—after all," met Henry Dixey on Broadway the other afternoon.

"What are you doing now, Corse?" asked Dixey, his friend.

"Oh, I've just started uplifting the ten-twenty-thirty drama again at the Lexington Opera House."

"Say, Corse," Dixey admonished, "why don't you get out of that stuff and try something worth while—why don't you have some ambition?"

"Ambition, Henry?" retorted Payton. "Ambition is what turned Germany into a village."

Liquid Bait

A STOCKBROKER in New York, marked as a man possessed of a rich wine cellar and noted for his hospitality, is complaining of an unfair advantage his friends are taking by calling on him with decoy drinks.

"One of my old business associates called on me the other night," he says, "and within five minutes produced a tiny flask containing just about one good drink of whisky, which he asked that I share with him. I declined and he grew indignant.

"'Now, Joe,' I finally had to tell him, 'you know as well as I do that you wanted me to taste that so that I would go down in the cellar and open up a quart.'

"'Well,' he said, 'you can't blame a fellow for trying, can you?' And I had to capitulate."

A Poor Judge of Reach

HYPE IGOE, a writer of pugilistic affairs, spent an evening at a table where two enthusiasts discussed heatedly the matter of reach as between Carpentier and Dempsey. In the meantime they served the bored Mr. Igoe with one-half-of-one-per-cent beer. Unable to agree on the matter of reach, they left it to the expert with the understanding that he was to make reply in his column.

The next morning Mr. Igoe replied as follows:

"The man who called that near-beer is a bad judge of distance."

Sea Lanes

THERE's a road that winds across the world,
With never a home to left or right;
Where never a friendly smoke has curled
Above a vagrant's fire at night,
And never the warmth of a gypsy camp,
With shelter, and cup to quench the thirst;
Where never a man should choose to tramp
But breaks his fetters of durance first.

The crossroads lead to reach and rack;
The bypaths end on many a shore,
And yet there's never a rut or track
To tell you tramped the road before.

With never a milestone on the way
Or friendly tavern to greet the sight,
With only the sun to guide by day,
And a single star, perhaps, at night;
It stretches away to meet the sky,
This road that never ends at all,
And up where the meteors blaze and die
It catches the star dust when they fall.

Beside this road, with never a breach,
Are waving fields of tropic blue,
And stretching as far as the eye can reach
The flowering crests of emerald hue;
With cool dark furrows that lie between,
And like vast fields of cotton bloom
On slender stalks of watery green,
The tossing combers blown with spume.

The lore of the road is free to all,
For Nature's book is there to read;
But woe to him that hears the call
And takes the road—but does not heed.
For here is a wild and luring trail,
Leading away from the haunts of men;
Out to the home of the gull and the whale,
And never leading back again.

—*Burt Franklin Jenness.*

Peary's Unpolar Feet

AT A MEETING of the Explorers' Club not so long ago Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, was among those present.

As the party was breaking up Admiral Peary was noticed, in a very perturbed state of mind, peering under sofas and into dark corners of the room.

"What is the trouble, admiral?" some one inquired.

"Oh, it's provoking," he replied. "Here it is a rainy night and I have lost my rubbers."

Second Sight

SHE is a middle-aged kindly soul whose appointments as masseuse take her peregrinating daily through the cañons of New York's exclusive apartment-house regions. Among her little benefactions is a constant alertness for blind persons halted by their affliction in fearing hesitancy at street crossings. Often she has quickened her pace upon hearing ahead the tapping of a cane, so that she might be at the blind one's elbow when the curb should be reached.

One day she was about to step to the asphalt of a cross-town street at Park Avenue when from the rear came a familiar tap-tap-tap of wood. She turned and beheld in commiseration a well-dressed man, his back to her, standing near a lamp-post at the edge of the pavement fronting the avenue. His head was down and over his forearm his stick was crooked as if it could serve no purpose until some passer-by volunteered to guide him safely out into the elegantly subdued drone of limousine tires that seemed forbiddingly endless.

So young he was, she thought, as she hurried to his side, so young and so handicapped! Perhaps in the dread gas-reeking fastnesses of the Argonne ——

"Did you wish to cross the avenue?" she asked gently over his shoulder, her tones weighted with solicitude almost maternal, her hand softly cupped beneath his arm.

The young man bent earnestly over the ashy bowl of his pipe, squinted carefully into it, tapped it once more against the lamp-post, and then met her eyes with perhaps an unrighteous glint of comprehension in his own.

"Don't mind if I do!" he said cordially.

Sorrow and Joy

NOW rest in peace; nor let the giddy whirl
Of social frenzies that round you swirl
Disturb your rest. Some day I'll ope the lid
Of that dark box in which you long have hid,
Gaze on you sadly, drop a bitter tear,
Or mayhap two, for that you were so dear. . . .

But now I dare not. Soft again I close
The cover down and blow my weeping nose.
I dare not walk with you. Not now, nor lose
Your precious shine, O fourteen-dollar shoes.
You are too dear; so lie and wait the day
When I'm as rich as John K. Cræsus. . . .
Say!
Last night I struck it rich! While prowling round
Up in the attic, seeking rats, I found,
All scratched and mildewed, in a mouse's nest,
A pair of shoes; Great Jove, can it be true
That years ago I nonchalantly threw
Those shoes away? To-day with happy zest
I gloat on them—I'm wearing them for best!

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

The famous Valspar boiling water test

"It's lucky the floor is VALSPARRED"

EVEN scalding water from a leaking radiator will do no damage to a floor that is varnished with Valspar.

In fact, Valspar is known as "*the accident-proof varnish*," because it protects floors, woodwork and furniture against all sorts of things—steam, ice water, hot greases, ammonia, vinegar, alcohol and even strong acids.

Valsparred floors, woodwork, linoleum and furniture are so easy to keep clean. They can be washed with soap and warm water without the least injury. Your bathroom, nursery, kitchen and pantry can be kept clean and sanitary if you use Valspar.

Valspar is easy to apply and dries hard over night. Floors, furniture and woodwork varnished with Valspar may be left bright or rubbed to a beautiful, dull finish.

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This is "Wearever" RUBBER GOODS WEEK to Promote

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REPRESENTATIVE druggists and leading merchants throughout America are participating in a "Wearever" RUBBER GOODS WEEK commencing today. This widespread, united effort will introduce into many thousands of American homes the "Wearever" Rubber Goods that are hygienic, useful, economical servants of family well-being. Your local "Wearever" dealer is thus working to promote the greater comfort and better health of every member of your family.

Equip your home with "No. 40" Water Bottles and "No. 24" Fountain Syringe during "Wearever" RUBBER GOODS WEEK. Get the "Faultless Nurser" for Baby at the same time. Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods have set a standard of maximum reliability, of maximum service and durability, and of maximum economy.

"No. 40" and "No. 24" are *moulded-in-one-piece* of fine "live" rubber with no seams to leak, no bindings to come loose. Uniformly strong throughout. Every home should have several "40's" and a "24." There are forty ways to use "No. 40"—hot or cold—to ease aches and pains, to bring welcome relief in the sick room, to increase comfort on cold nights, to keep Baby warm and snug, etc. Its Patented Oval Neck Construction gives "No. 40" rugged strength at a vital point and makes filling easier and safer.

The FAULTLESS NURSER—"Next Best to Mother's Breast"—gives Baby a steady flow of food. Patented Valve and Re-inforcing Ribs prevent collapsing and insure that Baby gets food instead of air, thus preventing much colic and indigestion. Nipple can be turned INSIDE OUT for thorough cleansing. Its strong "live" rubber permits frequent boiling without injury. Sterilize six at a time and give Baby a clean, *sterilized* nipple for *every* feeding.

Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods are sold by all representative druggists and merchants everywhere.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER CO.
(Ashland Rubber Works)
Ashland
Ohio
U. S. A.

Nurser Nipple
Patented July 13, '15

IMMIGRATION CONTROL

(Continued from Page 8)

facie admissible—that it is not to be expected that an alien seeking the privilege of entering shall show in any way that he is a desirable addition to our great family, but that it is incumbent upon the Government, if the alien is to be denied or expelled at all, to show that he is undesirable for some specified reason and upon the basis of convincing evidence. In other words, the law has always put the burden of proof not upon the alien, where it naturally belongs, but upon the Government of the United States.

We have prided ourselves upon, we have boasted of the claim that Uncle Sam's family is so strong morally, mentally, physically, socially, politically, that no matter who comes into its midst he must at once—or so soon that his power for evil is negligible—be brought under such benign influences as to raise him to the same level as the majority of the legitimate members of the group. We are wakening now to find not only that our dream is not altogether true so far as our influence upon the invader is concerned but, alas, that some of the invaders are exerting an influence upon members of our own household that is anything but wholesome. By no means are all the dangerous anarchists, radicals and reds now found here aliens. We have not been so careful as we should have been to ascertain the fitness of our visitors before we threw open the door and let them in. And in no other one respect has our carelessness been so fully exemplified as in this matter of the burden of proof. With the existing situation advantageous to us we have deliberately so framed our laws as to place our own Government at a serious disadvantage in dealing with those who knock at our portals seeking admission or who, having already entered in some way, so misbehave as to make their expulsion necessary.

How many Americans realize that as our immigration laws—with the exception of those relating to the Chinese—are now and always have been framed an alien can come to one of our ports seeking admittance and as a result a farce of the following kind occur? The alien on being brought before the immigration officials is asked his name. He may give it; in fact of course usually does; but the law does not compel him to give it or to be truthful in giving it. He may decline altogether or he may say his name is John Doe when it is Richard Roe, and the immigration officials would be none the wiser. Though an actual refusal to give his name has never yet risen—except in cases of mental derangement, when of course rejection on that ground followed—there would seem to be no reason why such a case should not rise; for a case of the following description did occur several years ago.

The Weakness of the Law

An alien arrived at the port of New York who when questioned gave his name, and in response to further inquiries furnished some unimportant data concerning himself, but declined most positively to answer any questions the purpose of which was to test his character or to ascertain his past conduct. The Government was in possession of data, secured in ways which the public interests required should not be disclosed at the time, and all the inspectors sought to do was to secure from the alien either an admission or a denial regarding the several respects in which such data indicated he was inadmissible under the law. One of the charges growing out of the data was that he had committed in his native country several heinous crimes, of which, however, he had not been convicted, having escaped from that country into other foreign parts. But the alien simply declined in most emphatic manner to answer the inquiries. The inspectors naturally did not like to permit such a man to enter. They rejected him, holding that his refusals to answer under the circumstances were tantamount to admissions.

He promptly sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and the court held that, our immigration laws being so framed as to throw the burden of proof on the Government, the alien was quite within his rights when declining to answer questions calculated to search out his own character, and that the Government could not draw any inferences adverse to him from his declination to answer the questions propounded.

The situation of the United States, in the light of this serious fundamental defect in the immigration laws, may well be contrasted with the case of a man at the door of whose house a stranger knocks seeking shelter from an impending storm, and on the head of the house inquiring who he is, whence he comes, what he wants or putting to him any other question with the purpose of ascertaining whether the stranger is a fit person to be admitted within his portals where he will come into contact with his wife and children, his inquiries are met with a defiant refusal to answer, but a persistent demand to enter. What man would be so foolish as to admit a stranger under such circumstances? But the vast majority of the aliens heretofore admitted to the United States have been allowed to come in, not because the inspectors were satisfied they were admissible—not because the applicants had furnished anything affirmative and convincing regarding their character and past conduct—but simply because the inspectors, as usually necessarily would be the case, had not been able to adduce from the aliens or to secure from other sources any evidence proving that they were not admissible under the law.

The Remedy in Registration

A simple remedy for this deplorable situation is provided in the Johnson Registration Bill. That proposed law states plainly and unequivocally that the burden of proof is upon the alien to establish his eligibility. Instead of dividing the immigrants as heretofore into two groups, the admissible and the inadmissible, the law and its practical operation are so arranged as to divide them into three—the admissible, the inadmissible and—which would of course prove to be by far the largest group—those who do not show themselves to be admissible and yet are not shown by the Government to be inadmissible. Under this plan the inspectors would admit those who might successfully bear the burden of proving admissibility; would promptly deport those found to be inadmissible; and with regard to the third and largest class would allow temporary entry only, deferring to a later date, when certainty could attend action, the decision of their cases, and would take adequate measures of the kind hereinafter explained for keeping such a surveillance over them during all of the time they are here probationally as would give assurance that when eventually admitted outright and permanently or deported justice would be done to them and also to the country a part of the population of which they had sought to become.

Another defect or omission of a basic nature in immigration laws past and present consists of the failure to provide any method or means of keeping tab on our alien population. Perhaps no one fact was brought home to the Government more clearly or forcibly by the war experience than the lack of accurate knowledge and of ways for securing it with regard to the numbers, nationalities and locations of foreigners residing in our midst. We knew in a general way that our alien population numbered about so many, all told—or rather we knew how to obtain, from the census taken seven years previously and from the annual statistics of immigration, figures which when added together somewhere near approximated accuracy as to the numbers by nationalities.

But when it came to locating these people or any element of them or being able to say anything definite or positive with regard to their personal character or their attitude toward the Government of the United States, we were utterly at sea. And we are, to most intents and purposes, in that same situation to-day. Why? Because the laws heretofore passed have always proceeded upon the premise that once the immigrants are admitted into the country the Federal Government has no more concern with them, unless indeed they violate in a way to attract attention some provision of the immigration law itself.

This is a real difficulty. It should have been met, we can now see, years ago. The fact that it was not met in the early days of modern large immigration has only increased it; each year has added to its gravity, and each year that may hereafter pass without a remedy being applied will but magnify it and multiply the expense and effort necessary to meet it. To anyone familiar with immigration and with the operation of the laws heretofore passed this phase of the problem looms large indeed.

But a big country like this must meet a big problem with a big remedy. We must not shy at either the size of the problem or the immensity or expensiveness of the solution, once we become satisfied there is a remedy which can be practically applied with justice to all concerned and benefit to the country.

The writer is fully satisfied after years of study of the problem and of experience in trying to meet it as best it might be met with the laws upon the statute books that nothing short of a complete and continuing registration of aliens will afford the Federal Government such a knowledge of and such a hold upon the foreign population as will give reasonable assurance that the immigration problem is being properly understood; much less, intelligently handled.

As already conceded, the establishment of such a system of registration is a large task. The immensity of the undertaking is indeed one of the principal criticisms so far made of the suggestion as it is written into the Johnson Bill. But the magnitude of a proposition should not be accepted as a reason for declining to concede its value. In such a matter as this should not our query be Have we found the ideal plan of immigration control? rather than How hard and expensive is the task we have set ourselves to perform?

The plan outlined in the bill to which reference has been made is not only extensive in scope but would be somewhat burdensome to all concerned—those who would enforce it as well as those against whom it would be enforced. But it is comprehensive, complete in details and, when the intricacies of the matter dealt with are considered, is comparatively simple in device and operation.

If the bill should become law all aliens within the United States on the date of its taking effect would have to register within the succeeding year with immigration officials detailed to that duty, and secure from such officials a certificate carefully describing the holder, whose photograph would be attached to the document. Then annually, commencing with the second January following the completion of the registration and continuing for four years, the registered aliens would have to reregister—such reregistration to consist of appropriate entries in the records and a notation upon the certificate held by each registered alien. The penalty for failure to register or to reregister would be deportation.

Fees for Registration

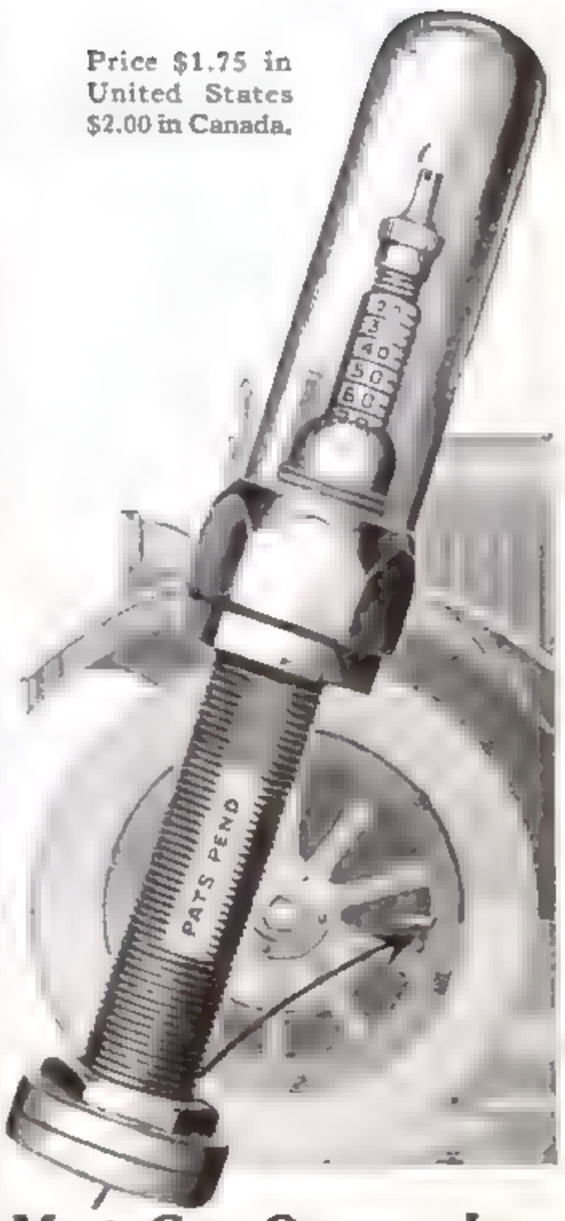
After the fourth renewal had occurred the registration would cease, it being considered that a surveillance extending over a period of five years ought to be sufficient to give reasonable assurance that any evidences of unfitness existing would be discovered. The moment that an alien should become fully naturalized of course all necessity for registering or obligation to register would cease. Registered aliens would notify the immigration officer in charge of their district whenever they removed from one district to another, so that the record covering them could be transferred and their reregistration in the new domicile at the proper time be assured.

It is also contemplated that aliens entering the country would be registered at the ports as they entered, the system then to apply to them for all purposes of reregistration in the same way as it would to aliens already residing here, the period for reregistration to commence with the second January following admission, and the duty of reregistering to rest upon them also for four years thereafter.

For the registration and renewals the bill provides that the following fees shall be collected: For males and unmarried or widowed females over sixteen years of age, two dollars for each registration and ten dollars for each renewal; for all married females and for all children under sixteen years of age, one dollar for each registration and five dollars for each renewal. But it is further provided that the fee for the first renewal shall be in the first class of cases—males and unmarried females over sixteen years of age—only eight dollars;

(Continued on Page 81)

Price $1.75 in United States $2.00 in Canada.



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It's not because of defects or misalignment or poor roads that so many tires fail to live up to guaranteed mileage.

It's due in most cases to your failure to keep as much air in your tires as you should. You cannot tell by merely glancing at your tire whether it has enough air. You must actually apply a pressure gauge to know.

PULVERMAN TIROMETER VALVE TRADE MARK

adds miles to the life of your tires because it is always testing air pressure and telling whether tires need pumping up. The Tirometer is simply a pressure gauge, ingeniously built into a tube valve stem. A transparent dust cap makes the meter always visible.

Be fair to your tires, and equip with Tirometers. It relieves you of the uncertainty of not knowing whether your tires are properly inflated, because you can simply *look* and *see* without the tiresome, time-taking, disagreeable and often dirty task of unscrewing dust cover, removing valve cap, hunting up a hand pressure gauge and applying it.

While thoroughly tested, the Tirometer is new on the market. Many automobile dealers have already stocked it, but if your dealer does not have the Tirometer, we will gladly fill your order from the factory. Specify wood or wire wheels.

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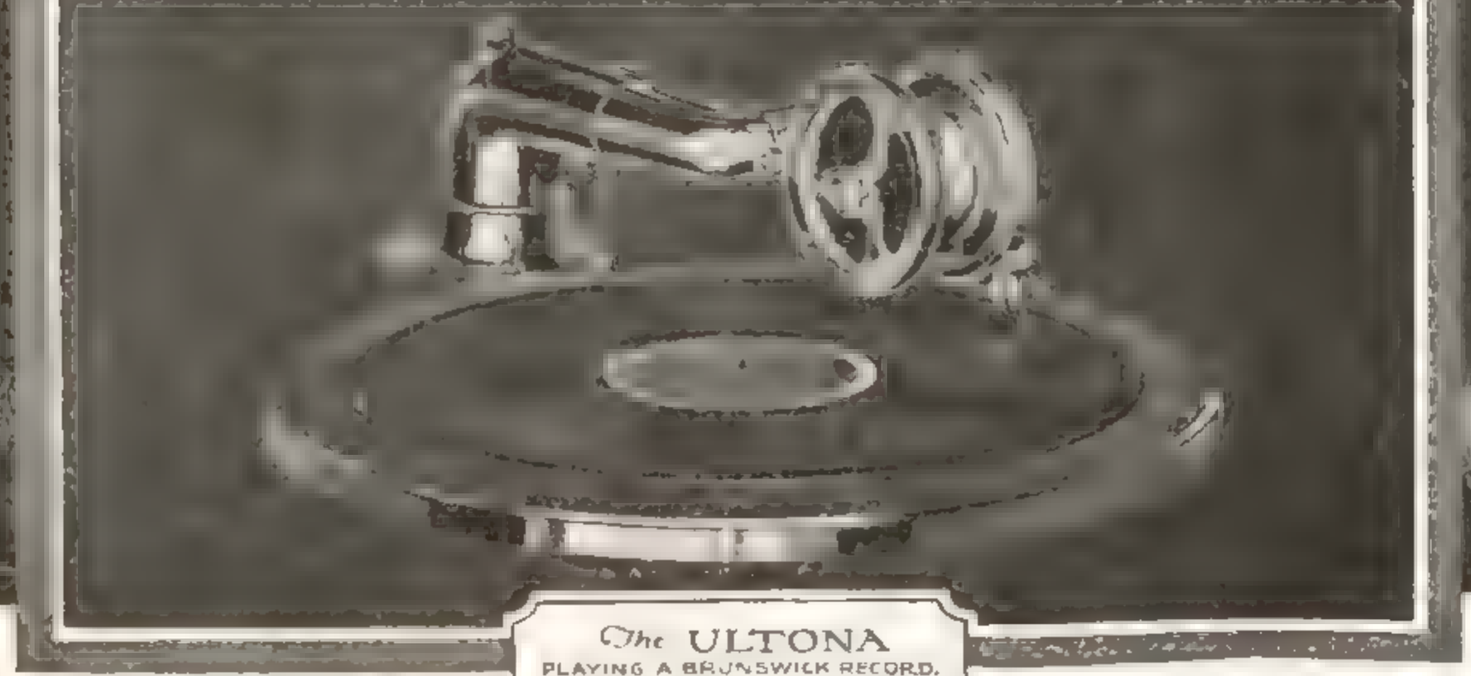

The ULTONA
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How to Judge a Phonograph

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Before you buy a phonograph, we suggest hearing several. It will be to your advantage to make tone tests for yourself.

Please do not think that this is difficult or that it takes a musically trained ear.

In over 300,000 homes music lovers enjoy The Brunswick because they have followed the above advice. Critical people have chosen Brunswicks because they have come to appreciate the betterments afforded by the Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

People were first attracted because of the Ultona, a master invention, belonging exclusively to The Brunswick.

A Brunswick Creation

The Ultona created a sensation, for up to its coming no phonograph could play all records properly unless many different attachments were used.

The Ultona was the only all-record reproducer which, at the turn of a hand, would present to each make of record the proper diaphragm and the proper needle.

Thus The Brunswick heralded a new era and freed music lovers from the restrictions and limitations of a one-record phonograph.

Then came as a second advancement the Brunswick Tone Amplifier. After a long study of acoustic principles of phonographic reproduction we departed from the old-time idea of a cast metal throat. We moulded rare woods into an all-wood projection chamber and thus gave tonal vibrations that freedom of action which ended harsh and strident notes.

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We bring now as a further contribution to the phonographic art, our own make of records. We include all the fine standards of today, yet add what we consider a vast improvement. And this we know will be the verdict of the public.

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We feel sure that you will recognize the betterment brought out by this idea. We want you to judge Brunswick Records by those same severe tests with which people have judged Brunswick Phonographs. And that is by comparison. We leave the verdict to you.

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Brunswick

(Continued from Page 79)

and in the second class—married females and children under sixteen—only four dollars—if the alien shall present to the renewing officer a certificate signed by a duly authorized officer of any board of education to the effect that it has been found upon proper examination that the alien can read the English language; that the fee for the second renewal shall be in the first class of cases only six dollars and in the second class only three dollars if the alien shall so present such a certificate showing that it has been so found that he can both read and write the English language; that the fee for the third renewal shall be in the first class of cases only four dollars and in the second only two dollars if the alien shall so present such a certificate showing that it has been so found that he can read and write in English and has acquired a reasonably accurate knowledge of American history; that the fee for the fourth renewal shall be in the first class of cases only two dollars and in the second only one dollar if the alien shall so present such a certificate showing it has been so found that he can read and write in English and has acquired a reasonably accurate knowledge of both American history and the American form of government.

There is attached the further provision that all aliens registered under the act who shall in the manner indicated establish in connection with any renewal of their registration that they are at the time qualified as to the extent of their education in each and every respect specified shall be exempted from the payment of any fee in connection with that renewal and all subsequent renewals.

These provisions with regard to fees have a dual purpose: They would produce the money needed to operate the plan in its entirety; they would meet, measurably at least, another of the fundamental defects of previous laws dealing with immigration, to wit: The failure to provide anything of an affirmative nature looking toward the assimilation of the foreigner.

The history of Europe has demonstrated and our experience with immigration has repeated the demonstration on a smaller scale that language has a greater influence in keeping up separations between peoples, and correspondingly has a greater influence in uniting peoples, than any other single factor in human experience. People speaking the same tongue, given the opportunity, generally associate, exchange ideas, intermingle, intermarry. Result: A merging of interests and ideals and aspirations—similarity of thought and action—assimilation. People speaking different tongues though living in the same or adjacent territory generally find it inconvenient to associate in friendly intercourse or to exchange ideas or to intermingle or to intermarry. Result: Failure to understand each other, suspicions, jealousies—disparity of thought and action—nonassimilation.

Helps to Assimilation

It would be ridiculous of course to contend that learning the English language changes a foreigner into an American; but it is a step in that direction—the primary and a very important step. It would be ridiculous also to contend that learning American history and civics will effect such a change; but the learning of these also is a step toward assimilation. Possibly other things of a similar character to those specified in the bill could be done even by the Federal Government to encourage assimilation of foreigners. The bill lays a firm foundation on which plans having that object could be built.

We cannot hope, however, to Americanize aliens by any one or two or half dozen such steps. But if by such steps we can in the first generation bring about a measure of assimilation with regard to all or a majority, we may hope to produce Americanization in some cases, and our chances for making real Americans of the second generation of our foreign residents will be immeasurably improved.

In the writer's judgment there are two principal factors which must be relied upon, to wit: Direct teaching and the influence of wholesome environment—which are but two forms of education after all—in our efforts to convert foreigners into good American citizens. Moreover, if that object is to be accomplished the purpose of the education must not be too obviously the conversion of the foreigner. There has been already too much of the brass-band method—too much exhorting and persuading and artificial stimulation—too pronounced a desire to be able to say: "My converts numbered a dozen to-day."

A letter recently came to the writer's attention in which a man who apparently prided himself on his American citizenship boasted of the fact that he had a dozen foreigners among his acquaintance, and that he had been importuning them daily to throw off their allegiance to foreign potentates and kings and become American citizens. We thus cheapen our inestimable heritage. Let us rather bend our energies toward encouraging and aiding those who come among us to learn first our language, then something of our history and our form of government, not with the object of putting them through a naturalization mill, which we deceive ourselves often by calling an Americanization process, but for the purpose of making them understand and appreciate our country and the obligations of those who live under its Government; and then if they choose out of the desires of their own hearts to become citizens, welcome them into our body politic. In other words, the alien should seek citizenship; the Government should not seek to make a citizen of the alien. American citizenship is too valuable, too sacred a possession to be cheapened by begging aliens to become naturalized.

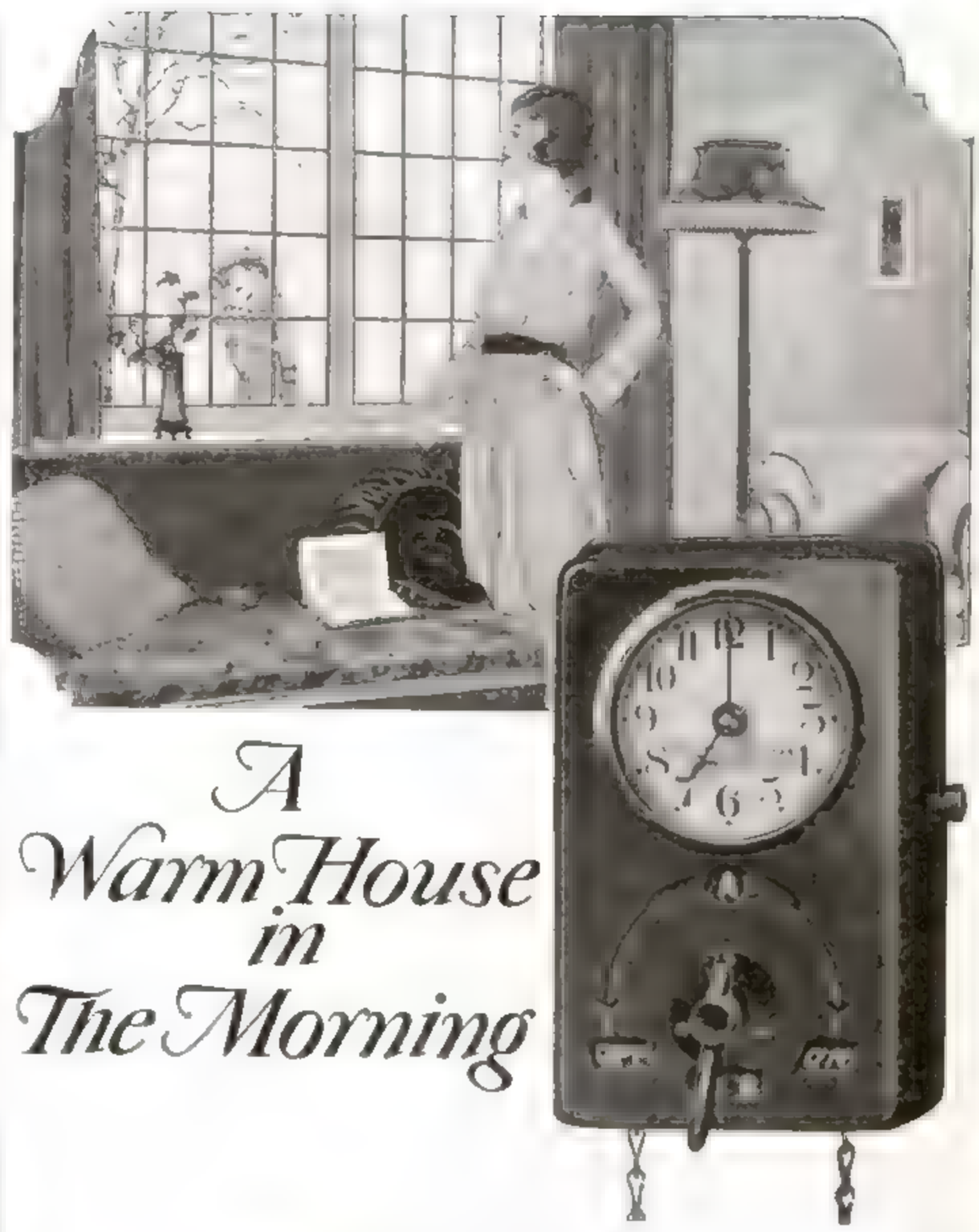
Care should be exercised always to keep out of the law any and all provisions calculated to constitute ulterior reasons for declaring an intention to become citizens or for becoming naturalized. Aliens should declare their intention because of a real desire to throw off the old allegiance and take on, at the first legitimate opportunity, a new; not because of any hope by doing so to obtain selfish or utilitarian advantages. They should take out their final papers because on mature and intelligent deliberation they have decided that American citizenship is the acme of political status; not merely because they hope thereby to advantage themselves in some selfish way here or abroad.

For Better Distribution

When and only when American citizenship is placed and held upon this high plane shall we make its acquirement that much-desired thing which it should be; and then and only then may we feel sure of the loyalty and intelligent faithfulness of all those who secure it through the naturalization process. And if the plan outlined in the Johnson Registration Bill provides for the taking of steps that really advance us toward the attainment of this ideal with regard to the naturalization of foreigners is it not worthy of a trial?

One criticism which has been made of the registration plan is that it smacks of the European passport system. But surely it is not a very great thing to ask of even the best of the aliens who are permitted to come among us and to enjoy all the privileges and benefits they secure here that they shall, for the ultimate benefit of all concerned, register and reregister periodically, especially when a system is devised reducing to a minimum the expense and inconvenience; and we can scarcely ask too much of the worst or the mediocre aliens who pass through the portals and are afforded here such extensive opportunities for improving their condition.

Another respect in which laws passed heretofore have proved wholly inadequate to meet the evils attendant upon a large immigration is this: No effective effort has been made or practical plan devised to distribute immigrants; but on the contrary we have let the desire or whim of the aliens or the machinations of those interested to exploit them industrially determine in large measure the place in this country to which they proceed after admission. It is true that in the Act of 1907 provision was made for the establishment in the Bureau of Immigration of a Division of Information, the duty of which was declared to be "to promote a beneficial distribution of aliens admitted into the United States among the several States and Territories desiring immigration." But the particular methods authorized to be employed were gathering "from all available sources useful information regarding the resources, products and physical characteristics of each State and Territory," and publishing "such information in different languages," and distributing such "publications among all admitted aliens at the immigrant stations of the United States and to such



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The "Little Draft-Man" costs only $15 east of the Rocky Mountains. This is an extremely low price for so practical, dependable and satisfactory a furnace regulator. Its action is entirely mechanical. It has no electrical connections and works equally well with steam, warm air or hot water of any make, old or new. Saves fuel, gives comfort and convenience and is easily installed.

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other persons as may desire the same"; and the placing at immigrant stations of agents of states and territories, with authority to make known to admitted aliens the special inducements offered by such states and territories to aliens to settle therein.

This method never proved very successful in any particular; no doubt largely because it did not make due allowance for the change in the character of and the reasons for immigration which had occurred some time before the passage of the 1907 statute. And though these provisions were made the nucleus from which the Employment Service of the Department of Labor eventually evolved, that service, with all its potentialities for beneficial distribution of both citizen and alien labor, has unfortunately, through a combination of adverse circumstances not necessary to discuss here, almost gone out of existence; and the country now finds itself apparently about to be obliged again to deal with a heavy influx of foreigners, with no equipped instrumentality at hand with which to attempt even as much as it had been able gradually to arrange to do toward placing alien laborers where they might be most valuable—or least detrimental—to the welfare and happiness of the people of the United States, and at the same time where they would be in the best possible situation to advance their own welfare.

Here again in the writer's judgment the inefficiency or insufficiency of the law rises directly from the fact that the difficulty has not been met in that fully affirmative and constructive way which its gravity as a national proposition requires; we have not taken hold of the problem with a firm grip and a determination to compel, but have attempted in a negative and rather faltering way to fumble with it in the hope that persuasion or argument would result in a sufficient distribution to reduce the evils of congestion below the danger point.

The plan of the Johnson Bill, under which aliens would be divided into three classes at our ports, and the bulk of them fall into the new class, constituted of those who had not affirmatively established their admissibility, such class to be admitted only on probation, it can readily be seen, would place the Government in a very advantageous position to deal with this matter of distribution; for such plan contemplates that the Secretary of Labor shall have power to promulgate regulations concerning those provisionally admitted, and even if the statute went no further than that obviously the regulations could include requirements regarding the places to which those provisionally admitted should go or even the occupations they should follow, at least for a period of time.

Surreptitious Entries

But the statute does go further. It specifies that the regulations may contain provisions of various kinds looking to the distribution of the aliens to the best available localities, and the directing of them to useful and profitable employment of a nature suitable to their capacity or acquirements. It also authorizes the use in this connection of a plan which was the subject of considerable successful experimentation during the war, to wit: The temporary admission of alien laborers under arrangements contemplating that a reasonable part of the earnings of the laborers should be withheld each pay day and deposited by the employers, under full supervision of Government officials, in the United States Postal Savings Bank, there to accumulate and draw interest and to constitute an automatically built up guaranty of substantial financial nature that the laborers would leave the United States at the conclusion of their temporary admission. This plan would of course be modified in the case of those provisionally admitted so as to have the guaranty cover not only departure from the country if the Government should be obliged eventually to order the aliens to leave but also the compliance by the aliens with all departmental requirements while here provisionally and until, as the result of their provisional stay, it had transpired that they were in all respects desirable additions to the population of the country.

Space will not permit of a detailed discussion of this plan, but it is believed that what has been said is sufficient to show that if the Johnson Bill does become law a very important step will have been taken toward meeting the distribution problem in an affirmative manner.

Perhaps the largest loophole in the immigration laws rises from the fact that it has heretofore been an easy matter for undesirable aliens to escape examination by shipping on vessels as seamen and then deserting in ports of this country. A large proportion of the alien radicals arrested here during the war, it was found on investigation, entered originally—usually many years before—as deserting seamen. An effort was made for the first time in the Act of 1917 to meet this particular difficulty. The provisions then placed in the law were admittedly largely experimental. The Seamen's Act had been passed a short time previously, and Congress expressed a desire that the immigration law should not so operate as to negative the operation of the Seamen's Act. One of the main purposes of the latter is to make it possible for seamen to desert in ports of the United States and demand when reshipping wages at the rates—on the average higher than elsewhere in the world—prevailing in such ports; equalization of wages, as between vessels of American and vessels of foreign registry, being one of the principal devices of that act for putting the American merchant marine on a footing to compete with foreign shipping.

Obviously therefore it is not an easy matter to make immigration laws of the kind now on the statute books so cover the cases of seamen as to prevent undesirable aliens from making their way into the country by adopting the guise of seamen. It is a fact that under the present law such aliens do come in that way partly because it is impossible fully to meet the peculiar situation with a law of that nature and partly because of the inadequacy of the force of inspectors heretofore available to the immigration service to carry out any effective follow-up plan.

Alien Seamen

So far as possible the defects which experience has shown exist in the provisions of the present immigration law relating to alien seamen are cured in the Johnson Bill. But much more than that is done by provisions of that bill not relating directly to seamen to meet the particular difficulty under discussion. The registration plan provides what would seem to be as complete a remedy as it is possible to devise. If all aliens within the country should be required to register, on penalty of deportation, and all hereafter regularly admitted should be registered as landed, and the administrative machinery necessary to enforce the law should be provided—and paid for with the registration fees collected—obviously the comparative safety now enjoyed by aliens who enter unlawfully would soon become a thing of the past. As soon as it became unsafe to be within the country not in possession of a registration certificate the premium now upon entering by desertion or in other unlawful ways would be removed, and aliens who desired to enter, whether they arrived as passengers or as seamen, would find it to their advantage to find ingress, if at all, through regular channels; for only through the process of regular admission could they hope to obtain a certificate that would protect them in their residence here.

Heretofore it has been impossible to prevent surreptitious entries across the land boundaries. Anyone at all familiar with the nature and extent of those boundaries must appreciate the impossibility, unless a veritable army of inspectors should be used for the purpose, of successfully guarding against such entries. It is not likely that this method of defeating the law will be overcome in any other way than by making it not worth the trouble and expense by virtue of insuring the expulsion from the country of all who enter without inspection. And until we have some such system of continuous registration of all resident and all entering aliens as that provided by the bill under discussion we can scarcely hope to be able to identify a sufficient number of the unlawfully entered to make that method of entry unprofitable and vain. But as soon as a situation should be produced where, if an alien here were unable to exhibit a certificate of registration it would at once be known that he had no right to be here, expulsion of those unlawfully entering would be easy and certain, and the temptation to enter in irregular ways would largely disappear.

It has often been suggested in the past that a much more effective examination of

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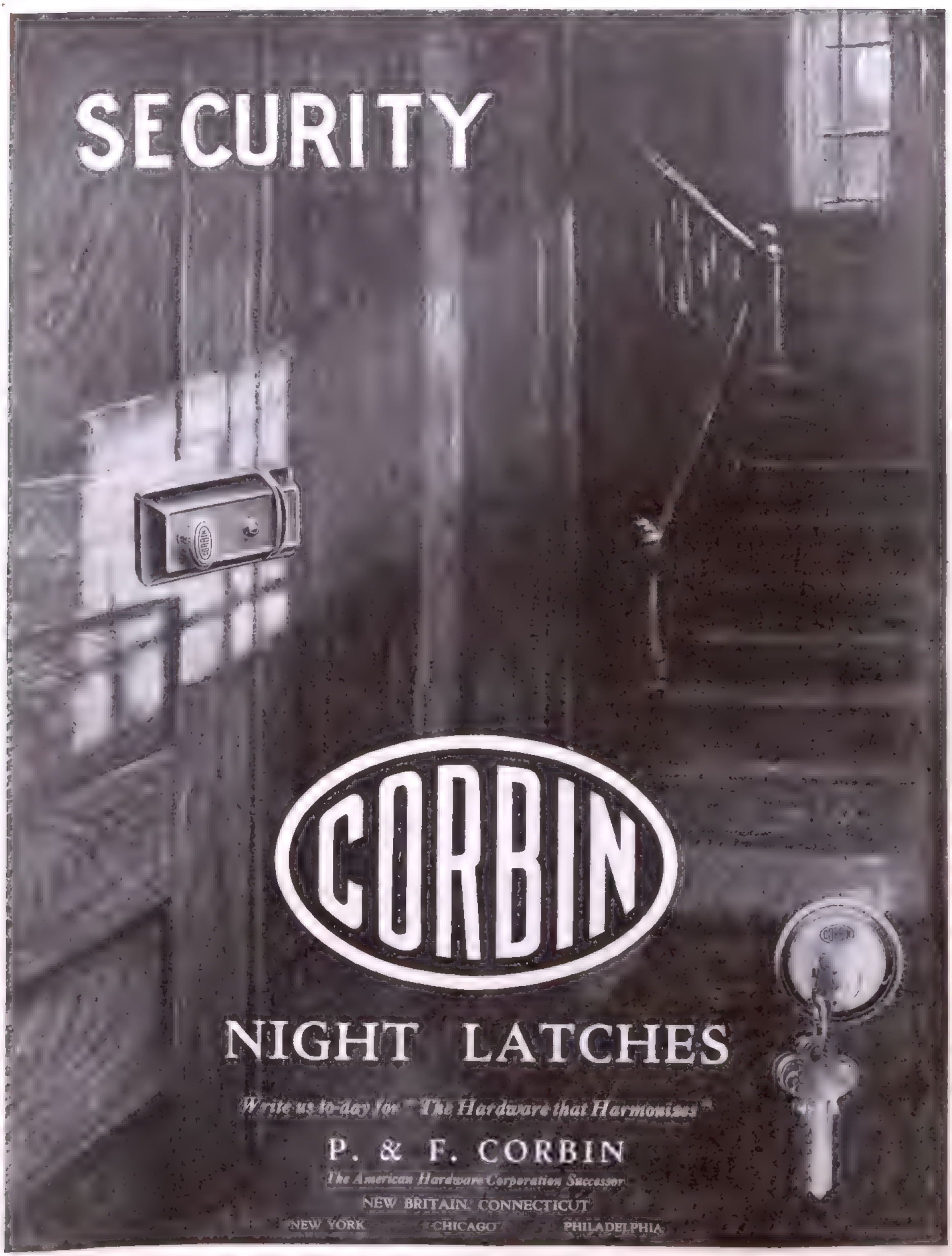
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McGRAW

(Concluded from Page 82)

immigrants could be conducted if the time they are on the high seas en route to this country could be availed of through the placing of inspectors, doctors and matrons of the immigration service on the ships. This suggestion has not been adopted because of the fact that some of the most important passenger-carrying lines objected. Also, the countries whose flags their vessels fly objected to any such interference with the conduct of affairs on their ships while not in American waters as they contended the placing of immigration officers on board would involve. But though before the war unfortunately a majority of the passenger vessels entering our ports were of foreign registry it now seems as though a real opportunity has arisen for great expansion of the American merchant marine.

Advantage is taken in the Johnson Bill of this change of situation; and a provision is inserted in the proposed measure requiring that on all ships of American registry inspectors, doctors and matrons of the immigration service shall be assigned the duty of observing and examining the immigrants carried. The practical result, it is apprehended, would be this: The vessels on which the examination en route was enforced would be able to discharge their passengers at United States ports so much more expeditiously than other vessels that very soon, if not at once, all immigrant-carrying lines would be brought to realize, simply through the pressure of competition in the turn-round of ships, that the advantages of having the examination made en route far outweighed the inconveniences resulting to their officers and employees; and presently practically all the larger vessels bringing immigrants would be compelled by the operation of the law, directly or in the indirect way mentioned, to allow the en-route examination to be made.

This plan, moreover, quite obviously fits into certain other arrangements prescribed in the Johnson Bill, to wit: The shifting of the burden of proof, the dividing of the immigrants into three instead of only two classes, the registration of all entrants, and the more careful inspection of alien seamen—for a large part of the additional work placed upon immigration officials by such plans could be performed during the sea journey, and be done much more thoroughly and effectively than it has ever been possible for such officials to make the inspection and examination at the ports of entry.

Benefits to be Expected

The Johnson Bill does not contemplate the actual repeal of any of the existing law. It merely changes the burden-of-proof feature, divides the immigrants into three instead of only two classes, as already explained, and then adds to the system for enforcing the existing law the registration and other features to which reference has been made. Aliens would still be excluded or expelled upon each and every ground categorically set up in the present statutes; but exclusion and expulsion would be made easy and certain, and at the same time the doing of exact justice all round would be materially aided. And above all else the entire immigration problem would be handled along lines of an affirmative and constructive character and with a firm governmental grip upon the entire situation. The present law would simply be made effective, and then in addition the other desirable things contemplated would be accomplished completely, reasonably, justly.

As the Johnson Bill is being discussed in Congress and elsewhere no doubt some valuable suggestions will be brought out which will be of such character that they can be added to the proposed measure, with the result of rounding it out and making of it even a better remedy than it now is for the immigration problem. One such suggestion, which has arisen from the war experience, has been advanced by the Commissioner General of Immigration. Apparently the idea involved in it meets with the approval of Representative Johnson himself; for in August last he introduced a bill—H. R. 8572—which embraces a number of detailed provisions of which such idea is the center. That suggestion has relation to the adaptation to times of peace of the system of passport control, devised jointly by all the interested departments and used with remarkably beneficial results during the war.

Of course the main purpose of the passport-control system was to prevent the coming to the United States of spies or other dangerous persons; but it was used incidentally to place pretty tight brakes on immigration at a time when it was of great importance that the embarrassments arising even in normal times from heavy immigration—and in times of war of course much more serious—should be kept at a minimum. Necessarily that plan would have to be modified considerably to adapt it to times of peace.

As modified it would contemplate the assignment of experienced immigration officials to all the important American consulates in the countries from which most of our immigrants come, to act as advisers in connection with the viséing of passports presented to the consulates by foreigners who desire to come to this country. They would advise both the consuls and the prospective immigrants with regard to the requirements of the immigration laws. It is not contemplated that they would be able actually to enforce the immigration laws in the foreign countries; but it is thought that where, in connection with applications for approval of passports, prospective aliens would be told that though visés would not actually be refused because of their apparent inadmissibility under the immigration law they would be given only after telling the aliens that, for reasons stated, they were warned that their journey might be fruitless.

It is thought that this would not only tend to discourage undesirable immigration but would go far toward preventing the deplorable hardships that now so often attend the necessity for excluding aliens at ports of this country. Usually no doubt any alien told by a United States immigration official or consul that he would be taking a great risk in proceeding to this country under the circumstances of his case would hesitate to sell his little all with the object of endeavoring to get into the United States. Prior to the war, when there was no way in which a prospective immigrant could secure any authoritative advice, but when runners for steamship lines were always anxious to advise him and induce him to buy a ticket to America, it was constantly occurring that families would pull up stakes in their native places, only to find after making a long journey that one or more members of the family were ineligible to enter—or possibly the entire group—and deportation would of course occur. Whenever such a person or such a family was deported the suffering and hardship were heartrending, but often could not be avoided or even ameliorated if the law was to be given effect. The alien or aliens would go back to take up the threads of life under the conditions of the old environment, but even more handicapped than before in the struggle for existence. An arrangement under which authoritative advice could be given would to a considerable extent result in an actual sifting of the immigrants before they left their homes, and would simplify and humanize the general enforcement of the law.

There seems to be no good reason why this suggestion should not be perfected and placed in entirely practicable shape and then added to the other provisions of the Johnson Bill. As already indicated, we now have a very complete body of law of the negative kind. The Johnson Bill proposes to place on top of that a system of a positive nature. That system should be made as comprehensive and complete as possible by adding thereto this suggestion and any others that may be brought forward and perfected as the result of discussion.

Has not enough been said to show that in the Johnson Registration Bill there is now pending before Congress a measure which at least lays a firm foundation on which can be built a system of enforcement of law that will actually control immigration along constructive lines?

All the Same

IN CANADA the twelfth of July is quite an occasion for celebrating the victory of William of Orange. The officer of a labor battalion had received orders to grant all the Orangemen in his corps leave of absence for that day, so at morning parade he called for all Orangemen wishing to celebrate to file out. In writing out the passes he was surprised to be confronted by a swarthy Italian.

"What! Are you an Orangeman?"

"No! No! Me no orangeman, but me alla de same—me sella da banan."

EVERED

(Continued from Page 23

Ruth made no comment, but there was no yielding in her eyes. She was in these days implacable; and Evered watched her now and then with something almost pleading in his gaze. He began to pay her small attentions, which came absurdly from the man. She tried to hate him for them.

Once John tried to comfort his father, spoke to him gently of the dead woman; and Evered cried out, as though to assure himself as well as silence John: "She was tricking me, John! Leaving me—with Semler, that very day."

He would not let John reply, silenced him with a fierce oath and flung away. It might have been guessed that his belief in his wife's treachery was like an anchor to which Evered's racked soul clung; as though he found comfort and solace in the ugly thought, a justifying consolation.

x

JOHN went no more to the brooks that summer; but what he had told Ruth led her that way more than once. Westley, the game warden, stopped at the house one day, and found her alone, and asked her whether John was fishing. She told him of John's one catch.

"Swamp Brook is full of trout," she said; "penned in the holes and the shallows."

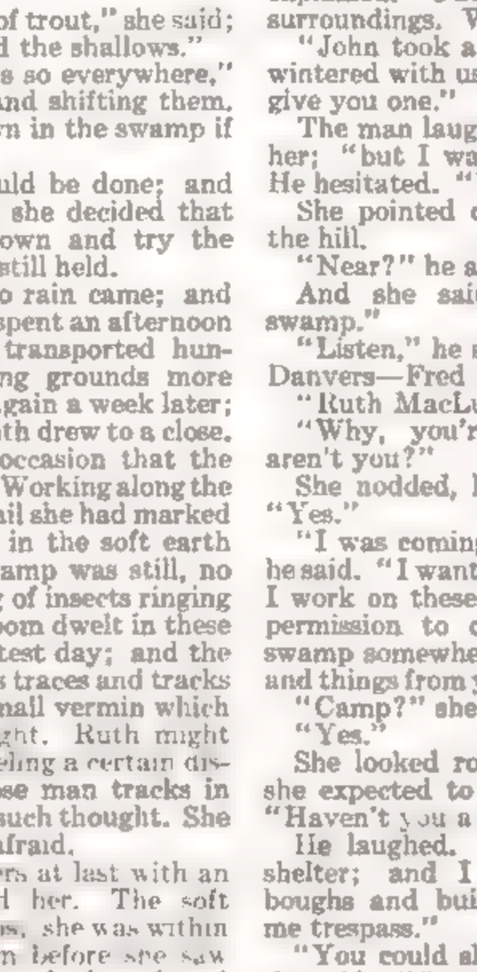
Westley nodded. "It's so everywhere," he said. "I'm dipping and shifting them. Tell John to do that down in the swamp if he can find the time."

She asked how it should be done; and when Westley had gone she decided that she would herself go down and try the trick of it if the drought still held.

The drought held. No rain came; and once in early August she spent an afternoon along the stream, and transported hundreds of trout to feeding grounds more deep and more secure. Again a week later; and still again as the month drew to a close.

It was on this third occasion that the girl came upon Danvers. Working along the brook with dip net and pail she had marked the footprints of a man in the soft earth here and there. The swamp was still, no air stirring, the humming of insects ringing in her ears. A certain gloom dwelt in these woods even on the brightest day; and the black mold bore countless traces and tracks of the animals and the small vermin which haunted the place at night. Ruth might have been forgiven for feeling a certain disquietude at sight of those man tracks in the wild; but she had no such thought. She had never learned to be afraid.

She came upon Danvers at last with an abruptness that startled her. The soft earth muffled her footsteps, she was within two or three rods of him before she saw him, and even then the man had not heard her. He was kneeling by the brook and at first she thought he had been drinking the water. Then she saw that he was studying something there upon the ground; and a moment later he got up and turned and saw her standing there. At first he was so surprised that he could not speak, and they were still, looking at each other. The girl, bareheaded, in simple waist and heavy short skirt, with rubber boots upon her feet so that she might wade at will was worth looking at. The man himself was no mean figure khaki flannel shirt, knickerbockers, leather puttees over stout shoes. She carried pail in one hand, dip net in the other; and she saw that he had a revolver slung on one hip, a camera looped over his shoulder.



When His Thirst Made Him Remember the Spring Now His First Impulse Was to Avoid It

He said at last, "Hello, there!" And Ruth nodded in the sober fashion that was become her habit. The man asked, "What have you got? Muk, in that pail? Is this your pasture land?"

"Trout," she told him; and he came to see the fish in a close-packed mass; and he exclaimed at them, and watched while she put them into the stream below where he had been kneeling. He asked her why she did it, and she told him. At the same time she looked toward where he had knelt, wondering what he saw there. She could see only some deep-imprinted moose tracks; and moose tracks were so common in the swamp that it was not worth while to kneel to study them.

He saw her glance, and said, "I was looking at those tracks. Moose, aren't they?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"They told me there were moose in here," he said. "I doubted it, though. So far south as this."

"There are many moose in the swamp," she declared.

He asked, "Have you ever seen them?"

She smiled a little. "Once in a while. A cow moose wintered in our barn two years ago."

He slapped his thigh lightly. "Then this is the place I'm looking for," he exclaimed.

She asked softly, "Why?" She was interested in the man. He was not like John, not like anyone whom she had known; except, perhaps, Dane Semler. A man of the city, obviously. "Why?" she asked.

"I want to get some pictures of them," he explained. "Photographs. In their natural surroundings. Wild. In the swamp."

"John took a snapshot of the cow that wintered with us," she said. "I guess he'd give you one."

The man laughed. "I'd like it," he told her; "but I want to get a great many." He hesitated. "Where is your farm?"

She pointed out of the swamp toward the hill.

"Near?" he asked.

And she said, "It's right over the swamp."

"Listen," he said eagerly. "My name's Danvers—Fred Danvers. What's yours?"

"Ruth MacLure."

"Why, you're Evered's sister-in-law, aren't you?"

She nodded, her cheeks paling a little. "Yes."

"I was coming to see Evered to-night," he said. "I want to board at the farm while I work on these pictures—that is, I want permission to camp down here by the swamp somewhere, and get milk and eggs and things from you. Do you think I can?"

"Camp?" she echoed.

"Yes."

She looked round curiously, as though she expected to see his equipment there. "Haven't you a tent?"

He laughed. "No. I've a tarp for a shelter; and I can cut some hemlock boughs and build a shack; if you'll let me trespass."

"You could sleep in the barn I guess," she said. "Or maybe in the house."

He shook his head. "No roof for mine. This is my vacation, you understand. I can sleep under a roof at home."

"You'll be getting wet all the time."

"I'll dry when the sun comes out."

She asked, "Who's going to cook for you?"

"I'm a famous cook," he told her.

She had the rooted distrust of the open air which is common among the people of the farms. She could see why no man should sleep on the ground when he might have hay or a bed; and she could not believe in the practicality of cooking over an open fire; especially where there was a stove at hand.

"You'll have to see Mr. Evered," she said uneasily.

So it happened that they two went back through the swamp together and up the hill; and they came side by side to meet Evered and John in the barnyard by the kitchen door.

They had their colloquy there in the open barnyard, while the slanting rays of the sun drew lengthening shadows from where they stood. Danvers spoke to Evered. John went into the house after a moment and built a fire for Ruth; and then he came out again while the girl went about the business of supper.

Danvers was a good talker; and Evered's silence made him seem like a good listener. When John came out he was able to tell Danvers something of the moose in the swamp, their haunts and their habits. Danvers listened as eagerly as he had talked. He told them at last what he had come to do; he explained how by trigger strings and hidden cameras and flash-light powders he hoped to capture the images of the shy giants of the forest. John listened with shining eyes. The project was of a sort to appeal to him. As for Evered, he had little to say, smoked stolidly, stared out across his fields. The sunlight on his hair accentuated the white streaks in it, and John looking toward him once thought he had never seen his father look so old.

With His Eyes Straight Before Him, Thinking on Evered's Words, He Said to Himself: "The Man Did Love His Wife"

When Danvers put forward his request for permission to camp in the woodlot near the swamp, Evered swung his heavy head round and gave the other man his whole attention for a space. It was John's turn for silence now. He expected Evered to refuse, perhaps abusively. Evered had never liked trespassers. He said they scared his cows, trampled his hay, stole his garden stuff or his apples. But Evered listened now with a certain patience, watching Danvers; and Danvers with a nimble tongue talked on and made explanations and promises.

In the end Evered asked, "Where is it your mind to camp?"

"I've picked no place. I'll find a likely spot."

"You could sleep in the barn," said Evered, as Ruth had said before him; and Danvers laughed.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "half the sport of this for me is in sleeping out of doors on the ground. I'm on vacation, you know. Other men like hunting, and so do I; but mine is a somewhat different kind, that's all. I won't bother you; you'll not see much of me, for I'll be about the swamp at all hours of the night, and I'll sleep a good deal in the day. You'll hardly know I'm there. Of course I don't want to urge you against your will."

Evered's lips flickered into what might have passed for a smile. "I'm not often moved against my will," he said. "But I've no objection to your sleeping on my ground. If you keep out of the hay."

"I will."

"And put out your fires. I don't want to be burned up."

Danvers laughed. "I'm not a novice at this, Mr. Evered," he said. "You'll not have to kick me off."

Evered nodded; and John said, "You want to keep out of the bull's pasture too. You'll know it. There's a high wire fence round."

Danvers said soberly, "I've heard of the red bull."

"He killed my wife," said Evered; and there was something so stark in the bald statement that it shocked and silenced them. Evered himself flushed when he had spoken, as though his utterance had been unconsidered, had burst from his overfull heart.

"I know," Danvers told him.

John said after a moment's silence, "If there's any way I can help—I know the swamp. As much as any man. And I've seen the moose in there."

There was a certain eagerness in his voice; and Danvers said readily, "Of course. I'd like it."

He said he would tramp to town and come with his gear next morning. John offered to drive him over, but he shook his head. As he started away Ruth came to the kitchen door, and he looked toward her, and she said hesitantly, "Don't you want to stay to supper?"

He thanked her, shook his head. Evered and John in the barnyard watched him go; and Evered saw Ruth leave the kitchen door and move to a window from which she could see him go up the lane toward the main road. Evered asked John, "What do you make of him?"

"I like him," said John. "I'm—glad you let him stay."

"Know why I let him stay?"

"Why—no."

"See him and Ruth together? See her watching him?"

"I didn't notice."

Evered's lips twitched in the nearest approach to mirth he ever permitted himself. "Ought to have better eyes, John; if you're minded to keep hold o' Ruth. She likes him. If I'd swore at him, shipped him off, she'd have been all on his side from the start."

John, a little troubled, shook his head. "Ruth's all right," he said. "Give her time."

Evered said, that wistful note in his voice plain for any man to hear, "I don't want Ruth leaving us. So I let Danvers stay."

xi

DANVERS came to the farm. He made his camp by the spring where Mary Evered had loved to sit, and where she had been killed. John knew this at the time, was on the spot when Danvers built his fireplace in a bank of earth, waist high, and watched the other shape hemlock boughs into a rain-shedding shelter.

He did not remonstrate; but he did say, "Shouldn't think you'd want to sleep here."

Danvers looked at him curiously; and he laughed a little.

"You mean—the red bull?" he asked. And when John nodded he said, "Oh, I'm not afraid of ghosts. The world's full of ghosts." There was a sudden hardness in his eye. "I'm a sort of a ghost myself, in a way."

John wondered what he meant; but he was not given to much questioning and did not ask. Nevertheless, Danvers' words stayed hauntingly in his mind.

He told Ruth where Danvers was camping; and the girl listened thoughtfully, but made no comment. John knew that Ruth was accustomed to go to the spring now and then, as her sister had done. He wondered whether she would go there now. There was no jealousy in John; his heart was not built for it. Nevertheless, there was a deep concern for Ruth, deeper than he had any way of expressing. The matter worried him a little.

They did not speak of Danvers' camping place to Evered, and Evered asked no questions. Danvers came to the house occasionally for supplies, but it happened that he did not encounter Evered at such times. He was always careful to ask for the man, to leave some word of greeting for him; and once he bade them tell Evered to come down and see his camp. They did not do so. Some instinct, unspoken and unacknowledged, impelled both Ruth and John to keep Evered and Danvers apart. Neither was conscious of this feeling, yet both were moved by it.

John, prompted to some extent by his father's warning, had begun in an awkward fashion to seek to please Ruth and to win back favor in her eyes. He felt himself

(Continued on Page 89

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(Continued from Page 86)

uneasy and at a loss in the presence of Danvers, felt himself at a disadvantage in any contest with the other. John was a man of the country, of the farm, and he had grace to know it. Danvers had the ease of one who has rubbed shoulders with many men in many places; he was not confused in Ruth's presence; he was rather at his best when she was near, while John was ill at ease and words came hard to him. Danvers took care to be friendly with them both; and he and John on more than one night drove deep into the swamp together on Danvers' quest. John, busy about the farm, was unable to join Danvers in the daytime; but the other scoured through the marsh for tracks and traces, and then enlisted John to help him move cameras into position, lay flash-powder traps or stalk the moose at their feeding in desperate attempts at camera snap-shooting.

Sometimes in the afternoon John knew that Ruth went down to the spring and talked with Danvers. Danvers told her of his ventures in the swamp; and she told Danvers in her turn the story of the tragedy that had been enacted here by the spring where he was camping. John crossing the woodlot on some errand came upon them there one afternoon, and passed by on the knoll above them without having been seen. The picture they made remained with him and troubled him.

When Danvers had been some ten days on the farm and September was coming in with a full moon in the skies it happened one night that Evered drove to Fraternity for the mail and left John and Ruth alone together. When she had done with the dishes she came out to find him on the doorstep, smoking in the moonlight; and she stood above him for a moment, till he looked up at her with some question in his eyes.

She asked then, "Are you going into the swamp with Mr. Danvers to-night?"

He said, "No. He's out of plates. There's some due to-morrow; and he's waiting."

She was silent a moment longer, then said swiftly, as though anxious to be rid of the words, "Let's go down and see him."

If John was hurt or sorry he made no sign. "Why, all right," he said. "It's bright. We'll not need a lantern."

As they moved across the barnyard to the bars and entered the woodlot the girl began to talk, in a swift low voice, as though to cover some unadmitted embarrassment. A wiser man might have been disturbed; but John was not analytical, and so he enjoyed it. It was the first time they had talked together at any length since Mary died. It was, he thought, like the old happy times. He felt warmed and comforted and happier than he had been for many weeks past. She was like the old Ruth again, he told himself.

Danvers was glad to see them. He built up his fire and made a place for Ruth to sit upon his blankets, leaning against a bowlder, and offered John cigars. The man knew how to play host, knew how to be interesting. John saw Ruth laugh wholeheartedly for the first time in months. He thought she was never so lovely as when laughing.

When they went back up the hill together she fell silent and sober again; and he looked down and saw her eyes, clear in the moonlight. Abruptly, without knowing what he did, he put his arm round her; and for an instant she seemed to yield to him, so that he drew her toward him as he was used to do. He would have kissed her.

She broke away and cried out: "No, no, no! I told you no, John."

He said gently, "I think a lot of you, Ruth."

She shook her head, backing away from him; and he heard the angry note creep back into her voice. "You mustn't, ever," she told him. "Oh, can't you understand?"

Some hot strain in the man came to the surface; he cried with an eloquence that was strange on his slow lips, "I love you. That's all I understand. I always will. That's all I understand. I always will. You've got to know that too. You ——"

She said, "Hush! I won't listen. You—you're your father over. He's not content but he master everyone and everything; master everyone about him. Break them. Master his beasts and his wife. You're his own son. You're an Evered." Her hands were tightening into fists at her side. "Oh, you would want to boss me the way he —— I won't, I won't! You shan't—shan't ever do it."

"I'll be kind to you," he said.

There was a softer note in her voice. "John, John," she told him. "I'm sorry. I did love you. I tried to shut my eyes. I tried to pretend that Mary was happy with him. You're like him. I thought I'd be happy with you. She told me one day how he used to be. It frightened me, because he was like you. But I did love you, John. Till Mary died. Then I knew. He'd killed her. He made her want to die. And he had driven that great bull into a killing thing—by the way he treated it.

"Oh, I've seen your father clear, John. I know what he is. You're like him. I couldn't ever love you."

He said in a hot quick tone—because she was very lovely—that she would love him, must, some day; and she shook her head.

"Don't you see?" she told him. "You're trying already to make me do what you want. Oh, John, can't you Evereds see any living thing without crushing it? Mr. Danvers ——" She caught herself, went on. "See how different he is. He goes into the swamp, and he has to be a thousand times more careful, more crafty than you when you hunt. But you come home with a bloody ugly thing across your shoulders; and he comes with a lovely picture, that will always be beautiful, and that so many people will see. He outwits the animals; he proves himself against them. But he doesn't kill them to do it, John. You—your father —— Oh, can't you ever see?"

His thoughts were not quick enough to cope with her; but he said awkwardly, "I'm not—always killing things. I've left many a trout go that I might have killed. And deer too."

"Because it's the law," she said harshly. "But it's in you to kill—crush and bruise and destroy. Don't you see the difference? You don't have to beat a thing, a beast, to make it yield to you. You Evereds."

"I'm not a horse beater," he said.

"It's the blood of you," she told him. "You will be."

"There's some times," he suggested, "when you've got to be hard."

"I've heard your father say that very thing."

They were moving slowly homeward now, speaking brokenly, with longer silences between. The night was almost as bright as day, the moon in midheaven above them. Ahead the barn and the house bulked large, casting dark shadows narrowly along their foundation walls. There was a fragrance of the hayfields in the air. The rake itself lay a little at one side as they came into the barnyard, its spindling curved tines making it look not unlike a spider crouching there. The bars rattled when John lowered them for her to pass through; and the red bull in the barn heard the sound and snorted sullenly at them.

John said to her, "You'd be having a man handle that bull by kindness, maybe."

She swung about and said quickly, "I'd be having a man take an ax and chop that red bull to little bits."

He stood still and she looked up at him; and after an instant she hotly asked, "Are you laughing? Why are you laughing at me?"

He said gently, "You that were so strong against any killing—talking so of the red bull."

She cried furiously, "Oh, you —— John Evered, you! I hate you! I'll always hate you. You and your father—both of you. Don't you laugh at me!"

A little frightened at the storm he had evoked he touched her arm. She wrenched away overviolently, was near falling, recovered herself. "Don't touch me!" she bade him.

He watched her run into the house.

XII

ONE day in the first week of September, a day when there was a touch of frost in the air, and a hurrying and scurrying of the clouds overhead as though they would escape the grip of coming winter, Evered took down his double-bitted ax from its place in the woodshed and went to the grindstone and worked the two blades of the ax to razor edge. John was in the orchard picking those apples which were already fit for harvesting. Ruth was helping him.

There was not much of the fruit, and Evered had said to them, "I'll go down into the woodlot and get out some wood."

When he was gone Ruth and John looked at each other; and John asked, "Does he know Danvers is there, I wonder? Know where he is?"

Ruth said, "I don't know. He sees more than you think. Anyway, it won't hurt him to know."

Evered shaped the ax to his liking, slung it across his shoulder, and walked down the wood road till he came to a growth of birch which was ready for the ax. The trees would be felled and cut into lengths where they lay, then hauled to the farm and piled in the shed to season under cover for a full twelve months before it was time to use the wood. Evered's purpose now was simply to cut down the trees, leaving the later processes for another day.

He had chosen the task in response to some inner uneasiness which demanded an outlet. The man's overflowing energy had always been his master; it drove him now, drove him with a new spur—the spur of his own thoughts. He could never escape from them; he scarce wished to escape, for he was never one to dodge an issue. But if he had wished to forget, Fraternity would not have permitted it. The men of the town, he saw, were watching him with furtive eyes; the women looked upon him spitefully. He knew that most people thought he should have killed the red bull before this; but Evered would not kill the bull, partly from native stubbornness, partly from an unformed feeling that he, not the bull, was actually responsible. He was growing old through much thought upon the matter; and it is probable that only his own honest certainty of his wife's misdoing kept him from going mad. He slept little. His nerves tortured him.

He struck the ax into the first tree with a hot energy that made him breathe deep with satisfaction. He sank the blade on one side of the tree, and then on the other, and the four-inch birch swayed and toppled and fell. The man went furiously to the next, and to the next thereafter. The sweat began to bead his forehead and his pulses began to pound.

He worked at a relentless pace for perhaps half an hour, drunk with his own labors. At the end of that time, pausing to draw breath, he knew that he was thirsty. It was this which first brought the spring to his mind, the spring where his wife had died.

He had not been near the spot since the day he found her there. The avoidance had been instinctive rather than conscious. He hated the place and in some measure he feared it, as much as it was in the man to fear anything. He could see it all too vividly without bringing the actual surroundings before his eyes. The thought of it tormented him. And when his thirst made him remember the spring now his first impulse was to avoid it. His second—because it was ever the nature of the man to meet danger or misfortune or unpleasantness face to face—was to go to the place and drink his fill. He stuck his ax into a stump and started down the hill.

This was not like that other day when he had gone along this way. That day his wife had been killed was sultry and lowering and oppressive; there was death in the very air. To-day was bright, crisp, cool; the air like wine, the earth a vivid panorama of brilliant coloring, the sky a vast blue canvas with white clouds limned lightly here and there. A day when life quickened in the veins; a day to make a man sing if there was song in him.

There was no song in Evered; nevertheless, he felt the influence of the glory all about him. It made him, somehow, lonely; and this was strange in a man so used to loneliness. It made him unhappy and a little sorry for himself, a little wistful. He wanted, without knowing it, someone to give him comradeship and sympathy and friendliness. He had never realized before how terribly alone he was.

His feet took unconsciously the way they had taken on that other day; but his thoughts were not on the matter, and so he came at last to the knoll above the spring with something like a shock of surprise, for he saw a man sitting below; and for a moment it seemed to him this man was Semler, that Mary sat beside him. He brushed a rough hand across his eyes and saw that what he had taken for his wife's figure was just a roll of blanket laid across a rock; and he saw that the man was not Semler but Danvers.

He had never thought of the possibility that Danvers might have camped beside the spring. Yet it was natural enough. This was the best water anywhere along the swamp's edge. A man might drink from the brook, but not with satisfaction in a summer of such drought as this had been. But the spring had a steady flow of cool clear water in the driest seasons. This was the best place for a camp. Danvers was here.

Evered stood still, looking down on Danvers' camp, until the other man felt his eyes and looked up and saw him.

When he saw Evered, Danvers got to his feet and laid aside his book and called cheerfully, "Come aboard, sir. Time you paid me a call."

Evered hesitated; ther he went, stumbling a little, down to where Danvers was. "I'm getting out some wood," he said. "I just came down for a drink."

"Sit down," said Danvers in a friendly way. "Fill your pipe."

The old Evered, the normal Evered even now would have shaken his head, bent for his drink from the spring and gone back to his work. But Evered was in want of company this day; and Danvers had a cheerful voice, a comradely eye. Danvers seemed glad to see him. Also the little hollow about the spring had a fascination for Evered. Having come to the spot he was unwilling to leave it, not because he wished to stay, but because he wished to go. He stayed because he dreaded to stay. He took Danvers' cup and dipped it in the spring and drank; and then at Danvers' insistence he sat down against the bowlder and whittled a fill for his pipe and set it going.

Danvers during this time had been talking with the nimble wit which was characteristic of the man. He made Evered feel more assured, more comfortable than he had felt for a long time. And while Danvers talked Evered's slow eyes were moving all about, marking each spot in the tragedy that was forever engraved upon his mind—there had sat his wife, there Semler, yonder stood the bull—terribly vivid, terribly real, so that the sweat burst out upon his forehead again.

Danvers, watching, asked, "What's wrong? You look troubled."

And Evered hesitated, then said huskily, "It's the first time I've been here."

He did not explain; but Danvers understood. "Since your wife was killed?"

"Yes."

Danvers nodded. "It was here by the spring, wasn't it?"

Evered answered slowly, "Yes. She was—lying over there when I found her." He pointed to the spot.

Danvers looked that way; and after a moment, eyes upon the curling smoke of his pipe, he asked casually, "Where was Semler?"

His tone was easy, mildly interested and that was all; nevertheless, his word came to Evered with an abrupt and startling force. Semler? He had told no one save John that Semler was here that day; he knew John would never have told. Ruth knew; but she too was close-mouthed. Fraternity did not know. Yet Danvers knew.

"Where was Semler?" Danvers had asked, so casually.

And Evered cried, "Semler? Who said he was here?"

Danvers looked surprised. "Why, I did not know it was a secret. He told me—himself."

Evered was tense and still where he sat. "He—you know him?"

Danvers laughed a little. "I wouldn't say that. I don't care for the man. I met him a little before I came up here, and told him where I was coming; and he advised me not to come. Told me of this—tragedy."

"Told you he was here?"

Danvers nodded. "Yes; how he tried to fight off the bull."

Evered came to his feet, half crouching. "The black liar and coward ran like a rabbit," he said under his breath; and his face was an ugly thing to see.

Danvers cried, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—waken old sorrows. It doesn't matter. Forget it." He sought, palpably, to change to another topic. "Are you getting in your apples yet?"

Evered would not be put off. "See here," he said. "What did Dane Semler tell you?"

"I've forgotten," said Danvers. He smiled cheerfully. "That is to say, I mean to forget. It's not my affair. Let's not talk about it."

Over Evered swept then one of those impulses to speech, akin to the impulse of confession. He exclaimed with a tragic and miserable note in his voice. "If I don't talk about it sometime it'll kill me."

Danvers looked up at him, gently offered: "I'll listen, then. It may ease you to—tell the story over. Go ahead, Mr. Evered. Sit down."

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Evered did not sit down. But the story burst from him. Something, Danvers' sympathy or the anger Danvers' reference to Semler had roused, touched hidden springs within the man. He spoke swiftly, eagerly, as though with a pathetic desire to justify himself. He moved to and fro, pointing, illustrating.

He told how Zeke Pitkin had brought word that the red bull was loose in the woodlot. "I stopped at the house," he said. "There was no one there; and that scared me. When I came down this way I thought of this spring. My wife used to like to come here. And I was scared, Danvers. I loved Mary Evered, Danvers."

He caught himself, as though his words sounded strangely even in his own ears. When he went on his voice was harsh and hard.

"I came to the knoll up there"—he pointed to the spot—"and saw Mary and Semler here, sitting together, talking together. Damn him! Like sweethearts!" The red floods swept across the man's face as the tide of that old rage overwhelmed him. "Damn Semler!" he cried. "Let him come hereabouts again!"

He went on after a moment: "I was too late to do anything but shout to them. The bull was coming at them from over there, head down. When I shouted they heard me, and forgot each other; and then they saw the red bull. Semler could have stopped him or turned him if he'd been a man. If I had been nearer I could have killed the beast with my hands, in time. But I was too far away; and Semler ran. I tell you, Danvers, he ran! He turned tail, and squawked, and ran along the hillside there. But Mary did not run. She could not; or she wouldn't. And the red bull hit her here; and tossed her there. One blow and toss. He has no horns, you'll mind. Semler running, all the time. Tell him, when you go back—tell him he lied."

He was abruptly silent, his old habit of reticence upon him. And he was instantly sorry that he had spoken at all. To speak had been relief, had somehow eased him. Yet who was Danvers? Why should he tell this man?

Danvers said gently: "The bull did not trample her?"

Evered answered curtly: "No. I reached him."

Danvers nodded. "You could handle him?"

"The beast knows me," said Evered.

And even while he spoke he remembered how the great bull, as though regretting that which he had done, had stood quietly by until he was led away. He did not tell Danvers this; there were no more words in him. He had spoken too much already. Danvers was watching him now, he saw; and it seemed to Evered that there was a hard and hostile light of calculation in the other's eye.

He turned away his head, and Danvers asked: "How came she here with Semler?"

Evered swung toward the man so hotly that for a moment Danvers was afraid; and then the older man's eyes misted and his lips twisted weakly and he brushed them with the back of his hand.

He did not answer Danvers at all; and after a moment Danvers said: "Forgive me. It must hurt you to remember; to look round here. You must see the whole thing over again."

Evered stood still for a moment; then he said abruptly: "I've sat too long. I'll be back at work."

He went stiffly up the knoll. Danvers called after him: "Come down again. You know the way."

Evered did not turn; he made no reply. When he was beyond the other's sight he stopped once and looked back, and his eyes were faintly furtive and uneasy. He muttered something under his breath. He was cursing his folly in having talked with Danvers.

Back at his work Evered was uneasy; but his disquiet would have been increased if he could have seen how Danvers busied himself when he was left alone. The man sat still where he was till Evered had passed out of sight above the knoll; sat still with thoughtful eyes, studying the ground about him and considering the things which Evered had said. And once while he sat with his eyes straight before him, thinking on Evered's words, he said to himself: "The man did love his wife." And again: "There's something hurting him."

After a little he got up and climbed the knoll cautiously, till he could look in the direction Evered had taken. Evered was not in sight; and when he could be sure of this Danvers went along the shelf above the spring toward the wood road that came down from the farm. At the road he turned round and retraced his steps, trying to guess the path Evered would have taken to come in sight of the spring itself.

When he came to the edge of the knoll he noted the spot, and cast back and tried again, and still again. He seemed to seek the farthest spot from which the spring was visible. When he had chosen this spot he stood still, surveying the land below, picturing to himself the tragedy that had been enacted there.

He seemed to come to some conclusion in the end, for he paced with careful steps the distance from where he stood to the rock where Mary Evered had been sitting. From that spot again he paced the distance to the alder growth through which the bull had come. Returning, eyes thoughtful, he took pencil and paper and plotted the scene round him, and set dots upon it to mark where Evered must have stood, and where Mary and Semler had sat, and the way by which the bull had come.

The man sat for a long hour that afternoon with this rude map before him, considering it; and he set down distances upon it, and marked the trees. Once he took pebbles and moved them as the bull and Semler and Evered must have moved.

In the end, indecision in his eyes, he folded the paper and put it carefully into his pocket. Then he made a little cooking fire and prepared his supper and ate it. When he had cleaned up his camp he put on coat and cap and started along the hillside below the bull pasture to the road that led toward Fraternity.

This was not unusual with Danvers. He was accustomed to go to the village three or four times a week for his mail or to sit round the stove in Will Bissell's store and listen to the talk of the country. He had got some profit from this: Jim Saladine, for example, told him one night of a fox den, and took him next day to the spot; and by a week's patience Danvers had been able to get good pictures of the little foxes at their play. And Jean Bubier had taken him up to the head of the pond to see a cow moose pasturing with Jean's own cows. Besides these tangible pieces of fortune he had acquired a fund of tales of the woods. He liked the talk about the stove, and took his own share in it so modestly that the men liked him.

Once or twice during his stay in the town there had been talk of Evered; and Danvers had led them to tell the man's deeds. Great store of these tales, for Evered's daily life had an epic quality about it. From the murdering red bull the stories went back and back to that old matter of the knife and Dave Riggs, now years agone. Telling this story Lee Motley told Danvers one night that it had made a change in Evered.

Danvers had asked: "What did he do?"

And Motley said: "First off, he didn't seem bothered much. But it changed him. He'd been wild and strong and hard before, but there was some laughing in him. I've always figured he took the thing hard. I've not seen the man laugh, right out, since then."

Danvers said: "You can't blame him. It's no joke to kill a man."

Motley nodded his agreement. "It made a big change in Evered," he repeated.

Danvers' interest in Evered had not been sufficiently marked to attract attention, for Evered was a figure of interest to all the countryside. Furthermore, there was talk that Danvers and Ruth MacLure liked each other well; and the town thought it natural that Danvers should be curious as to the man who might be his brother-in-law. Everyone knew that Ruth and John Evered had been more than friends. There was a friendly and curious interest in what looked like a contest between Danvers and John.

This night at Will's store Danvers had little to say. He bought paper and envelopes from Will and wrote two letters with a fountain pen, on the head of a barrel; and he mailed them, with a special-delivery stamp upon each one. That was a thing not often done in Fraternity; and Will noticed the addresses upon the letters. To Boston men, both of them.

Afterward, Danvers sat about the store for a while, and then set off along the road toward Evered's farm. Zeke Pitkin gave him a lift for a way; and Danvers remembered that Evered had named this man, and he said to Zeke: "You saw Evered's

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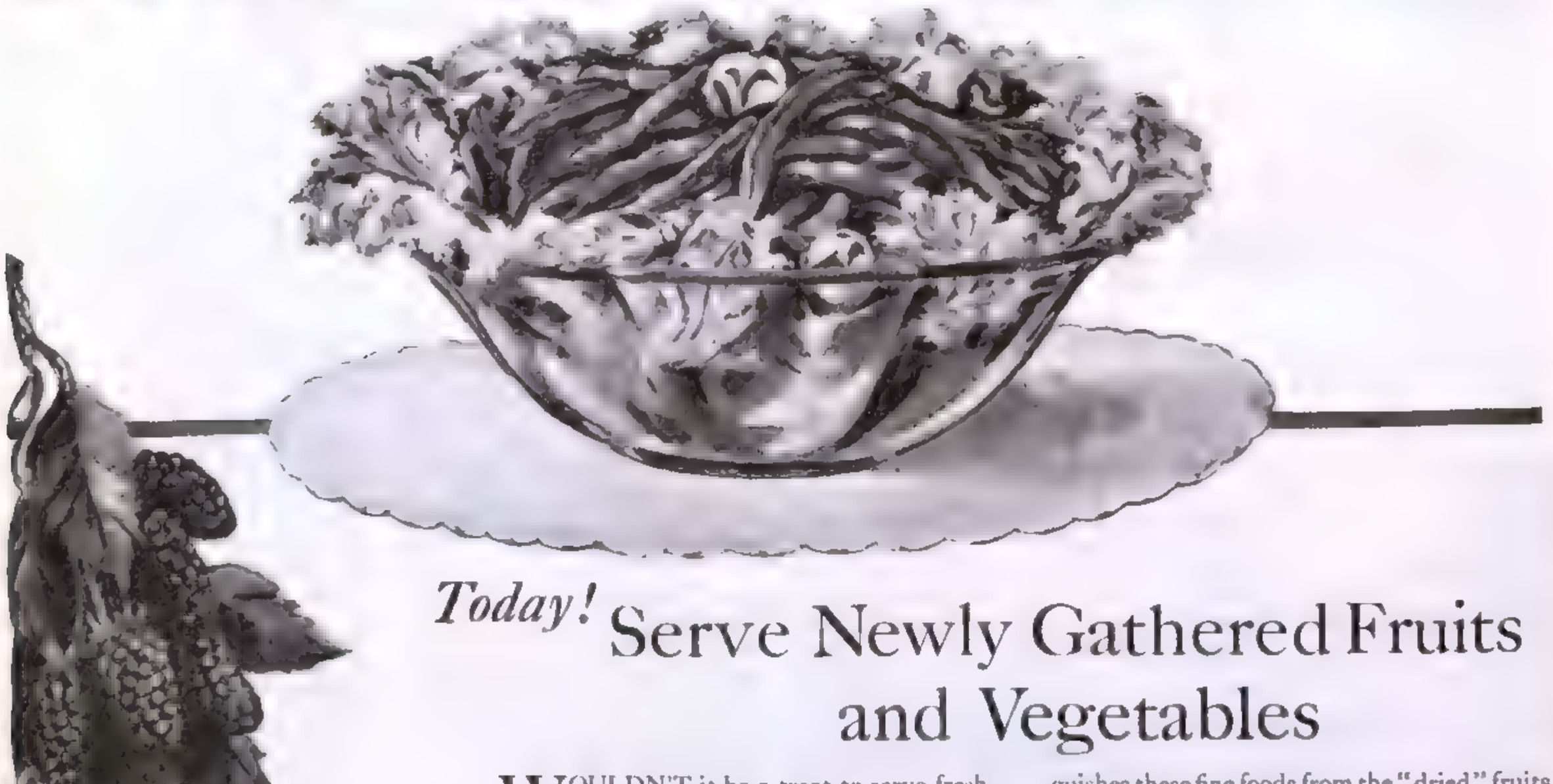

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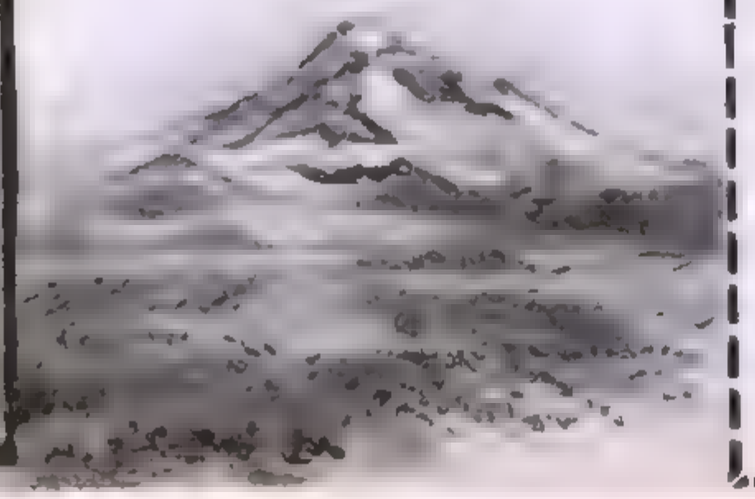

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Name_____

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Grocer's Name _____ His Address _____

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bull break out, that day the beast killed Mary Evered, didn't you?"

Zeke said yes; and he told the tale, coloring it with the glamour of tragedy which it would always have in his eyes. And he told Danvers—though Danvers had heard this more than once before—how Evered had killed his, Zeke's, bull with a knife thrust in the neck, a day or two before the tragedy. "That same heavy knife of his," he said. "The one he killed Dave Riggs with."

Danvers asked: "Still uses it—to butcher with?"

"Yes, sir," said Zeke. "I've seen him stick more'n one pig with that old knife in the last ten year."

Danvers laughed a little harshly. "Not very sentimental, is he?"

"There ain't a human feeling in the man," Pitkin declared.

When Zeke stopped to let Danvers down at the fork of the road Danvers asked another question: "Funny that Semler should skip out so sudden that day, wasn't it?"

"You bet it uz funny," Zeke agreed. "I've allus said it was."

"Did you see him the day he left?"

Pitkin shook his head. "Huh-uh. I was busy all day, and over in North Fraternity in the aft'noon. Got to the store right after he lit out."

Danvers walked to his camp, lighting his steps with an electric torch, and made a little fire for cheerfulness' sake, and wrapped in his blankets for sleep. He had set a camera in the swamp that day, with a string attached to the shutter in a fashion that should give results if a moose came by. He wondered whether luck would be with him. His thoughts as sleep crept on him shifted back to Evered again. A puzzle there—a question of character, of reaction to emotional stimulus. He asked himself: "Now if I were an emotional, hot-tempered man and came upon my wife with another man, and saw her in swift peril of her life—what would I do?"

He was still wondering, still questioning, still trying to put himself in Evered's shoes when at last he dropped asleep.

XIII

DANVERS and Ruth had come to that point in friendship where they could sit silently together, each busy with his or her own thoughts, without embarrassment. The girl liked to come down the hill of an afternoon for an hour with the man; and sometimes he read to her from one of the books of which he had a store. And sometimes he showed her the pictures he had made—strange glimpses of the life of the swamp. His camera trap caught curious scenes. Now and then a deer, occasionally a moose, once a wildcat screeching in the night. And again they had to look closely to see what it was that had tugged the trigger string; and sometimes it was a rabbit, and sometimes it was a mink; and at other times it was nothing at all that they could discover in the finished photograph. Once a great owl dropped on some prey upon the ground and touched the string; and the plate pictured him, wings flying, talons reaching—a picture of the wild things that prey.

Most of the pictures were imperfect—blurred or shadowed or ill-focused. Out of them all there were only four or five that Danvers counted worth the saving; but he and Ruth found fascination in the study of even the worthless ones.

It was inevitable that the confidence between them should develop swiftly in these afternoons together. It was not surprising that Ruth one afternoon dared ask Danvers a question. She had been curiously silent, studying him, until he noticed it, and laughed at her for it; and she told him then: "I'm wondering—whether we really know you here."

He looked at her with a quick intentness, smiled a little. "Why?" he asked. "What are you thinking?"

She shook her head. "I don't know, exactly. Just that sometimes I felt you're hiding something; that you're not thinking about the things you seem to think about."

He said good-naturedly, "You're making a mystery out of me."

"A little," she admitted.

"There's no mystery," he said; and he added softly: "There's a deal more mystery about you, to me."

He had never, as they say, made love to her. Yet there was that in his tone now which made her flush softly and look away from him. Watching her he hesitated. His hand touched hers. She drew her hand away and rose abruptly.

"I must go back to the house," she said. "It's time I was starting supper."

He was on his feet, facing her; but there was only cheerful friendliness in his eyes. He would not alarm her. "Come again," he said. "I like to have you come."

"You never come to the house, except for eggs and things. You ought to come and see us."

"Perhaps I will," he said; and he watched her as she climbed the knoll and disappeared. His eyes were very gentle; there would have been in them an exultant light if he could have seen the girl, once out of his sight, stop and look back to where the smoke of his little fire rose above the trees.

Danvers was much in her thoughts during these days. She would have thought of him even more if she had been able to think less of John.

XIV

DANVERS' departure came abruptly. He had gone to the village one night for his mail, and found a letter waiting, which he read with avid eyes. Having read it he put it away in his pocket, and came to Will Bissell and asked how he might most quickly reach Boston.

Will told him there was a morning train from town; and Danvers nodded and left the store. He decided to walk the ten miles, through the night. It was cool and clear; the walk would be good for him. It would give him time for thinking.

He went back to his camp and slept till three in the morning. Then he made a little breakfast and ate it and packed his camp belongings under the tarpaulin for cover. To the tarp he fastened a note, addressed to Ruth. He wrote simply:

"*Dear Ruth:* I have to go away for four or five days, hurriedly. I would have said good-by if there were time. If it rains will you ask John to put my things under shelter somewhere? In the barn will do. There is a camera set at the crossing of the brook where the old pine is down. Perhaps he will find that and take care of it for me. My other things in the box here are safe enough. The box is waterproof.

"I will not be long gone. I'm taking the morning train from town. Please remember me to Mr. Evered.

"Yours, FRED."

At a little after four, dressed in tramping clothes, but with other garments in a bundle under his arm, he started for town. He had time to change his garments there, and cash a check at the bank, and have a more substantial breakfast before he boarded the morning train.

Ruth discovered that Danvers had gone on the afternoon of his going. She went down to his camp by the spring with an eagerness of anticipation which she did not admit even to herself; and when she saw that he was not there she was at once relieved and unhappy.

The girl had stopped on the knoll above the camp; and she stood there for a moment looking all about, thinking Danvers might be somewhere near. Then she marked the careful order of the spot, and saw that all the camp gear was stowed away; and abruptly she guessed what had happened. She ran then down the knoll, and so came almost at once upon the note he had left for her.

She read this through, frowning and puzzling a little over the intricacies of his handwriting; and she did not know whether to be unhappy over his going or happy that he had remembered to leave this word for her. She did not press the scribbled note against her bosom, but she did read it through a second time, and then refold it carefully, and then take it out and read it yet again. In the end it was still in her hand when she turned reluctantly back up the hill. She put it in the top drawer of her bureau in her room.

She told John and Evered at suppertime that Danvers was gone. Evered seemed like a man relieved of a burden, till she added: "He's coming back again, though."

John asked: "How do you know?"

"He left a note for me," she said.

John bent over his plate, hiding the hurt in his eyes. The girl told him of the camera set in the swamp, and John promised to go and fetch it, and to bring Danvers' other belongings under shelter in the woodshed or the barn.

He managed this the next day; and Ruth made occasion to go to the barn more than once for the sheer happiness of looking upon them. John caught her at it once; but he did not let her know that he had seen. The young man was in these days woefully unhappy.

It is fair to say that he had reason to be. Ruth was kind to him, never spoke harshly or in an unfriendly fashion; in fact, she was almost too friendly. There was a finality about her friendliness which baffled him and erected a barrier between him and her. The man tried awkwardly to bring matters back to their old sweet footing between him and Ruth; but the girl was of nimbler wit than he. She put him off without seeming to do so; she erected an impassable defense about herself.

On the surface they were as they had always been. Evered could see no difference in their bearing. Neighbors who occasionally stopped at the house decided that John and Ruth were going to be married when the time should come; and they told each other they had always said so. Before others the relations between the two were pleasantly friendly; but there were no longer the sweet stolen moments when their arms entwined and their lips met. When they were alone together Ruth treated John as though others were about; and John knew no way to break through her barriers.

About the fifth day after Danvers' going Ruth began to expect his return. He did not come on that day, nor on the next, nor on the next thereafter. She became a little wistful, a little lonely. Toward the middle of the second week she found herself clinging with a desperate earnestness to a despairing hope. He had promised to come back; she thought he would come back. There had never been any word of more than friendliness between them; yet the girl felt that such a word must come, and that he would return to speak it.

One night she dreamed that he would never come again, and woke to find tears streaming across her cheeks. She lay awake for a long time, eyes wide and staring, wondering if she loved him.

During this interval of Danvers' absence there manifested itself in Evered a curious wistful desire to placate Ruth; to win her good will.

She noticed it first one day when the man had been very still, sitting all day in the kitchen with his eyes before him, brooding over unguessed matters. It was a day of blistering, blowing rain, a day when the wind lashed about the house and there was little that could be done out of doors. Ruth, busy about the room, watched Evered covertly; her eyes strayed toward him now and again.

She had not fully realized till that day how much the man was aging. The change had come gradually, but it had been marked. His hair, that had been black as coal six months before, was iron gray now; it showed glints that were snow white, here and there. The skin of his cheeks had lost their bronze luster; it seemed to have grown loose, as though the man were shrinking inside. It hung in little folds about his mouth and jaw.

His head, too, was bowing forward; his head that had always been so erect, so firm, so hard and sternly poised. His neck seemed to be weakening beneath the load it bore; and his shoulders were less square. They hung forward, as though the man were cold and were guarding his chest with his arms.

The fullness of the change came to Ruth with something of a shock, came when she was thinking it strange that Evered should be content to remain all day indoors. He was by nature an active man, of overflowing bodily energy; he was used to going out in all weathers to his tasks. She had seen him come in, dripping, in the past; his cheeks ruddy from the wet and cold, his eyes glowing with the fire of health, his chest heaving to great deep breaths of air. More and more often of late, she remembered, he had stayed near the stove and the fire, as though it comforted him.

Ruth had not John's sympathetic understanding of the heart of Evered; nevertheless, she knew, as John did, that the man had—in his harsh fashion—loved his dead wife well. She had always known this, even though she had never been able to understand how a man might hurt the woman he loved. If she had not known she would not have blamed Evered so bitterly for all the bitter past. It was one of the counts of her indictment of him that he had indeed loved Mary; and that even so he had made the dead woman unhappy through so many years.

Watching him this day Ruth thought that sorrow was breaking him; and the thought somewhat modified, without her knowing it, the strength of her condemnation of the man. When in mid afternoon he took from her the shovel and broom with which she was preparing to clean out the ashes of the stove, and did the task himself, she was amazed and angry with herself to find in her heart a spark of pity for him.

"Let me do that, Ruthie," he had said. "It's hard for you."

He had never been a man given to small chores about the house; he was awkward at it. His very awkwardness, the earnestness of his clumsy efforts, warmed the girl's heart; she found her eyes wet as she watched him, and took recourse in an abrupt protest.

"You're spilling the ashes," she said. "Here, let me."

She would have taken the broom from him, but Evered would not let it go. He looked toward her as they held the broom between them, and there was in his eyes such an agony of desire to please her that the girl had to turn away.

What was moving in Evered's mind it is hard to say, hard to put in words. He had not yet surrendered to regret for the thing he had done; he was still able to bolster his courage, to strengthen himself by the reflection that his wife had wronged him. He was still able to fan to life the embers of his rage against her and against Semler. Yet the man was finding it hard to endure the hatred in Ruth's eyes, the silent glances which met him when he went abroad, the ostracism of the village. He wanted comradeship in these days as he had never wanted it before. He desired the friendship of mankind; he desired, in an unformed way, the affection of Ruth. The girl had come to symbolize in his thoughts something like his own conscience. He was uncertainly conscious that if she forgave him, looked kindly upon him, bore him no more malice, he might altogether forgive himself for that which he had done.

Yet when he put this thought in words it evoked a revolt in his own heart; and he would cry out to himself: "I need no forgiveness! I've nothing to forgive! I was right to let the bull —— She was false as a witch; false as hell!"

He found poor comfort in this thought. So long as he believed his wife was guilty he could endure the torment of his own remorse, could relieve the pain of it. And if Ruth would only smile upon him, be her old friendly self to him again ——

The man's attentions to her were almost like an uncouth wooing. He began to study the girl's wants, to find little ways to help her, to anticipate her desires, to ease her work about the house. He sought opportunities to talk with her, and drove himself to speak gently and ingratiatingly. He called her Ruthie, though she had always been Ruth to him before.

The man was pitiful; the girl could not wholly harden her heart against him. Naturally generous and kindly she caught herself thinking that after all he had loved Mary well; that he missed her terribly. Once or twice hearing him move about his room in the night she guessed his loneliness. She was more and more sorry for Evered.

Ruth was not the only one who saw that the man was growing old too swiftly. They marked the fact at Will Bissell's store. Will saw it, and Lee Motley saw it, and Jim Saladine; these three with a certain sympathy. Jean Bubier saw it with sardonic amusement, tinged with understanding. Old Man Varney saw it with malice; and Judd in the meanness of his soul saw it with malignant delight.

"Looking for friends now, he is," Judd exclaimed one night. "Him that was so bold before. Tried to start talk with me to-day. I turned my back on the man. I'd a mind to tell him why."

Motley and Saladine spoke of the thing together. Motley said, "I think he—thought a deal of Mary—in the man's way."

And Saladine nodded and said: "Yes. But—there's more to it than that, Lee. More than we know, I figure. Something hidden behind it all. A black thing, if the whole truth was to come out. Or so it looks to me."

Saladine was a steady, thoughtful man, and Motley respected his opinion, and thought upon the matter much thereafter; but he was to come to no conclusion.

On his farm the change in Evered manifested itself in more than one way; in no

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

(Continued from Page 92)

way more markedly than in his lack of energy. He left most of the chores to John; and, what was more significant, he gave over to John full care of the huge red bull. It had been Evered's delight to master that brute and bend it to his will. John and Ruth both marked that he avoided it in these later days. John had the feeding of it; he cleaned its stall; he tossed in straw for the creature's bed. The bull was beginning to know him, to know that it need not fear him. He was accustomed to go into its stall and move about the beast without precautions, speaking gently when he spoke at all.

Ruth never saw this. She seldom went near the red bull's stall. She hated the animal and dreaded it. On one occasion she did go near its pen. It was suppertime and the food was hot upon the table. She called John from the woodshed, and then came to the kitchen door to summon Evered. He was leaning against the high gate of the bull's plank-walled yard looking in at the animal. Ruth called to him to come to supper, but he did not turn. She called again, and still the man did not move.

A little alarmed, for fear he might have been suddenly stricken sick, she went swiftly across the barnyard to where he stood, and looked at him, and looked into the pen.

Evered was watching the bull; and the bull stood a dozen feet away watching the man. There was a stillness about them both which frightened the girl; a still intentness. Neither moved; their eyes met steadily without shifting. There was no emotion in either of them. It was as though the man were probing the bull's mind, as though the bull would read the man's thoughts. They were like persons hypnotized. Ruth shivered and touched Evered's arm and shook it a little.

"Supper's ready," she said.

He turned to her with eyes still glazed from the intensity of their stare.

"Supper?" he echoed. Then remembrance came to him; and he nodded heavily and said with that wistfully ingratiating note in his voice: "Yes, Ruthie, I'm coming. Come; let's go together."

He took her arm, and she had not the hardness of heart to break away from him. They went into the house side by side.

XV

IN MID-OCTOBER Danvers returned, afoot, as he had departed; and there was no warning of his coming. He reached the farm in the afternoon. John was in the woodlot at the time, cutting the wood into cord lengths in preparation for hauling. Evered had worked in the morning, but after dinner he sat down by the kitchen stove and remained there, in the dull apathy of thought which was becoming habitual to him. He was still there and Ruth was busy about the room when Danvers came to the door. Ruth had caught sight of him through the window; she was at the door to meet him and opened it before he knocked. She wanted to tell him how glad she was to see him; but all she could do was stand very still, her right hand at her throat, her eyes on his.

He said gently: "Well, I've come back. But it has been longer than I thought it would be."

She nodded. "Yes, it has been a long time."

There was so much of confession in her tone that the man's heart pounded and he stepped quickly toward her. But when she moved back he saw Evered within the room watching him with dull eyes; and he caught himself and his face sobered and hardened.

"My things are here?" he asked.

"In the shed," she said. "John brought them up. I'll show you."

She stepped away and he followed her into the kitchen, toward the door that opened at one side into the shed.

She had already opened the door when Evered asked huskily, "Back, are you?"

Danvers said, "Yes." There was an indescribable note of hostility in his voice which he could not disguise.

"Won't be here long now, I figure," Evered suggested.

"I don't know," said Danvers. "I'll be here till I've done what I came to do."

Evered did not speak for a minute; then he asked: "Get them moose pictures, you mean?"

Ruth looked from one man to the other in a bewildered way, half sensing the fact that both were wary and alert.

Danvers said, "Of course."

Evered shook his head. "Dangerous business, this time o' year. The old bulls have got other things on their mind besides having their pictures took."

"I'll risk it," said Danvers.

"You've a right to," Evered told him, and turned away.

Danvers watched the man for an instant; then he followed Ruth into the shed. She showed him his dunnage, packed in a stout roll; and he lifted it by the lashing and slung it across his shoulder.

"Mr. Evered is right," she said. "The moose are dangerous—in the fall."

He touched his roll with his left hand affectionately. "I've a gun here. My pistol, you know. I'll be careful."

She urged softly, "Please do."

There was so much solicitude in her voice that Danvers was shaken by it; he slid the roll to the floor.

Then Evered came to the door that led into the shed; and he said: "I'll help you down with that stuff."

Danvers shook his head. "No need," he replied. "I can handle it."

He swung it up again across his shoulder; and Ruth opened the outer door for him. She and Evered stood together watching him cross the barnyard and lower the bars and pass through and go on his way.

When he was out of sight Ruth looked up at Evered; and the man said gently, "Glad to see him, Ruthie?"

She nodded. "I like him."

"More than you like John?" the man asked.

And she said steadily: "I like them both. But Danvers is gentle, and strong too. And you Evereds are only cruelly strong."

"I wouldn't say John was cruel," the man urged wistfully.

"He's your son," she said, the old bitterness in her voice.

And Evered nodded, as though in confession. He looked in the direction Danvers had taken.

"I wonder what he's back for," he said half to himself.

Ruth did not answer, and after a little she went back into the kitchen. She heard Evered working with his ax for a while, splitting up wood for the stove; and presently he brought in an armful and dumped it in the woodbox. It was a thing he had never done before, though John was accustomed to carry her wood for her. As he dropped the wood now Evered looked toward her, as though to make sure she had seen; he smiled in a pleading broken way. She thanked him, a certain sympathy in her voice in spite of herself. The man was so broken; he had grown so old in so short a time.

Danvers, bound toward his old camping ground at the spring, heard John's ax in the birch growth at his left, but he did not turn aside. There was a new purpose in the man; his old pleasantly amiable demeanor had altered; his eyes were steady and hard. He reached the spring and disposed his goods, with a packet of provisions which he had brought from the village.

A little later he went back up the hill to get milk and eggs from the farm. It chanced that he found Evered in the barnyard; and Evered saw him coming, and watched him approach. They came face to face at the bars, and when Danvers had passed through he stood still, eying the other man and waiting for Evered to speak. There was a steady scrutiny in Evered's eyes, a questioning; Danvers met this questioning glance with one that told nothing. His lips set a little grimly.

Evered asked at last: "You say you came back for more pictures?"

"Yes."

"I'm wondering if you'll get what you come for."

Danvers said, "I intend to."

Evered nodded quietly. "All right," he agreed. "I don't aim to hinder."

He turned toward the barn; and as he turned Danvers saw that he had his knife slung in its leather sheath upon his hip. The sheath was deep; only the tip of the knife's haft showed. Yet Danvers' eyes fastened on this with a strange intentness, as though he were moved by a morbid curiosity at sight of the thing. The heavy knife had taken so many lives.

Danvers did not move till Evered had gone into the barn and out of sight; then the younger man turned toward the house, and knocked, and Ruth opened the door.

He asked: "Can I get milk to-night, and eggs; and have you made butter?"

She had been surprised to see him so soon again; she was a little startled, could not find words at once. But she nodded and he came into the kitchen and she shut the door behind him, for the day was cold.

"We haven't milked," she said. "It will be a little while."

Danvers, whose thoughts had been on other things, found himself suddenly swept by a sense of her loveliness. He had always known that she was beautiful, but he had held back the thought, had fought against it. Now seeing her again after so long a time he forgot everything but her. She saw the slow change in his eyes; and though she had longed for it it frightened her.

She began to tremble, and tried to speak, but all she could say was, "Oh!"

Danvers came toward her then slowly. He had not meant to speak, yet the words came before he knew. "Ah, Ruth, I have missed you so," he said.

Her eyes were dim and soft. She was miserably happy, an anguish of happiness.

He said: "I love you so, Ruth. I love you so." And he kissed her.

The girl was swept as by a tempest. She had dreamed of this man for weeks, idealizing him, thinking him all that was fine and gentle and good. She gave herself to his kisses as though she were hungry for them. She was crying, tears were flowing down her cheeks; and at first she thought this was because she was so happy, while Danvers, half alarmed, half laughing, whispered to comfort her.

Then slowly the girl knew that she was not crying because she was so happy. She could not tell why she cried; she could not put her heart in words. It was as though she were lonely, terribly lonely. And she was angry with herself at that. How could she be lonely in his arms? In Danvers' arms, his kisses on her wet cheeks?

She could not put the thought away. While he still held her she wept for very loneliness. He could not soothe her. She scarce heard him; she put her hands against him and tried to push him away, feebly at first. She did not want to push him away; yet something made her. He held her still; his arms were like bands of iron. He was so strong, so hard. Thus close against him she seemed to feel a rigor of spirit in the man. It was as though she were pressed against a wall. He freed her. "Please," he said.

And she cried, as though to persuade herself: "Oh, I do love you! I do!"

But when he would have put his arms round her again she shrank away from him, so that he forbore. She turned quickly away to her tasks. She had time to compose herself before Evered came in, and later John. Then Danvers left with the things he had come to secure, and went down the hill in the early dusk of fall.

Ruth was thoughtful that evening; she went early to her room. She was trying desperately to understand herself. She had been drawn so strongly toward Danvers, she had found him all that she wanted a man to be. She had been miserable at his going, had longed for his return. She had wanted that which had come to pass this day. The girl was honest with herself, had always been honest with herself. She had known she loved him, longed for him.

Yet now he was returned, he loved her and his kisses only served to make her miserably lonely. She could not understand; slept, still without comprehending.

Danvers, next day, did not go into the swamp. He busied himself about the spring, producing again that sketch which he had made on the day Evered told him the story of the tragedy. He was groping for something, groping for understanding; his forehead wrinkled and his eyes were sober with thought.

After he had cooked his dinner and eaten it the man sat for a long time by the fire, tending it with little sticks, watching the flames as though he expected to find in them the answer to his riddle. Once he took from his pocket a letter, and read it soberly enough, then put it back again. And once he took fresh paper and made a new sketch of the locality about him.

He seemed at last to come to some decision. The aspect of his countenance changed subtly. He got to his feet, pacing back and forth. At about four o'clock in the afternoon he put on his coat and started up the knoll toward the farm. When he had gone some fifty yards he stopped, hesitated, and came back to his camp fire. From his kit he selected the automatic pistol, saw that it held a loaded clip, belted it on. It hung under his coat inconspicuously.

He went on his way this time without hesitation; went steadily up the hill, reached the bars about the farmyard, passed through and knocked on the kitchen door.

Ruth came to the door; he asked her abstractedly, as though she were a stranger, where Evered was. She said he was in the shed; and Danvers went there and found Evered grinding an ax. The man looked up at his coming with sober eyes. Ruth had stayed in the kitchen.

Danvers said quietly: "Evered, I want to talk to you."

Evered hesitated, studying the other. He asked: "What about?"

"A good many things," Danvers told him.

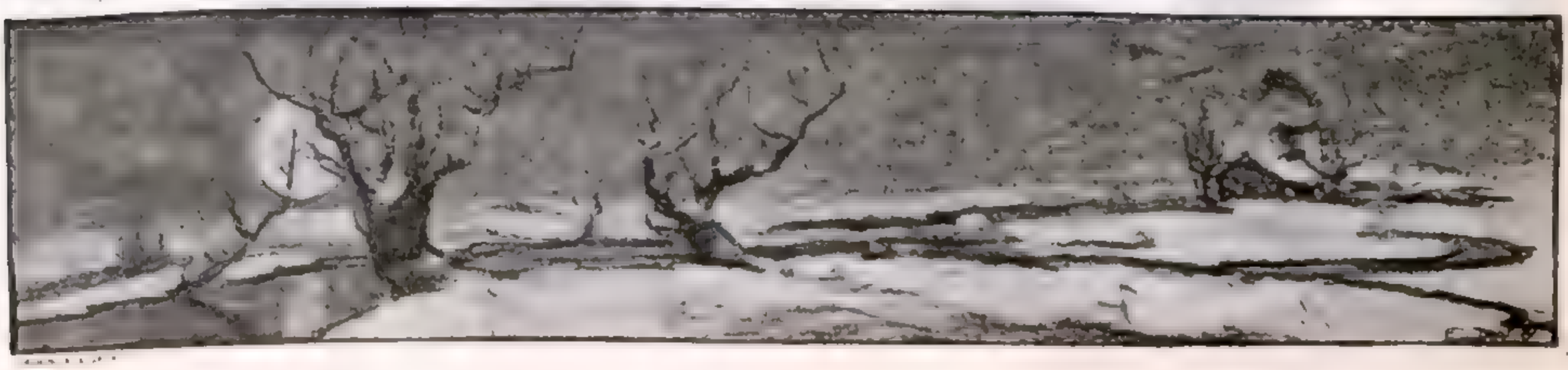
Evered laid aside the ax. "All right," he said.

"Come away from the house," Danvers suggested. Yet there was a certain dominant note in his voice. The old Evered would have stayed where he was; but the old Evered was dead.

"Come," said Danvers; and he stepped out into the yard and Evered followed him. Danvers crossed to the bars and let them down. He and Evered passed silently through.

The men went, Danvers a little in the lead, down the hill toward the spring.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



Women are not all the five-foot, four-inch average, so why should kitchen sinks all stand 30 inches high? This one can be set any height desired. It is mounted on a concealed support, so you needn't stop at the sink when it comes time to clean up the kitchen floor.

All-Clay "TEPECO" Plumbing

LET every prospective builder or house owner seriously consider plumbing fixtures before the necessity for their purchase arises. In no other line of house materials is there greater opportunity for wise investment or for injudicious buying. Since a period of time must elapse before the desirability and future period of usefulness can be determined, you are helpless to rectify your error of judgment at the expense of anyone but yourself.

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"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing because of its permanency (comparable to the life of the house itself) thus adds the merit of economy to its many superiorities. "Tepeco" Plumbing Fixtures are made for every bathroom, kitchen, laundry and toilet purpose.

If you intend to build or renovate your plumbing write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character"

The
TRENTON POTTERIES CO.
Trenton, New Jersey

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 34)

off one-seventh of a pound of moisture an hour, of which amount about sixty-seven per cent comes from the lungs.

Just as the engine room is the vital works of a ship, so is the operating room the heart of a motion-picture house. In the world's biggest and newest theater just described the room where the projecting machines are located contains a number of ingenious devices here used for the first time. There is an indicator which shows the speed at which the film is being projected in feet per minute and rate of time per thousand feet. Then there is a signal-indicating telegraph which shows the order of the program and directs the operators' and musicians' attention to any desired change in the schedule of events. These two indicators are interconnected between the stage manager's office, orchestra conductor's stand and with all of the projection machines. The use of this system permits the synchronizing of the music with the picture to a fraction of a second. The signal telegraph supersedes the telephone and renders it unnecessary for the operator in the projection room to step away from the lookout port to get a signal.

Embodied in the design of this most modern projection room is a special interchangeable plugging system so that if a fuse blows out or a rheostat breaks down during the performance this particular machine can instantly be thrown on another circuit, which avoids the annoying delay that would be occasioned if the operator were obliged to change the reel to another projector, which has been customary in the past.

The projection distance to the main screen is one hundred and eighty-one feet.

Realizing that the surface upon which the picture is to be projected is of paramount importance, experiments were conducted and it was finally decided to use special screens of chemically prepared satin stretched on frames in a new and novel manner. No tacks or strips are used whatsoever. Two of each screen are employed, so that it will always be possible to obtain high efficiency by using one that is free from dust. To illuminate this screen properly something like 50,000 candle power is used.

The power consumed in providing this light is equal to that required by six hundred twenty-five-watt incandescent lamps. In case anything catches fire in the operating room one of the many fusible links melts and every opening is simultaneously closed from the rest of the auditorium. At the same time the ventilation fans are started and the fire alarm turned in.

When one compares this modern amusement palace here briefly described to the early picture houses of a decade past the rapid progress of the movie industry becomes more clearly apparent. It was only eight years ago that the motion picture appeared to be started on the way to oblivion. Great actors and actresses turned down all proposals from the film producers with contempt. Then one farsighted manager decided to turn the scale by getting the greatest actress of all time to pose for him. A friend of this woman went to Europe to see her and there pointed out that her art could be preserved in no other way except by the screen. The famous star was convinced and as a result the first genuine motion picture was made showing Sarah Bernhardt as Queen Elizabeth. About this same time there was a little movie studio operating in New York. In one of the pictures that was being made there was supposed to be a banquet scene and the producer of the film decided to try the novel stunt of getting a number of theatrical folks to attend the banquet and become actors in the scene. Among the invited guests was Douglas Fairbanks, who had already made a name for himself as an actor on the legitimate stage. Later when the banquet scene was thrown on the screen the Fairbanks personality stood out like a sore thumb and this caused the producers to become interested in his possibilities as a movie actor and roused his interest in screen work. As a result a satisfactory bargain was struck and Fairbanks became a movie actor.

There are all kinds of stories circulating concerning the salaries paid to famous motion-picture stars and here before me I have most of the true facts relating to this phase of the business. It appears that the whole thing is a game of extremes. It also seems certain that the known stars can practically dictate their own salaries or, in the slang of the street, "can write their own ticket." Most managers follow the rule that the performer is worth his draw at the box office. There are, however, certain managers who endeavor to tie up youth. A young man or a girl is picked because of apparent ability and the producer signs up the coming star for a number of years.

Perhaps the first year or two the manager will lose a little money on the deal, but eventually his winnings may be very large.

A young and unknown New York girl now famous found herself in such an uncomfortable position only recently. She had signed a long-term contract as an unknown at one hundred dollars a week and while working for this small salary could easily have negotiated a new contract with other producers for many times that amount if she had been free to do so. Only the other day a young fellow earning forty dollars a week but who showed evidences of ability as a screen actor was offered a salary of one hundred dollars a week by a movie manufacturer if he would sign up for eight years.

Such an offer is always alluring to the young man or woman without a reputation, but it doesn't look so good to them later if they become public favorites.

The million-dollar salaries of motion-picture stars are mostly myths. Few contracts have ranged anywhere near that enormous sum. Even the thousand-dollar-a-day salaries are mostly one or two thousand a week. Here and there of course there are exceptions and it isn't always in the actor field that the big plums are pulled. The motion-picture director ranks next to the famous star as a highly paid individual.

Like the celebrated actor, the man who can make good pictures consistently can actually name his own price. The salary of one of the most famous of our present-day directors, I am told, is between three and four thousand dollars a week. However, this is exceptional, and it is safe to say that the average successful director is paid about five hundred dollars a week.

That the motion-picture industry has really arrived is best proved by the fact that during the last show year ending August thirty-first more than nine hundred motion-picture features were produced in the United States, which pictures earned about $70,000,000 in rentals for the manufacturing companies. An American producing concern is now spending millions of dollars in building new studios both in this country and abroad.

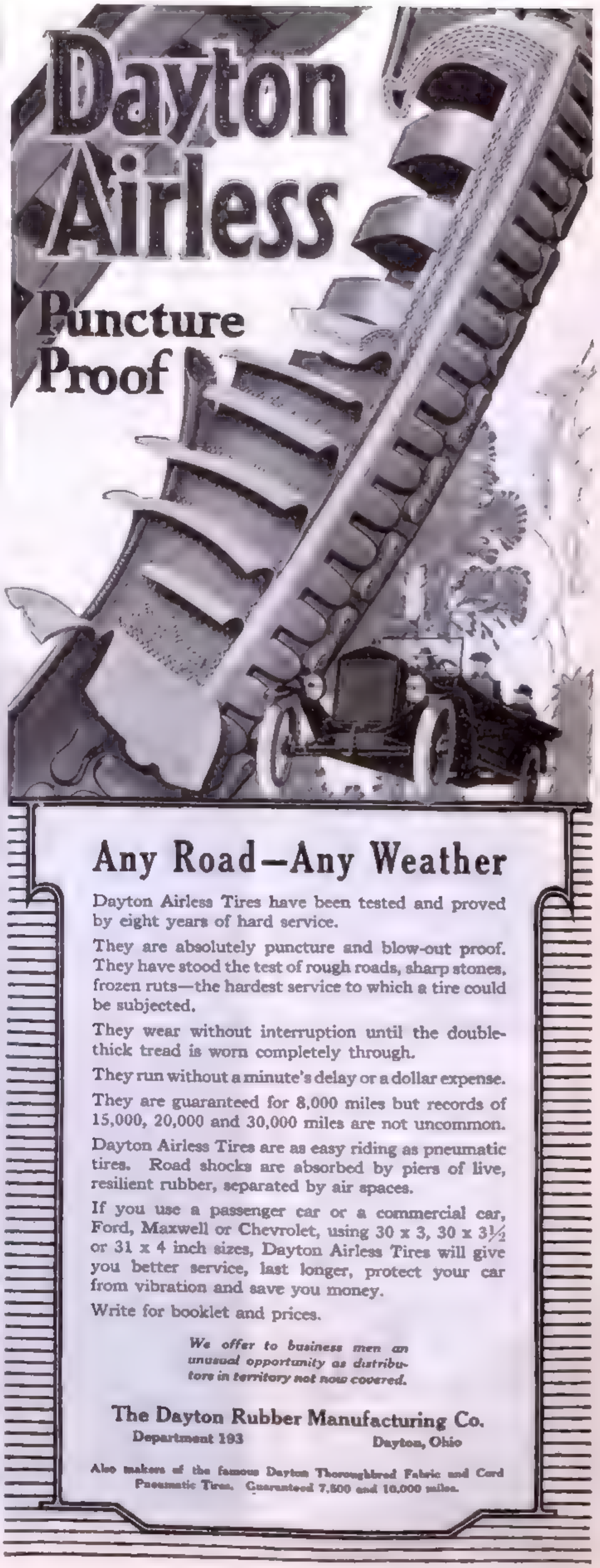
One of these studios is being constructed in the East and will cost when completed in the neighborhood of $2,000,000. Many of the legitimate actors have New York engagements during the greater part of the year and find it impossible to travel to California to take part in a picture produced in one of the studios located on the Pacific Coast.

The other day in New York at a big picture house a group of interested spectators witnessed a demonstration of a new type of screen that is made with a curved surface so that any point on the screen is exactly the same distance from the lens of the projection machine. As a result the figures in the motion picture are not distorted as they often appear on a flat surface.

The eyestrain of persons occupying side and front seats is practically eliminated through using this new style of screen. This invention will relieve the distortion that tires the eye and causes fatigue in the spectator.

The designer of the screen states that his device also gives an impression of the third dimension in pictures, especially in the case of a figure approaching in the center of a scene.

Without doubt the time will soon come when color photography will also be employed in feature pictures to relieve the monotony of the dull tones. With such improvements will come better photo plays based on stories written by the best of our creative authors. Therefore let us not take the motion picture too lightly, for like all things young it will soon grow to possess all the virtues of an experienced and mature manhood.



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Also makers of the famous Dayton Thoroughbred Fabric and Cord Pneumatic Tires. Guaranteed 7,500 and 10,000 miles.

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

(Continued from Page 27

"By the Lord Harry, I believe you've struck it! Walked into the fog and couldn't find the way out. Of course. What an old ass I've been! Simple as daylight. I've simply fallen in love with Molly all over again, thinking it was Kitty. Plain as the nose on my face. And I might have made a fine mess of it if you hadn't waked me up."

All this gentle irony went over Hawksley's head. "When do you wish me to go down to the taxi?"

"Son, I'm beginning to like you. You shall have your chance. In fact we'll take it together. There'll be a taxi but I'll hire it. I'm quite positive I know where Kitty is. If I'm correct you'll have your chance. If I'm wrong you'll have to pay the score. We'll get her out or we'll stay where she is. In any event Karlov will pay the price. Wouldn't you prefer to go out—if you must—in a glorious scrap?"

"Fighting?" Hawksley was on his feet instantly. "Do you mean that? I can die with free hands?"

"With a chance of coming out top hole."

"I say, what a ripping thing hope is—always springing back!"

Cutty nodded. But he knew there was one hope that would never warm his heart again. Molly! . . . Well, he'd let the young chap believe that. Kitty must never know. Poor little chick, fighting with her soul in the dark and not knowing what the matter was! Such things happened. He had loved Molly on sight. He had loved Kitty on sight. In neither case had he known it until too late to turn about. Mother and daughter; a kind of sacrilege, as if he had betrayed Molly! But what a clear vision acknowledged love lent to the mind! He understood Kitty, who did not understand herself. Well, this night's adventure would decide things.

He smiled. Neither Kitty nor the drums of jeopardy; nothing. The gates of paradise again—for somebody else! Whoever heard of a prompter receiving press notices?

"Let's look alive! We haven't any time to waste. We'll have to change to dungarees—engineer togs. There'll be some tools to carry. We go straight down to the boiler room. We come up the ash exit on the street side. Remember, no suspicious haste. Two engineers off for their evening swig of beer at the corner groggery. Through the side door there, and into my taxi. Obey every order I give. Now run along to Kuroki and say night work for both of us. He'll understand what's wanted. I'll set the machinery in motion for a raid. How do you feel? I want the truth. I don't want to turn to you for help and not get it."

Hawksley laughed. "Don't worry about me. I'll carry on. Don't you understand? To have an end of it, one way or the other! To come free or to die there!"

"And if Kitty is not where I believe her to be?"

"Then I'll return to the taxi outside."

To be young like that! thought Cutty, feeling strangely sad and old. "To come free or to die there!" That was good Anglo-Saxon. He would make a good American citizen—if he were in luck.

At half after nine the two of them knelt on the roof before the cemented trap. Nothing but raging heat disintegrates cement. So the liberation of this trap, considering the time, was a Herculean task, because it had to be accomplished with little or no noise. Cold chisels, fulcrums, prying, heaving, boring. To free the under edge; the top did not matter. Not knowing if Kitty were below—that was the worst part of the job.

The sweat of agony ran down Hawksley's face; but he never faltered. He was going to die to-night, somehow, somewhere, but with free hands, the way Stefani would have him die, the way the girl would have him die. All these thousands of miles—to die in a house he had never seen before, just when life was really worth something!

An hour went by. Then they heard Kitty's signal. Instinctively the two of them knew that the taps came from her. They were absolutely certain when her signal was repeated. She was below alone.

"Faster!" whispered Cutty.

Hawksley smiled. To say that to a chap when he was digging into his tomb!

When the sides of the trap were free Cutty tapped to Kitty again. There was a long, agonizing wait. Then three taps came from below. Cutty flashed a signal to the warehouse windows. In five minutes the raid would be in full swing—from the roof, from the street, from the cellar.

"Now!" said Cutty.

With their short crowbars braced by stout fulcrums the two men heaved. Noise did not matter now. Presently the trap went over.

"Look out for your hands; there's lots of loose glass. And together when we drop."

"Righto!" whispered Hawksley, assured that when he dropped through the trap the result would be oblivion. Done in.

XXXI

KARLOV upon forcing his way past Kitty's barricade stared at her doubtfully. This was a clever girl; she had proved her cleverness frequently. She might have some reason other than fear in keeping him out. So he put a fresh candle in the sconce and began to prowl. He pierced the attic windows with a ranging glance; no one was in the yard or on the street. The dust on the windows had not been disturbed.

To Kitty the suspense was intolerable. At any moment Cutty might tap a query to her. How to warn him that all was not well? A scream would do it; but in that event when Cutty arrived there would be no Kitty Conover. Something that would sound unusual to Cutty and accidental to Karlov. She hit upon it. She seized a plank from her barricade, raised it to a perpendicular position, then flung it down violently. Would Cutty hear and comprehend that she was warning him? As a matter of fact Cutty never heard the crash, for at that particular minute he was standing up to get the kinks out of his knees.

Karlov whirled on his heels, ran to Kitty and snatched her wrist. "Why did you do that?" Kitty remained mute. "Answer!" with a cruel twist.

"You hurt!" she gasped. Anything to gain time. She tried to break away.

"Why did you do that?"

"I was going to thrust it through a window to attract attention. It was too heavy."

This explanation was within bounds of reason. It is possible that Karlov—who had merely come up with a fresh candle—would have departed but for a peculiarly grim burst of humor on the part of Fate.

Tap—tap—tap? inquired the unsuspecting man on the roof—exactly to Kitty like some innocent inquisitive child embarrassing the family before company.

Karlov flung her aside roughly, stepped under the trap and cupped an ear. He required no explanations from Kitty, who shrank to the wall and remained pinned there by terror. Karlov's intuition was keen. Men on the roof held but one significance. The house was surrounded by Federal agents. For a space he wavered between two desires, the political and the private vengeance.

A call down the stairs, and five minutes afterward there would be nothing on the spot but a jumble of smoking wood and brick. But not to see them die!

Boris Karlov Should Never Live to Eat His Heart Out Behind Bars

His subsequent acts, cold and methodical, fascinated Kitty. He took a step toward her. The scream died in her throat. But he did not go beyond that step. The picture of her terror decided his future actions. He would see them die, here, with the girl looking on. A full measure. Well enough he knew who were digging away the cement of the trap. What gave lodgment to this conviction he did not bother to analyze. The man he had not yet seen, who had balked him, now here, now there, from that first night; and who but the last of that branch of the hated house should be with him? To rend, batter, crush, kill! If he were bound for hell, to go there with the satisfaction of knowing that his private vengeance had been canceled. The full reckoning for Anna's degradation: Stefani Gregor, broken and dying, and all the others dead!

He would shoot them as they dropped through the trap. Not to kill, but to maim, render helpless; then he would taunt them and grind his heels in their faces. Up there, the two he most hated of all living men!

First he restored Kitty's barricade—to keep assistance from entering before his work was completed. The butt of the first plank he pushed under the door knob. The other planks he laid flat, end to end, with the butt of the last snug against the brick chimney. The door would never give as a whole; it would have to be smashed in by axes. He then set the candle on the floor, backed by an upended soapbox. His enemies would drop into a pool of light, while they would not be able to see him at once. The girl would not matter. Her terror would hold her for some time. These maneuvers completed he answered the signal, sat down on another box and waited, reminding Kitty of some grotesque Mongolian idol.

Kitty saw the inevitable. Thereupon her terror ceased to bind her. As Cutty flung back the trap she would cry out a warning. Karlov might—and probably would—kill her. Her share in this night's work—her incredible folly—required full payment. Having decided to die with Cutty all her courage returned. This is the normal result of any sublime resolve. But with the return of her courage she evolved another plan. She measured the distance between herself and Karlov, calculating there would be three strides. As Cutty dropped she would fling herself upon the madman. The act would at least give Cutty something like equal terms. What became of Kitty Conover thereafter was of no importance to the world.

Sounds. She became conscious of noises elsewhere in the house. The floor trembled. There came a creaking and snapping of wood, and she heard the trap fall. Karlov stood up, menacing, terrible. She saw where Cutty would drop, and now understood the cunning of the maneuver of placing the candle in front of the soapbox. Cutty would be an absolute mark for Karlov, protected by the shadow. She set herself, as a runner at the tape.

Karlov was not the type criminal, which, when cornered, thinks only of personal safety. He was a political fanatic. All who opposed his beliefs must not be permitted to survive. There was a touch of Torquemada of the Inquisition in his cosmos. He could not kill directly; he had to torture first.

He knew by the ascending sounds that there would be no way out of this for him. To the American, Russia was an outlaw. He would be treated as a dangerous alien enemy and locked up. Boris Karlov should never live to eat his heart out behind bars.

Unique angle of thought, he mused. He wanted mud to trample them in, Russian mud. The same mud that had filled the mouth of Anna's destroyer.

He was, then, a formidable antagonist for any two strong men; let alone two one of whom was rather spent, the other dizzy with pain, holding himself together by the last shreds of his will. They dropped through the trap, Cutty in front of the candle, Hawksley a little to one side. The elder man landed squarely, but Hawksley fell backward. He crawled to his feet, swaying drunkenly. For a space he was not sure of the reality of the scene. . . . Torches and hobnailed boots!

"So!" said Karlov.

(Continued on Page 104)

Kellogg's DRINKET

1—A level teaspoonful of Drinket

2—Pour on boiling water

3—Your cup of Drinket is ready. Add cream and sugar if desired

Copyright 1920, by Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co

The Coffee-Like Beverage

HERE, at last, is a *real* beverage—a healthful, nourishing, satisfying drink to serve either hot or iced cold. You do not feel that you are depriving yourself of something else you like, or punishing yourself when you drink Drinket.

It is not a "substitute" or an imitation—no beany, wishy-washy, scorched-tasting subterfuge. Drinket is a full-flavored, full-bodied, full-rounded, gratifying, rich-tasting drink that you are glad to serve to anybody at your table.

Drinket is *different*. It is derived entirely from grains. It contains no artificial flavoring whatsoever. The fine, gratifying full-flavor of Drinket is secured by our method, which brings out for you the sweetness and goodness that Nature hides in the grains. Drinket actually benefits you.

It contains the mineral salts Nature stores in the grains, and these mineral salts help to build up the body, as well as to supply strength and replenish worn-out and fatigued nerve cells.

A cup of Drinket is made in a twinkling, right at the table. A teaspoonful in your cup, fill with *boiling water*, add cream and sugar if desired. Stir it, then enjoy it. You'll find its flavor more appealing every time. The children may have Drinket, too. It is derived solely from grains and contains their healthful, nourishing, body-building elements. It cannot interfere with normal sleep or disturb the digestion. It is very economical.

Drinket is on sale at your grocer's. Ask him for it. Drinket is made in the same modern kitchens as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Kellogg's Krumbled Bran, Kellogg's Krumbles, etc., and is guaranteed by the signature of—

W. K. Kellogg

Actual photograph showing Goodyear Cord Tires in heavy duty service for Rochester Bridge Company of Rochester, Indiana

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GOODYEAR

Pneumatics Throw Open New Highways

"Pneumatic tires enable us to use a motor truck—otherwise only teams could haul our steel girders and supplies to bridge construction over soft fields. Your Goodyear Cords save truck, time, labor—enable us to do work otherwise impossible."—O. E. Nichols, Superintendent of Construction, Rochester Bridge Company, Rochester, Ind.

THIS vivid word picture describes one of innumerable instances in which pneumatic tires now make the employment of motor trucks possible as well as profitable.

Men and industries find that the tractive, cushioning, easy-rolling pneumatics free them from tedious team hauling by freeing trucks of the handicaps imposed by solid tires.

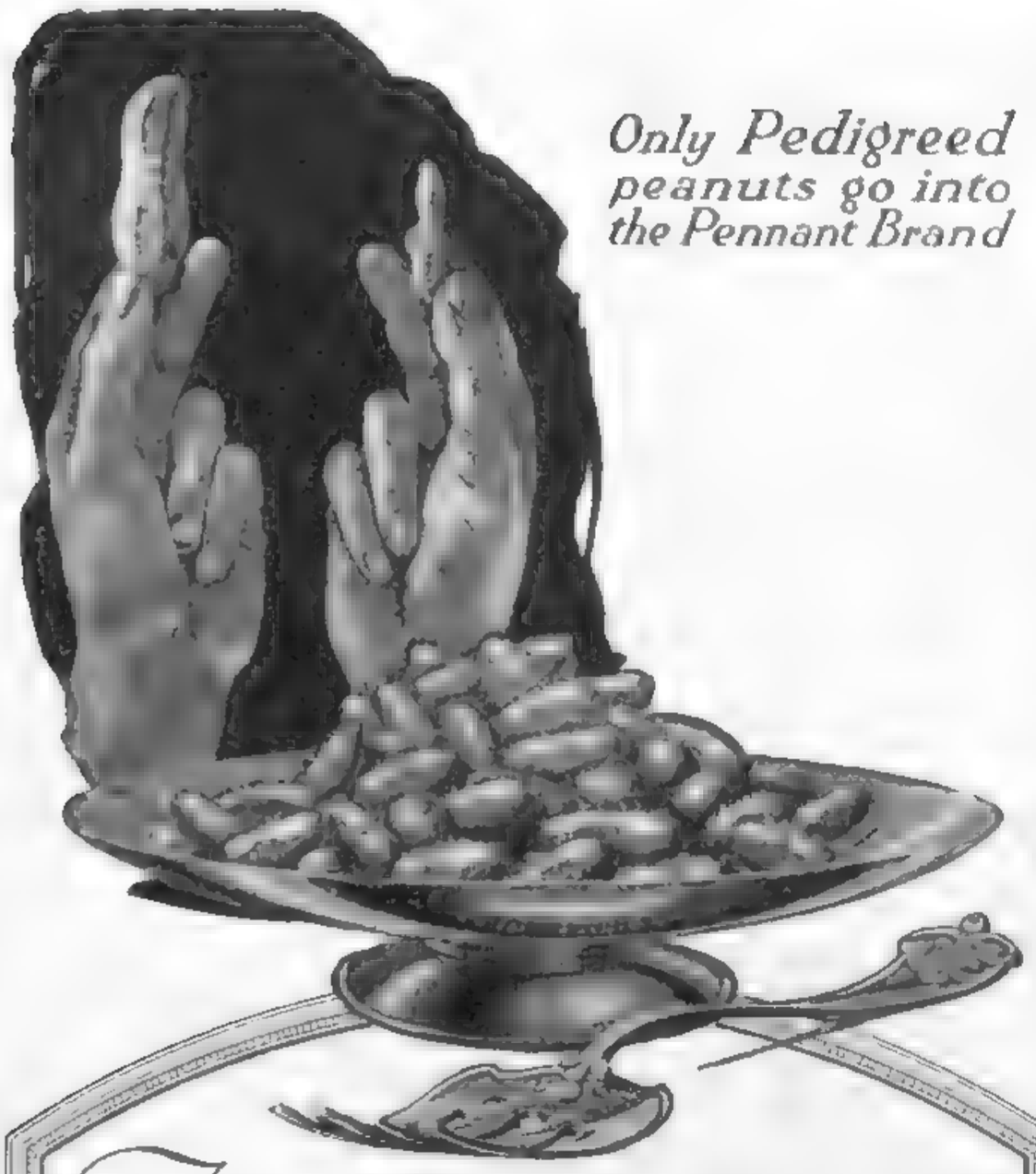
The present rapid adoption of the pneumatic truck tire has its basis in the high development of Goodyear Cord construction, begun many years ago by Goodyear.

This method of manufacture, combining extreme resilience and toughness, is the foundation of every virtue of the pneumatics by which they multiply the utility and economy of motor trucks.

Goodyear has not only worked out Goodyear Cord construction but also has pioneered its application in heavy transport duty with pneumatic-shod fleets—the Akron-to-Boston Express, the Akron-to-Cleveland Freight Line, the Goodyear Heights Busses, and similar undertakings.

Now very complete cost data, developed by these pioneer caravans, and detailing the economy of pneumatics in comparison with solid tires, can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio.

CORD TIRES



Only Pedigreed peanuts go into the Pennant Brand

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You will find in the PLANTERS PENNANT SALTED PEA NUT packages only the very choicest peanuts, selected in Virginia where the finest ones grow. That explains why PENNANTS are so large and firm and crisp, and why they have that rich delicious flavor that makes them different from all other salted peanuts.

Prepared in PLANTERS' inimitable way

Planters PENNANT —BRAND— PEANUTS

"THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUT"

are whole roasted, clean and free from skins. They are a dainty and welcome dish on the card and luncheon table. Easiest of all delicacies to serve. In the glass jars they are guaranteed to be fresh and crisp if the lid is on tight, regardless of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession.

Sold everywhere in familiar 5c glassine bags with "THE RED PENNANT." Do not accept peanuts offered in any other bag—they are not PENNANTS.

10-oz. jar, 50c; 6-oz. jar, 35c; Glassine bag, 5c

(In the Eastern Section)

TO DEALERS—If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS write to us at once, giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.

Mr. Peanut Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

PLANTERS Nut and Chocolate Co. Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Suffolk, Va.

(Continued from Page 100)

The torturer must talk; he must explain the immediate future to double the agony. He could have maimed them both, then trampled them to death, but he had to inform them of the fact. He pointed the automatic at Cutty because he considered this man the more dangerous of the two. He at once saw that the other was a negligible factor. He spoke slowly.

"And the girl shall witness your agonies," he concluded.

Cutty, bereft of invention, could only stare. Death! He had faced it many times, but always with a chance. There was none here, and the absolute knowledge paralyzed him.

Had Cutty been alone Kitty would have rushed at the madman; but the sight of Hawksley robbed her of all mobility. His unexpected appearance was to her the Book of Revelation. The blind alley she had entered and reëntered so many times and so futilely crumbled. . . . Johnny Two-Hawks!

As for Hawksley, he knew he had but little time. The floor was billowing; he saw many candles where he knew there was only one. He was losing his senses. There remained but a single idea—to do the old thoroughbred one favor for the many. Scorning death—perhaps inviting it—he lunged headlong at Karlov's knees.

This reckless challenge to death was so unexpected that Karlov had no time to aim. He fired at chance. The bullet nipped the left shoulder of Hawksley's coat and shattered the laths of the partition between the attic and the servant's quarters. Under the impact of the human catapult Karlov staggered back, desperately striving to maintain his balance. He succeeded because Hawksley's senses left him in the instant he struck Karlov's knees. Still, the episode was a respite for Cutty, who dashed at Karlov before he could set himself or raise the smoking automatic.

Kitty then witnessed—dimly—a primordial titanic conflict which haunted her dreams for many nights to come. They were no longer men, but animals; the tiger giving combat to the gorilla, one striking the quick terrible blows of the tiger, the other seeking always to come to gripe.

The floor answered under the step and rush. Rare athletes, these two; big men who were light on their feet. Kitty could see their faces occasionally and the flash of their bare hands, but of their bodies little or nothing. Nor could she tell how the struggle was going. Indeed until the idea came that they might be trampling Johnny Two-Hawks there was no coherent thought in her head, only broken things.

She ran to the soapbox and kicked it aside. She saw Hawksley on his face motionless. At least they should not trample his dead body. She caught hold of his arms and dragged him to the wall—to discover that she was sobbing, sobs of rage and despair that tore at her breast horribly and clogged her throat. She was a woman and could not help; she could not help Cutty! She was a woman, and all she could do was to drag aside the lifeless body of the man who had given Cutty his chance!

She knelt, turning Hawksley over on his back. There was a slight gash on one grimy cheek, possibly caused by contact with the latchets of Karlov's boots. She raised the handsome head, pressed it to her bosom and began to sway her body from side to side. Tumult. The Federal agents were throwing their bodies against the door repeatedly. In the semidarkness Cutty fought for his life. But Kitty neither heard nor saw. The world had suddenly contracted; there was only this beautiful head in her arms; beyond and about, nothing.

Cutty felt his strength ebbing; soon he would not be able to wrench himself loose from those terrible arms. He knew all the phases of the fighting game. Chivalry and fair play had no part in this contest. Clear light, to observe what his blows were accomplishing; a minute or two of clear light! Half the time his blows glanced. The next time those arms wound about him, that would be the end. He was growing tired, winded; he had not gone into battle fresh. He knew that many of his blows had gone home. Any ordinary man would have dropped; but Karlov came on again and again.

And all the while Karlov was not fighting Cutty; he was endeavoring to remove him. He was an obstacle. What Karlov wanted was that head the girl was holding in her arms; to grind his heel into it. Had Cutty stepped aside Karlov would have rushed for the other man.

"Kitty, the door, the door!" Cutty shouted in despair, taking a terrible kick on the thigh. "The door!"

Kitty did not stir.

A panel in the door crushed in. The sole of a boot appeared and vanished. Then an arm reached in, groping, touched the plank propped under the door knob, wrenched and tugged until it fell. Immediately the attic became filled with men. It was time. Karlov had Cutty in his arms.

This turn in the affair roused Kitty. Presently she saw men in a snarl, heaving and billowing, with a sudden subsidence. The snarl untangled itself; men began to step back and produce pocketlamps. Kitty saw Cutty's face, battered and bloody, appear and disappear in a flash. She saw Karlov's, too, as he was pulled to his feet, his hands manacled. Again she saw Cutty. With shaking hand he was trying to attach the loose end of his collar to the button. The absurdity of it!

"Take him away. But don't be rough with him. He's only a poor devil of a madman," said Cutty.

Karlov turned and calmly spat into Cutty's face. A dozen fists were raised, but Cutty intervened.

"No! Let him be. Just take him away and lock him up. He's a rough road to travel. And hustle a comfortable car for me to go home in. Not a word to the newspapers. This isn't a popular raid."

As soon as the attic was cleared Cutty limped over to Molly Conover's daughter. The poor innocent! The way she was holding that head was an illumination. With a reassuring smile—an effort, for his lips were puffed and burning—he knelt and put his hand on Hawksley's heart.

"Done in, Kitty; that's all."

"He—isn't dead?"

"Lord, no! He had nine lives, this chap, and only one of 'em missing to date. But I had no right to let him come. I thought he was fairly fit, but he wasn't. Saved my life, though. Kitty, your Johnny Two-Hawks is a real man; how real I did not know until to-night. He has earned his American citizenship. Fights like he fiddles—on all four strings. All our troubles are at an end; so buck up."

"Alive? He is alive?"

The wild joy in her voice! "Yes, ma'am; and we two can regularly thank him for being alive also. That lunge gave me my chance. He's only stunned. Perhaps he'll need a nurse again. Anyhow, he'll be coming round in a minute or two. I'll wager the first thing he does is to smile. I should."

Suddenly Kitty grew strangely shy. She became conscious of her anomalous position. She had promised to marry Cutty, promised herself that she would be his true wife—and here she was, holding another man's head to her heart as if it were the most precious head in all the world. She could not put that head upon the floor at once; that would be a confession of her embarrassment; and yet she could not continue to hold Hawksley while Cutty eyed her with semihumorous concern.

Cutty was merciful, however. "Let me hold him while you make a pillow out of your coat." After he had laid Hawksley's head on the coat he said: "He'll come about quicker this way. We've had some excitement, haven't we?"

"I don't want any more, Cutty; never any more. I've been a silly romantic fool!"

"Not silly, only glorious."

"Your poor face!"

"Banged up? Well honestly, it feels as it looks. Kitty, this chap was going to give himself up in exchange for you. Not a word of protest, not a question. All he said was 'I am ready.' That's why I'm always going to be on his side."

"He did that—for me?"

"For you. Did it never occur to you that you're the sort folks always want to do things for, if you'll let them?"

"God bless you, Cutty!"

"He's always blessing me, Kitty. He blessed me with your mother's friendship, now yours. Kitty, I'm going to jilt you."

"Jilt me?"—her heart leaping.

"Yes, ma'am. We can't go through with that mummery. We aren't built that way. I'll figure it out in some other fashion. But marriage is a sacred contract; and this farce would have left a scar on your honest mind. You'd have to tell some man. Your kind can't go through life without being loved. Would he understand? I wonder. He'll be human or you wouldn't

fall in love with him; and always he'll be pondering and bedeviling himself with queer ideas—because he'll be human. Of course there's a loophole—you can sue me for breach of promise."

"Please, Cutty; don't laugh! You're one of those men they call Greathearts. And now I'm going to tell you something. It wasn't going to be a farce. I intended to become your true wife, Cutty, make you as happy as I could."

Cutty patted her hand and got up. Lord, how bruised and sore his old body was!... His true wife! She might have been his if he had not missed that train. But for this hour, hot with life, she might never have discovered that she loved Hawksley. His true wife! Ah, she would have been all of that—Molly's girl!

"Will you mind waiting here until I see where old Stefani Gregor is?"

"No," answered Kitty dreamily.

Cutty limped to the door. Outside he leaned against the partition. Done in, body and soul. Always opening the gates of paradise for somebody else. . . . His true wife! Slowly he descended the stairs.

Alone Kitty smoothed back the dank hair from Hawksley's brow, which she kissed. Benediction and good-by.

xxxii

BECAUSE it was assumed that some of Karlov's pack might be at large and unsuspectingly return to the trap Federal agents would remain on guard all night. They explored the house, hunting for chemicals, documents, letters and addresses. They found enough high explosive to blow up the district. And they found Stefani Gregor. They were standing by the cot as Cutty came in.

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir. Just this minute went out."

"Did he speak?"

"A woman's name."

"Rosa?"

"Yes, sir. Looks to me as if he had been starved to death. Know who he was?"

"Yes. Tell the coroner to be gentle. Once upon a time Stefani Gregor spoke to kings, by right of genius."

The thought that he himself might have been the indirect cause of Gregor's death shocked Cutty, who was above all things tender.

He had held back the raid for several days, to serve his own ends. He could have ordered the raid from Washington, and it would have gone through as smoothly as to-night. The drums of jeopardy. Well, that phase of the game was done with. He had held up this raid so that he might be on hand to search Karlov; and until now he had forgotten the drums. Accurst! They were accurst. The death of Stefani Gregor would always be on his conscience.

Cutty stared—not very clearly—at the cameolike face so beautifully calm. As in life, so it was in death; the calm that had brooked and beaten down the turbulent instincts of the boy, the imperturbable calm of a great soul. Rosa. The sublime unselfishness of the man! He had sacrificed wealth and fame for the love of the boy's mother—unspoken, unrequited love, the quality that passes understanding. And his reward, to die on this cot, in horrid loneliness. Rosa.

All at once Cutty felt himself little, trivial, beside this forlorn bier. What did he know about love? He had never made any sacrifices; he had simply carried in his heart a bittersweet recollection. But here! Twenty-odd years of unremitting devotion to the son of the woman he had loved—Stefani Gregor. Creating environments that would develop the noble qualities in the boy, interposing himself between the boy and the evil pleasures of the uncle, teaching him the beautiful, cleansing his soul of the inherited mud. Reverently Cutty drew the coverlet over the fine old head.

"What's this?" asked one of the operatives. "Looks like the pieces of a broken fiddle."

Out of those dark red bits of wood—some of them bearing the imprints of hobnails—Cutty constructed the scene. A wave of bitter rage rolled over him. The beast! Karlov had done this thing, with poor old Gregor looking on, too weak to intervene. Not so many years ago these bits of wood, under the master's touch, had entranced the souls of thousands. Cutty recalled a fairy tale he had read when a boy about a prince whose soul had been transformed into a flower which, if plucked or broken, died. Karlov had murdered Stefani Gregor, perhaps not legally but actually nevertheless.

Rehabilitated in soul Cutty left the room. He had read a compelling lesson in self-sacrifice. He was going to pick up his cross and go on with it, smiling. After all Kitty was only an interlude; the big thing was the game; and shortly he would be in the thick of great events again. But Kitty should be happy.

His old analytical philosophy resumed its functions. The contempt and jealousy of one race for another; what was God's idea in implanting that in souls? Hawksley was at base Russian. The boy's English education, his adopted outlook upon life, made it possible for Cutty to ignore the racial antagonism of the Anglo-Saxon for all other races. Stefani Gregor at one end of the world and he at the other, blindly working out the destinies of Kitty Conover and Ivan Mikhail Feodorovich and so forth and so on, with the blood of Catharine in his veins! Made a chap dizzy to think of it. Traditions were piling up along with crowns and scepters in the abyss.

When he returned to the attic he felt himself fortified against any inevitability. Hawksley was sitting up, his back to the wall, staring groggily but with reckless adoration into Kitty's lovely face. Youth will be served. As if, watching these two, there could be any doubt of it! And he had bent part of his energies toward keeping them separated.

"Ha!" he cried cheerfully. "Back on top again, I see. How's the head?"

"Haven't any; no legs; I'm nothing at all but a bit of my own imagination. How do you feel?"

"Like the aftermath of an Irish wake." Then Cutty's battered face assumed an expression that was meant to typify gravity. "John," he said, "I've bad news for you."

John. A glow went over the young man's aching body. John. What could that signify except that he had passed into the eternal friendship of this old thoroughbred? John.

"About Stefani?"

"Stefani is dead. He died speaking your mother's name."

Hawksley's head sank; his chin touched his chest. He spoke without looking up. "Something told me I would never see him alive again. Old Stefani! If there is any good in me it will be his handiwork I say," he added, his eyes now seeking Cutty's, "you called me John. Will you carry on?"

"Keep an eye on you? So long as you may need me."

"I come from a lawless race. Stefani had to fight. Even now I'm afraid sometimes. God knows I want to be all he tried to make me."

"You're all right, John. You've reached haven; the storms hereafter will be outside. Besides, Stefani will always be with you. You'll never pick up that old Amati without feeling Stefani near. Can you stand?"

"Between the two of you, perhaps."

With Kitty on one side and Cutty on the other Hawksley managed the descent tolerably well. Often a foot dragged. How strong she was, this girl! No hysterics, no confusion, after all that racket, with death—or something worse—reaching out toward her; calmly telling him that there was another step and warning him not to bear too heavily on Cutty! Holding him up physically and morally, these two, now all he had in life to care for. Yesterday, unknown to him; this night, bound by hoops of steel. The girl had forgiven him; he knew it by the touch of her arm. . . . Old Stefani! A sob escaped him. Their arms tightened.

"No; I was thinking of Stefani. Rather hard—to die all alone—because he loved me."

Kitty longed to be alone. There were still many unshed tears—some for Cutty, some for Stefani Gregor, some for Johnny Two-Hawks and some for herself.

In the limousine Cutty sat in the middle, Kitty on his left and Hawksley on his right, his arms round them both. Presently Hawksley's head touched his shoulder and rested there; a little later Kitty did likewise. His children! Lord, he was going to have a tremendous interest in life after all! He smiled with kindly irony at the back of the chauffeur. His children, these two; and he knew as he planned their future that they were thinking over and round but not of him, which is the way of youth.

(Continued on Page 107)

Two-Minute Oat Food

An Instant Hot Oat Dish

Already 3-Hour Cooked

Free

A Trial Breakfast

Send Coupon

For the Man

Who likes oatmeal and needs it. Yet breakfast must be hurried. Here is the finest oat dish ever tasted, and it's ready before the coffee.

For the Boy

Who needs oats—the supreme food. Now no day need start without them. And now they are doubly delicious.

Oatmeal
Without Waiting
Hot—Super-Cooked

At last we've solved the problem of a ready-cooked oat food.

We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

We cook it as no home can cook it—so it easily digests.

Then we evaporate it.

That's the secret. In this dry, condensed form all the flavory freshness keeps.

* * * * * *

You simply stir it in boiling water. Within two minutes it absorbs the water. One cup swells to five cups of delicious oatmeal.

You serve it steaming hot—super-cooked—in half the time it takes to boil eggs.

And it is just as fresh, just as flavory as the moment it came from our cooker.

A Flavor
That Delights

Two-Minute Oat Food, in addition, has a new, exquisite flavor. This comes from the high-heat cooking.

Never was the oat dish made so enticing.

* * * * *

So it means a quick oatmeal, cooked as it should be.

It means that oats—the food of foods—can be served for hurried breakfasts.

It means that this vim-food—the food for growth—need never be omitted.

And it means a new delight in oatmeal.

You have waited years for such a dish. Start now to enjoy it.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

The Quaker Oats Company

Breakfast With Us

Mail this coupon for a six-dish package. See now what it means to you. Your grocer has the regular packages.

Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

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6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
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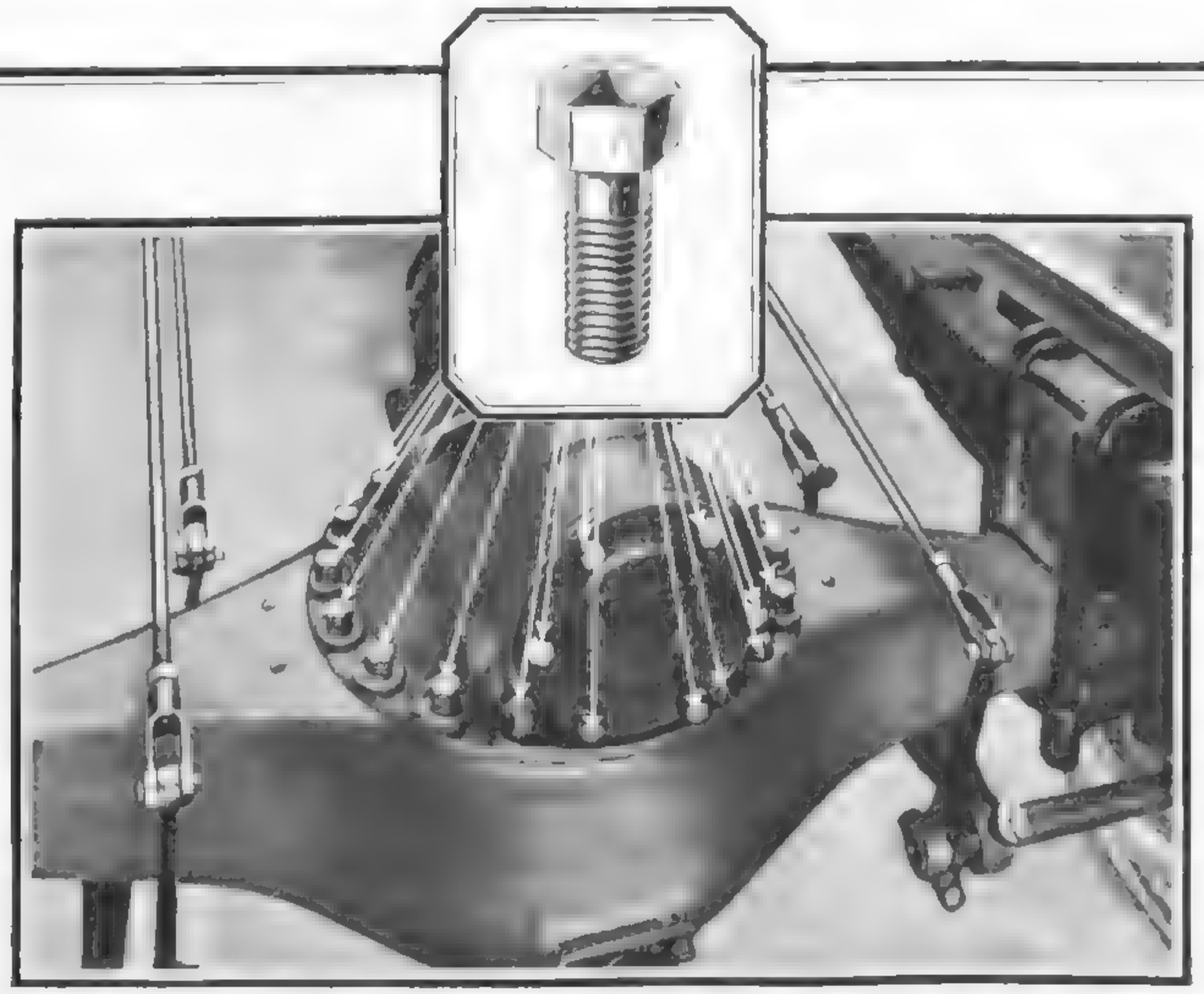
Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.



Why Ferry Process Screws are used in Timken-Detroit Axles

THE integrity of Timken-Detroit axles has been proved by the world of motordom — the integrity of Ferry Process Screws has been proved by Timken engineers.

Nine years ago Ferry Process Screws received their first trial by the Timken-Detroit Axle Company. They were subjected to every test, in competition with other screws, and at the conclusion of these tests they were adopted as standard units of Timken-Detroit Axles. Commenting on this fact, Timken officials have written to the Ferry Cap and Set Screw Company as follows:

"We have used your product over a long period, namely nine years, and it has been satisfactory throughout this period. Not only have your products been satisfactory but your service as well as our relationships have been mutually so."

Product, service, relations—satisfactory! Thus, in brief, is summed up the Timken opinion of Ferry Process Screws.

* * *

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides Timken have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.

What is this new principle in screw-making? The diagram at the bottom of the page gives graphic answer to this question.

Under the old method, a bar of steel the size and shape of the head, not of the shank, is used — and then the shank is formed by milling away the steel until the right size is obtained. This comparatively slow and tedious method represents a considerable waste in raw material.

The Ferry Process completely reverses the old method. Here a bar of steel is used —its size *not* that of the head—*but of the shank*. The waste of raw material is inconsequential.

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut this knob to size and shape, would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Thomas Ferry solved this problem—by inventing an ingenious matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by proper compression.

Following this, the heads are accurately finished, the ends pointed, the shanks threaded to micrometer accuracy, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as the standard. The Ferry heat-treatment insures uniformity in strength. All of these steps are performed by high speed automatic machines, with special tools and equipment, developed by Thomas Ferry and fully covered by patents.

* * *

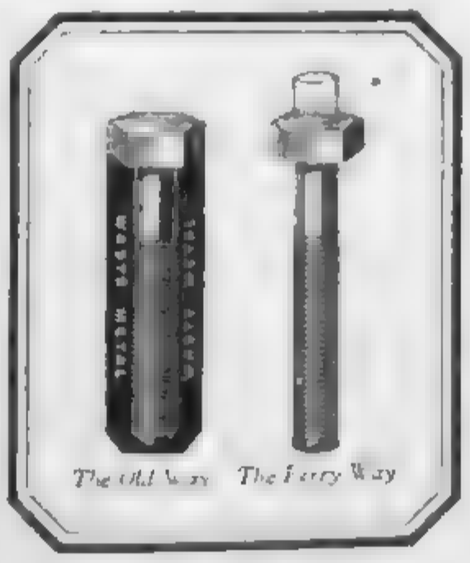
The result is a screw—the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it—

Perfect from the standpoint of economical manufacture, of precision accuracy, of engineering design, of practical metallurgy.

Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities, and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases, their use was specified only after the most thorough and exhaustive test and comparisons. Among these important users, besides Timken, may be listed the following well-known concerns:

American Seeding Machine Company
Buffalo Forge Company
Chain Belt Company
Chandler Motor Company
Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Mfg. Company
Federal Motor Truck Company
Gendron Wheel Company
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Holt Mfg. Company
Hudson Motor Car Company
A. Y. McDonald Mfg. Company
Maxwell Motors Company
Oakland Motor Car Company
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Studebaker Corporation
The White Company

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, setscrews, milled studs, connecting rod bolts, spring bolts, tie rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.



THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

(Continued from Page 105)

At the apartment Cutty decided to let Hawksley sit in an easy-chair in the living room until Captain Harrison arrived. Kuroki was ordered to prepare a supper, which would be served on the tea cart, set at Hawksley's knees. Kitty—because it was impossible for her to remain inactive—set the linen and silver. She was in and out of the room, ill at ease, angry, frightened, bitter, avoiding Hawksley's imploring eyes because she was not sure of her own.

She was sure of one thing, however. All the nonsense was out of her head. Tomorrow she would be returning to the regular job. She would have a page from the Arabian Nights to look back upon in the days to come. She understood, though it twisted her heart dreadfully: she was in the eyes of this man a plaything, a pretty woman he had met in passing. If she had saved his life he had in turn saved hers; they were quits. She did not blame him for his point of view. He had come from the top of the world, where women were either ornaments or playthings, while she and hers had always struggled to maintain equilibrium in the middle stratum. Cutty could give him friendship; but she could not because she was a woman, young and pretty.

Love him? Well, she would get over it. It might be only the glamour of the adventure they had shared. Anyhow, she wouldn't die of it. Cutty hadn't. Of course it hurt; she was a silly little fool, and all that. Once he was in Montana he would be sending for his Olga. There wasn't the least doubt in her mind that if ever autocracy returned to power he'd be casting aside his American citizenship, his chaps and sombrero, for the old regalia. Well—truculently to the world at large—why not?

So she avoided Hawksley's gaze, sensing the sustained persistence of it. But, oh, to be alone, alone, alone!

Cutty washed the patient's hands and face and patched up the cut on the cheek, interlarding his chatter with trench idioms, banter, jokes. Underneath, though, he was chuckling. He was the hero of this tale; he had done all the thrilling stunts, carried limp bodies across fire escapes in the rain, climbed roofs, eluded newspaper reporters, fought with his bare fists, rescued the girl. . . . All with one foot in the grave! Fifty-two, gray haired—with a prospect of rheumatism on the morrow—and putting it over like a debonair movie idol!

Hawksley met these pleasantries halfway by grousing about being babied when there was nothing the matter with him but his head, his body and his legs. . . . Why didn't she look at him? What was the meaning of this persistent avoidance? She must have forgiven last night. She was too much of a thoroughbred to harbor ill feeling over that. Why didn't she look at him?

The telephone called Cutty from the room. Kitty went into the dining room for an extra pair of saltcellars and delayed her return until she heard Cutty coming back.

"Karlov is dead," he announced. "Started a fight in the taxi, got out, and was making for safety when one of the boys shot him. He hadn't the jewels on him, John. I'm afraid they are gone, unless he hid them somewhere in that —— What's the matter, Kitty?"

For Kitty had dropped the saltcellars and pressed her hands against her bosom, her face colorless.

Hawksley, terrified, tried to get up.

"No, no! Nothing is the matter with me but my head . . . . To think I could forget! Good—heavens!" She prolonged the words drolly. "Wait!"

She turned her back to them. When she faced them again she extended a palm upon which lay a leather tobacco pouch, cracked and parched and blistered by the reactions of rain and sun.

"Think of my forgetting them! I found them this morning. Where do you suppose? On a step of the fire-escape ladder."

"Well, I'll be tinker-dammed!" said Cutty.

"I've reasoned it out," went on Kitty breathlessly, looking at Cutty. "When the anarchist tore them from Mr. Hawksley's neck, he threw them out of the window. The room was dark; his companion could not see. Later he intended no doubt to go into the court and recover them and cheat his master. I was looking out of the window, when I noticed a brilliant flash of purple, then another of green. The pouch was open, the stones about to trickle out. I dared not leave them in the apartment or tell anybody until you came home. So I carried them with me to the office. The drums, Cutty! The drums! Tumpitum-*tump!* Look!"

She poured the stones upon the white linen table cloth. A thousand fires!

"The wonderful things!" she gasped. "Oh, the wonderful things! I don't blame you, Cutty. They would tempt an angel. The drums of jeopardy; and that I should find them!"

"Lord!" said Cutty in an awed whisper.

Green stones! The magnificent rubies and sapphires and diamonds vanished; he could see nothing but the exquisite emeralds. He picked up one—still warm with Kitty's pulsing life—and toyed with it. Actually, the drums! And all this time they had been inviting the first comer to appropriate them. Money, love, tragedy, death; history, pageants, lovely women; murder and loot! All these days on the step of the fire-escape ladder! He must have one of them; positively he must. Could he prevail upon Hawksley to sell one? Had he carried them through sentiment?

He turned to broach the suggestion of purchase, but remained mute.

Hawksley's head was sunk upon his chest; his arms hung limply at the sides of his chair.

"He is fainting!" cried Kitty, her love outweighing her resolves. "Cutty!"—desperately, fearing to touch Hawksley herself.

"No! The stones, the stones! Take them away—out of sight! I'm too done in! I can't stand it! I can't —— The Red Night! Torches and hobnailed boots!"

XXXIII

HER fingers seemingly all thumbs, her heart swelling with misery and loneliness, wanting to go to him but fearing she would be misunderstood, Kitty scooped up the dazzling stones and poured them hastily into the tobacco pouch, which she thrust into Cutty's hands. What she had heard was not the cry of a disordered brain. There was some clear reason for the horror in Hawksley's tones. What tragedy lay behind these wonderful prisms of color that the legitimate owner could not look upon them without being stirred in this manner?

"Take them into the study," urged Kitty.

"Wait!" interposed Hawksley. "I give one of the emeralds to you, Cutty. They came out of hell—if you want to risk it! The other is for Miss Conover, with Mister Hawksley's compliments." He was looking at Kitty now, his face drawn, his eyes bloodshot. "Don't be apprehensive. They bring evil only to men. With one in your possession you will be happy ever after, as the saying goes. Oh, they are mine to give; mine by right of inheritance. God knows I paid for them!"

"If I said Mister ——" began Kitty, her brain confused, her tongue clumsy.

"You haven't forgiven!" he interrupted. "A thoroughbred like you, to hold last night against me! Mister—after what we two have shared together! Why didn't you leave me there to die?"

Cutty observed that the drama had resolved itself into two characters; he had been relegated to the scenes. He tiptoed toward his study door, and as he slipped inside he knew that Gethsemane was no longer an orchard but a condition of the mind. He tossed the pouch on his desk, eyed it ironically and sat down. His, one of them—one of those marvelous emeralds was his! He interlaced his fingers and rested his brow upon them. He was very tired.

Kitty missed him only when she heard the latch snap.

She was alone with Hawksley; and all her terror returned. Not to touch him, not to console him; to stand staring at him like a dumb thing!

"I do forgive—Johnny! But your world and my world ——"

"Those stains! The wretches hurt you!"

"What? Where?" bewildered.

"The blood on your waist!"

Kitty looked down. "That is not my blood, Johnny. It is yours."

"Mine?" Johnny. Something in the way she said it. "Mine?"—trying to solve the riddle.

"Yes. It is where your cheek rested when—I thought you were dead."

The sense of misery, of oppression, of terror, all fell away miraculously, leaving only

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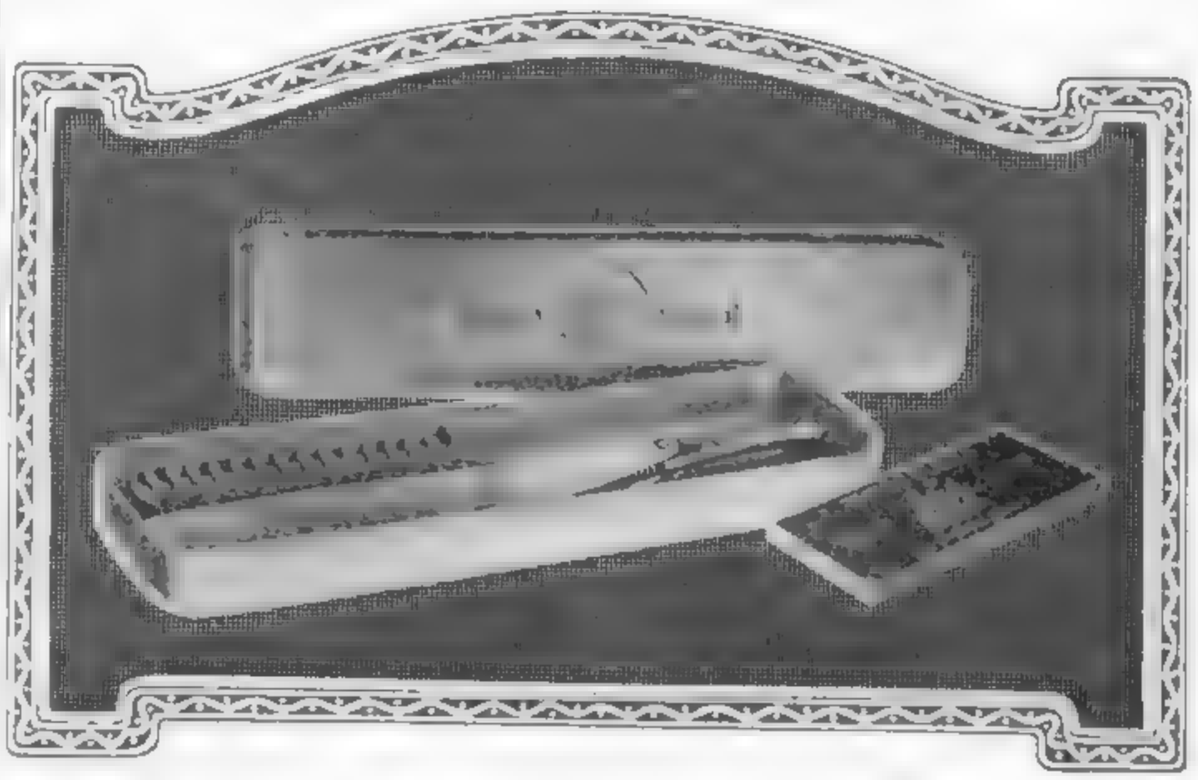

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COMPACT, convenient, clean-cut and sanitary, this beautiful American ivory case makes an ideal container for the Durham-Duplex Razor.

This razor, combining all the good points of the old idea and all the good points of the new, is the perfect shaving instrument. Durham-Duplex *detachable, oil-tempered, hollow-ground, two-edged blades* are giving to eight million satisfied users the utmost in shaving comfort and efficiency.

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Standard Set One Dollar Complete. Razor with attractive American ivory handle, safety guard and package of three Durham-Duplex Blades (6 shaving edges). All in handsome American ivory case.

Additional Blades 50 cents for package of 5

Standard Set	$1.00
Durham-Duplex "Kit"	$2.00
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A Real Razor—made Safe

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ESSEX MOTOR CARS

In Performance as in

Surely Its Recent World Endurance Marks Double Essex Values

THOUSANDS at first bought the Essex, knowing nothing of its greatest quality. Perhaps no one expected great endurance in a light car. Perhaps its dynamic performance appeal swept aside the natural caution buyers feel about the durability of any new car.

More speed they found. More power—quicker acceleration—finer hill-climbing ability, and such riding ease as they had never known in a light car.

These things the Essex established quickly. A ride was sufficient. It left no vestige of comparison with former light car performance standards.

Such attractions were irresistible to those who knew former light car limitations.

But only time or abnormally abusive tests can prove car endurance.

It Won on Endurance Minus Useless Weight

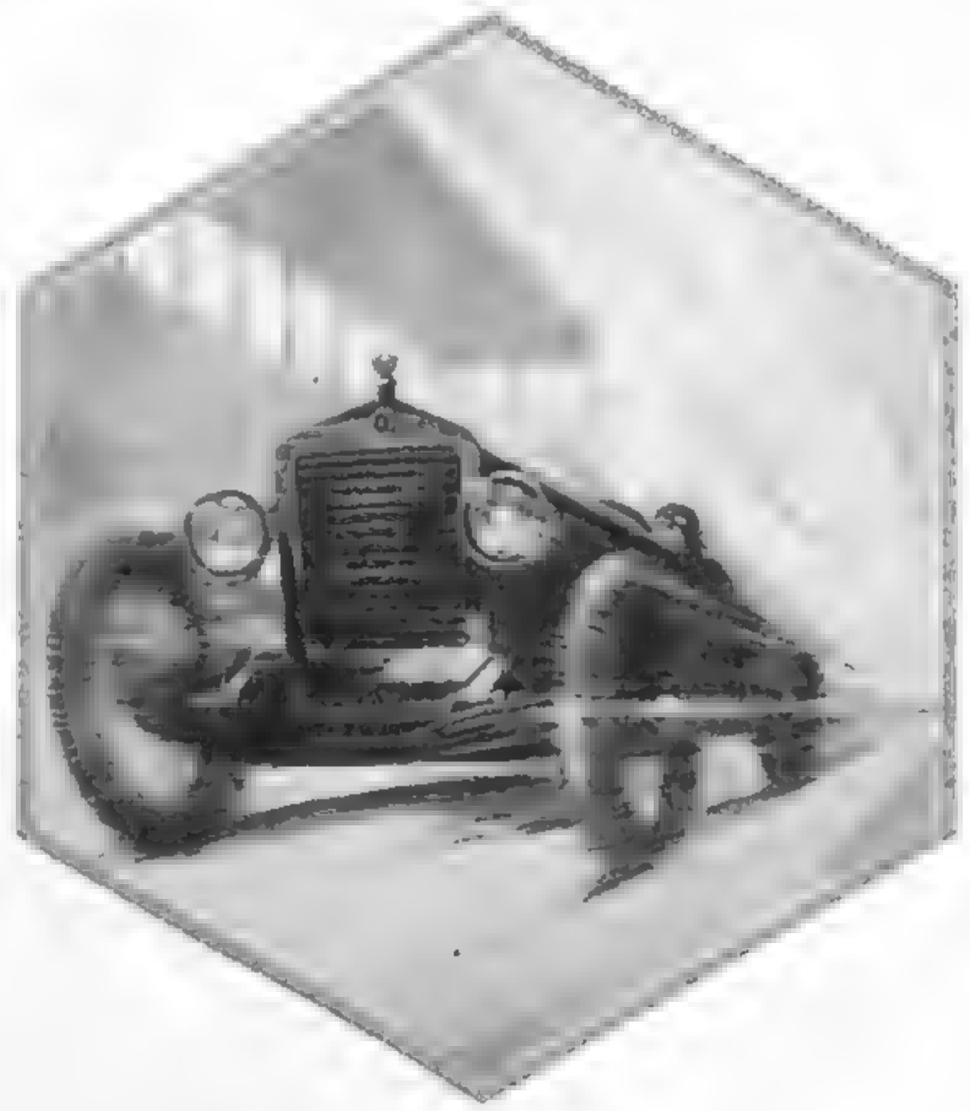
Now Essex has met these requirements. Not only have more than 24,000 owners proved its dependable, punctual reliability and freedom from repair and replacement needs. Essex has set a new world endurance mark of 3037 miles in 50 hours. It is the only official test ever made of a stock car, driven at top speed for 50 hours. Counting other tests, the same Essex stock chassis travelled 5870 miles in 94 hours, 22 minutes, actual driving time, averaging more than a mile a minute. Officials of the American Automobile Association supervised the test and certified the stock character of the Essex chassis in every particular.

And another Essex stock touring car set a world 24-hour road mark of 1061 miles, over snow-bound Iowa roads. Not a single adjustment or tire change was made.

Surely such endurance proofs must redouble the value of Essex in the eyes of all.

It proves Essex a car you can buy to keep. It means the day is past when one need look only to large costly cars for distinction in power, speed, reliability and comfort. It means the retention through years of those wanted car qualities of performance, and uninterrupted operation, even after hardest service.

The Essex requires little attention. The longer your acquaintance with it, the greater will be your esteem. Every sense of pride and satisfaction that comes with the possession of fine car performance and quality that yields to none, is yours with the Essex.



Size Now No Bar to Supreme Performance

But the most important difference is revealed only in action.

Even before its official records of endurance it had become famous in all sections for the way it outperformed many notable cars. It holds hundreds of local records for speed and hill-climbing.

Perhaps you have ridden in the Essex. If so you know its appeal. And you understand the pride owners manifest.

They regard it with real affection, the confidence men reserve for merit.

Style Essex Truly Leads

See How Notable Its Distinction Among Fine Cars

You will never class the Essex with other light-weight cars. For one thing its appearance instantly stamps it superior. You recognize the finest upholstery, fittings and details that can be put into a car.

The Essex is a companion. In action it seems a part of the driver, responsive to every mood. The driver of an Essex is always reliant, always confident of his destination.

See Why Essex Made a World's Sales Record

Few care to extend the Essex to top speed. But it is good to know almost limitless speed is yours when wanted.

Moreover, Essex power means acceleration. It gives Essex right of way everywhere. It means that every performance is met at half effort—thus accounting for its long life.

And it is good to know that the Essex is regarded not so much as a light car as it is a fine car. Its lightness is merely an advantage which accounts for economy in gasoline, oil and tires. But no user, passenger, or even observer sees in the Essex a tininess with which cars of its weight or price are usually regarded.

All now know that no light car, and not many of the larger fine cars, excel the Essex in construction or performance. That is why in its first year Essex set a new world's sales record with more than $35,000,000 paid for more than 22,000 cars, in its first year.

This year it will be even more difficult to supply the Essex demand. Thousands waited last spring. Many were disappointed. Yet at that time Essex had not given the conclusive proofs of endurance, it now holds. You will avoid having to wait by making your reservation now.

Can you think of another car which in sales preference or real value, offers such attractive reasons for its choice?

Essex Motors
Detroit, U. S. A.

(130)

(Concluded from Page 107)

the flower of glory. She would be his plaything if he wanted her.

Silence.

"Kitty, I came out of a dark world—to find you. I loved you the moment I entered your kitchen that night. But I did not know it. I loved you the night you brought the wallet. Still I did not understand. It was when I heard the lift door and knew you had gone forever that I understood. Loved you with all my heart, with all that poor old Stefani had fashioned out of muck and clay. If you held my head to your heart, if that is my blood there —— Do you, can you care a little?"

"I can and do care very much, Johnny."

Her voice to his ears was like the G string of the Amati. "Will you go with me?"

"Anywhere. But you are a prince of some great Russian house, Johnny, and I am nobody."

"What am I, Kitty? Less than nobody—a homeless outcast, with only you and Cutty. An American! Well, when I'm that it will be different; I'll be somebody. God forgive me if I do not give it absolute loyalty, this new country! . . . Never call me anything but Johnny."

"Johnny." Anywhere, whatever he willed her to be.

"I'm a child, Kitty. I want to grow up—if I can—to be an American, something like that ripping old thoroughbred yonder."

Cutty! Johnny wanted to be something like Cutty. Johnny would have to grow up to be his own true self; for nobody could ever be like Cutty. He was as high and far away from the average man as this apartment was from hers. Would he understand her attitude? Could she say anything until it would be too late for him to interfere? She was this man's woman. She would have her span of happiness, come ill, come good, even if it hurt Cutty, whom she loved in another fashion. But for Johnny's dropping through that trap she might never have really known, married Cutty and been happy. Happy until one or the other died; never gloriously, never furiously, but mildly happy; perhaps understanding each other far better than Johnny and she would understand each other. The average woman's lot. But to give her heart, her mind, her body in a whirlwind of emotions, absolute surrender, to know for once the highest state of exaltation—to love!

All this tender exchange with half a dozen feet between them. Kitty had not stirred from the far side of the tea cart, and he had not opened his arms. She had given herself with magnificent abandon; for the present that satisfied her instincts. As for him, he was not quite sure this miracle might not be a dream, and one false move might cause her to vanish.

"Johnny, who is Olga?" The question was irrepressible. Perhaps it was the last shred of caution binding her. All of him or none of him. There must be no other woman intervening.

Hawksley stiffened in his chair. His hands closed convulsively and his eyes lost their brightness.

"Johnny?" Kitty ran round the tea cart. "What is it?" She knelt beside the chair, alarmed, for the horror had returned to his face. "What did they do to you back there?" She clasped one of his hands tensely in hers.

"In my dreams at night!" he said, staring into space. "I could run away from my pursuers, but I could not run away from my dreams! Torches and hobnailed boots! . . . They trampled on her; and I, up there in the gallery with those damned emeralds in my hands! Ah, if I hadn't gone for them, if I hadn't thought of the extra comforts their sale would bring! There would have been time then, Kitty. I had all the other jewels in the pouch. Horses were ready for us to flee on, loyal servants ready to help us; but I thought of the drums. A few more worldly comforts—with hell forcing in the doors!

"I didn't tell her where I was going. When I came back it was to see her die! They saw me, and yelled. I ran away. I hadn't the courage to go down there and die with her! She thought I was in that hell pit. She went down there to die with me—and died horribly, alone! Ah, if I could only shut it out, forget! Olga, my tender young sister, Kitty, the last one of my race I could love. And I ran away like a yellow dog, like a yellow dog! I don't know where her grave is, and I could not seek it if I did! I dared not write Stefani: tell him I had seen Olga go down under Karlov's heels, and then run away! . . . Day by day to feel those stones against my heart!"

Nothing is more terrible to a woman than the sight of a brave man weeping. For she knew that he was brave. The sudden recollection of the emeralds; a little more comfort for himself and sister if they were permitted to escape. Not a cowardly instinct, not even a greedy one; a normal desire to fortify them additionally against an unknown future, and he had surrendered to it impulsively, without explaining to Olga where he was going.

"Johnny, Johnny, you mustn't!" She sprang up, seizing his head and wildly kissing him. "You mustn't! God understands, and Olga. Oh, you mustn't sob like that! You are tearing my heart to pieces!"

"I ran away like a yellow dog! I didn't go down there and die with her!"

"You didn't run away to-night when you offered your life for my liberty. Johnny, you mustn't!"

Under her tender ministrations the sobs began to die away and soon resolved into little catching gasps. He was weak and spent from his injuries; otherwise he would not have given way like this, discovered to her what she had not known before, that in every man, however strong and valiant he may be, there is a little child.

"It has been burning me up, Kitty."

"I know, I know! It is because you have a soul full of beautiful things, Johnny. God held you back from dying with Olga because he knew I needed you."

"You will marry me, knowing that I did this thing?"

Marry him! A door to some blinding radiance opened, and she could not see for a little while. Marry him! What a miserable wretch she was to think that he would want her otherwise! Johnny Two-Hawks, fiddling in front of the Metropolitan Opera House, to fill a poor blind man's cup!

"Yes, Johnny. Now yesterdays never were. For us there is nothing but tomorrows. Out there, in the great country—where souls as well as bodies may stretch themselves—we'll start all over again. You will be the cowman and I'll be the kitchen wench. As in the beginning, so it will always be hereafter; I'll cook your bacon and eggs."

She pulled his chair round and pushed it toward a window, dropped beside it and laid her cheek against his hand.

"Let us look at the stars, Johnny. They know."

Kuroki, having arrived with coffee and sandwiches, paused on the threshold, gazed, wheeled right about face, and returned to the kitchen.

By and by Kitty looked up into Hawksley's face. He was asleep. She got up carefully, lightly kissed the top of his head—the old wound—and crossed to Cutty's door. She must tell dear old Cutty of the wonderful happiness that was going to be hers. She opened the study door, but did not enter at once. Asleep on his arms. Why, he hadn't even opened that Ali Baba's bag! Tired out—done in, as Johnny Two-Hawks called it in his English fashion. She waited; but as he did not stir she approached with noiseless step. The light poured full upon his head. How gray he was! A boundless pity surged over her that this tender valiant knight should have missed what first her mother had known, now she herself—requited love. To have everything in the world without that was to have nothing. She would not wake him: she would let him sleep until Captain Harrison came. Lightly she touched the gray head with her lips and stole from the study.

"Oh, Molly, Molly!" Cutty whispered into his rigid fingers.

And so they were married, in the apartment, at the top of the world, on a May night thick with stars. It was not a wedding: it was a marriage. The world never knew because it was none of the world's business. Who was Kitty Conover? A nobody. Who was John Hawksley? Something to be.

Out of the storm into the calm; which is something of a reversal. Generally in love affairs happiness is found in the approach to the marriage contract; the disillusions come afterward. It was therefore logical that Kitty and her lover should be happy, as they had run the gamut of test and fire beforehand.

The young people were to leave for the West soon after the supper for three. At midnight Cutty's ship would be boring down the bay. Did Kitty regret, even a little, the rice and old shoes, the bridesmaids and cake, so dear to the female of the species? She did not. Did she think occasionally of the splendor of the title that was hers? She did. To her mind Mrs. John Hawksley was incomparably above and beyond anything in that Bible of autocracy—the Almanach de Gotha.

After supper Cutty brought in the old Amati.

"Play," he said, lighting his pipe.

So Hawksley played—played as he never had played before and perhaps as he would never play again. We reach zenith sometimes, but we never stay there. But he was not playing to Cutty. Slate-blue eyes, two books with endless pages, the soul of this wife of his. He had come through. The miracle had been accomplished. Love.

Kitty smiled and smiled, the doors of her soul thrown wide to absorb this magic message. Love.

Cutty smoked on, with his eyes closed. He heard it too. Love.

"Well," he said, sighing, "I see innovations out there in Montana. The round-up will be different. The Pied Fiddler of Bar-K will stand in the corral and fiddle, and the bossies will come galloping in, two by two—and a few jackrabbits!" He laughed.

"John, the Amati is yours conditionally. If after one year it is not reclaimed it becomes yours automatically. My wedding present. Remember, next winter, if God wills, you'll come and visit me."

"As if we could forget!" cried Kitty, embracing Cutty, who accepted the embrace stoically. "I'll be needing clothes, and Johnny will have to have his hair cut. Oh, Cutty, I'm so foolishly happy!"

"Time we started for the choo-choo. Time-tables have no souls. But, Lord; what a racket we've had!"

"Well, rather!"—from Hawksley.

"Bo, listen to me. Out there you must remember that 'bally' and 'ripping' and 'rather' are premeditated insults. Gee-whiz! but I'd like a look-see when you say to your rough-and-readies: 'Bally rotten weather. What?' They'll shoot you up."

More banter; which fooled none of the three, as each understood the other perfectly. The hour of separation was at hand, and they were fortifying their courage.

"Funny old top," was Hawksley's comment as they stood before the train gate. "Three months gone we were strangers."

"And now ——" began Cutty.

"With hoops of steel!" interrupted Kitty. "You must write, Cutty, and Johnny and I will be prompt."

"You'll get one from the Azores."

"Train going west!"

"Good luck, children!" Cutty pressed Hawksley's hand and pecked at Kitty's cheek. "Shan't go through with you to the car. Kuroki is waiting. Good-by!"

The redcaps seized the luggage, and Hawksley and his bride followed them through the gate. Because he was tall Cutty could see them until they reached the bumper. Funny old world, for a fact. Next time they met the wounds would be healed—Hawksley's head and old Cutty's heart. Queer how he felt his fifty-two. He began to recognize one of the truths that had passed by: One did not sense age if one ran with the familiar pack. But for an old-timer to jog along for a few weeks with youth! That was it—the youth of these two had knocked his conceit into a cocked hat.

"Poor dear old Cutty!" said Kitty.

"Old thoroughbred!" said Hawksley.

And there you were, relegated to the bracket where the family kept the kaleidoscope, the sea shell and the album. His children, though; from now on he would have that interest in life. The blessed infant—Molly's girl—taking a sunbonnet when she might have worn a tiara! And that boy, stepping down from the pomp of palaces to the dusty ranges of Bar-K. An American citizen. It was more than funny, this old top; it was stark raving mad.

Well, he had one of the drums. It reposed in his wallet. Another queer thing, he could not work up a bit of the old enthusiasm. It was only a green stone. One of the finest examples of the emerald known, and he could not conjure up the panorama of murder and loot behind it. Possibly because he was no longer detached; the stone had entered his own life and touched it with tragedy. For it was tragedy to be fifty-two and to realize it. Thus whenever he took out the emerald he found his imagination walled in. Besides, it was a kind of magic mirror; he saw always his own tentative villainy. He was not quite the honest man he had once been.

But what was happening down the line there? The passengers were making way for someone. Kitty, and racing back to the gate! She did not pause until she stood in front of him, breathless.

"Forget something?" he asked awkwardly.

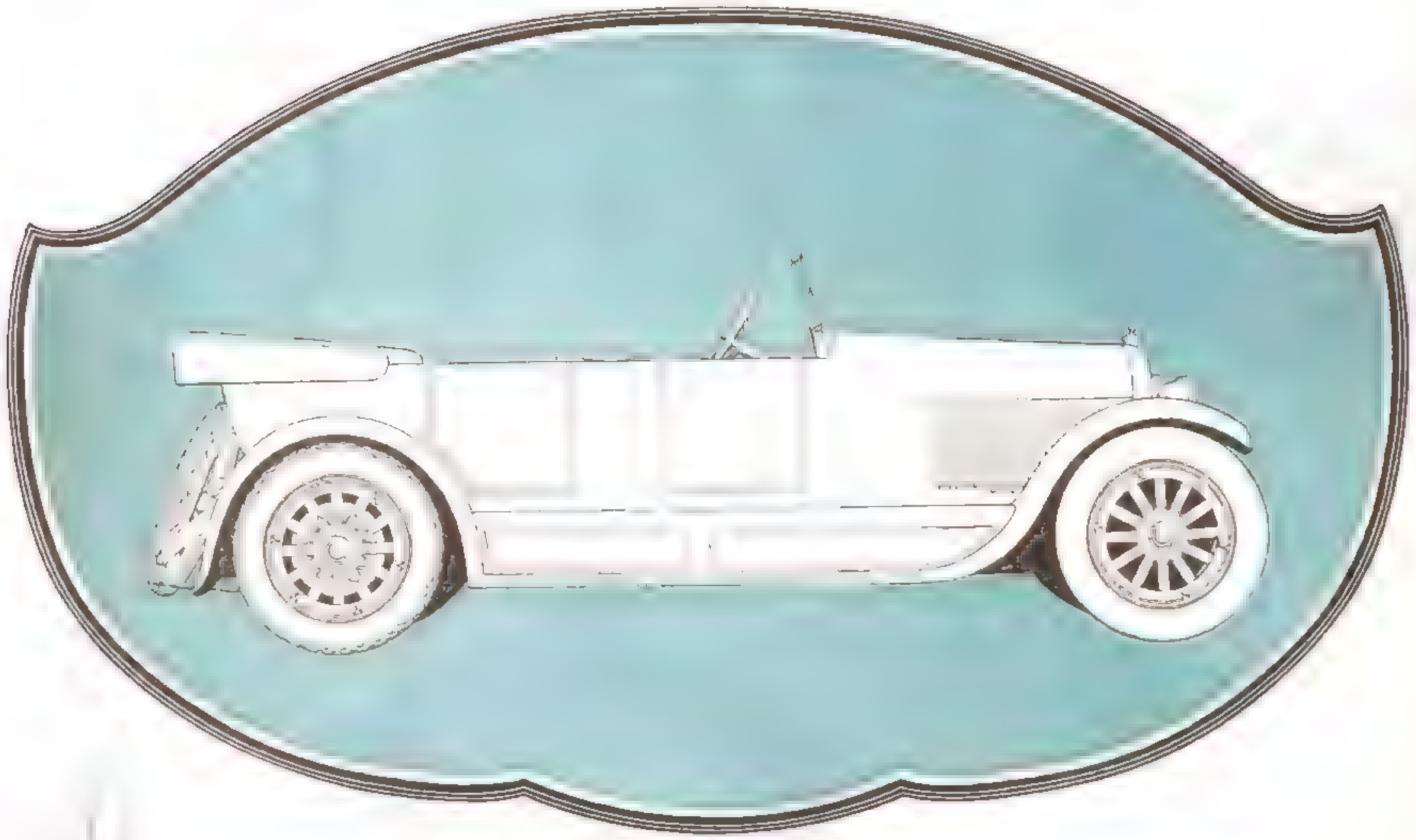
"Uh-hm!" Suddenly she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. "If only the three of us could be always together! Take care of yourself. Johnny and I need you." Then she caught his hand, gave it a pressure and was off again.

The crowd instantly closed in behind her. Still Cutty stood there, staring blindly in her direction. Old Stefani Gregor; sacrifice. By and by he became conscious of something warm and hard in his palm. He looked down.

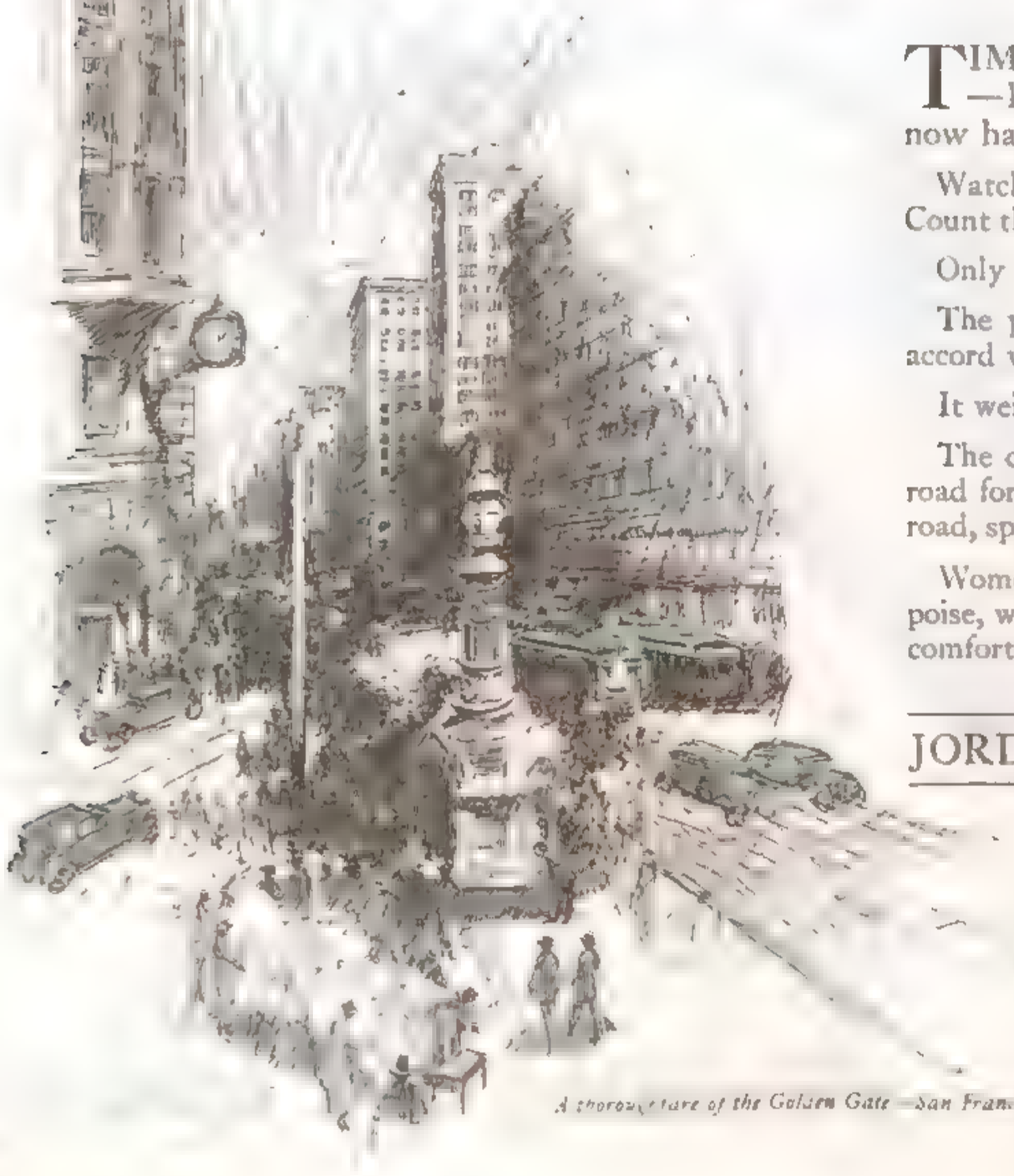
A green stone, green as the turban of a Mecca pilgrim, green as the eye of a black panther in the thicket. He dropped the emerald into a vest pocket and fumbled round for his pipe—always his mental crutch. He lit it, marched out of the station, into the night—chuckling sardonically. For the second time the thought occurred to him: Of all his earthly possessions he would carry into the Beyond—a chuckle.

Molly, then Kitty; but the drums of jeopardy were his!

THE END



The JORDAN Silhouette Five



A thoroughfare of the Golden Gate—San Francisco

TIME was when we bought motor cars like graphophones—large enough to entertain the neighbors. Our friends now have motor cars of their own.

Watch the endless line of motor cars moving down the boulevard. Count the average number of persons carried—it is really less than five.

Only occasionally do you see seven people in a car.

The passenger capacity of the New Jordan Silhouette Five is in accord with the size of the average family, which is five persons.

It weighs only 2800 pounds.

The chassis of finished mechanical excellence is the lightest on the road for its wheel base. In balance this car is supreme. It holds the road, speeding forward without a tremor, bouncing and swaying never.

Women with a natural appreciation of comfort, atmosphere and poise, will find this car irresistible in its compelling colors and fashion, comfortable to a delightful degree.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR CO., Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

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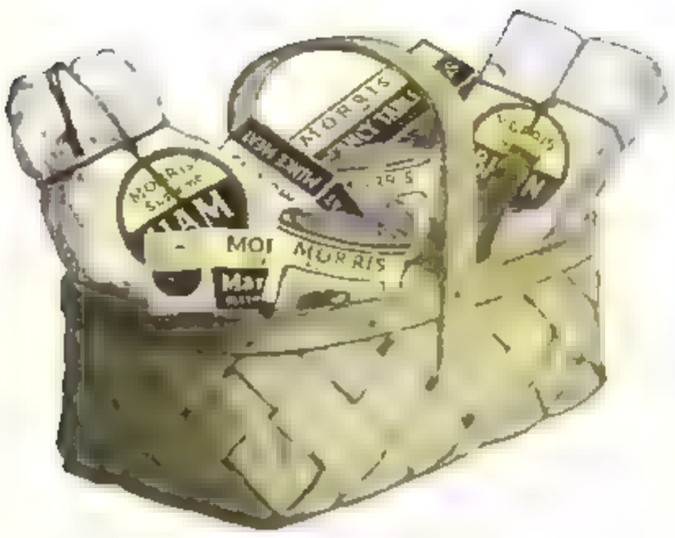

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for eating and cooking

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Our six large factories in different cities, our nation-wide branch-house system and our refrigerator cars take care of that. They assure a perfect product of delicious flavor wherever you live.

Marigold is churned fresh daily. Only the purest, sterilized ingredients and rich pasteurized milk enter into its manufacture. There *is* no food more pure and wholesome.

Spread this nutritious Marigold on bread, biscuit and toast. Use it for cooking and baking. The saving each week is considerable. It helps keep down the bills.

Your dealer will supply you with capsules of pure vegetable color for coloring Marigold.

MORRIS & COMPANY

THE BLOODHOUND

(Continued from Page 11)

He expected to arrive in Lammeter's presence at that time if he arrived at all. Both Lippett and Edwards had warned him that the man he was seeking was more than desperately fearless—he was also desperately cautious. But he had seen this on his first visit two Saturdays before. He had seen it also on his second visit. He rather expected to find no letting down of watchfulness on this his third Saturday night on the desert—not with Finlay seated in the day coach ahead, and Lammeter's tall driver on the station platform at Bayard to look over the arriving passengers.

The train seemed to be running slower, as if the engineer had shut off steam. Kesten replaced his watch in his pocket—the time had arrived. Almost at once he felt the mild bite of the brakes. His heart began pounding painfully. Pulling his cap down over his eyes he opened the door of his compartment, slipped into the corridor and softly glided out upon the rear platform. It was the work of a moment to uncover the vestibule steps. Thirty seconds later, with the whistle for cue, he sprang lightly to the ground. He landed upon his feet almost directly opposite the end of an abandoned road.

The desert into which Kesten descended lies like a huge saucer between ranges of arid mountains, its floor slightly uptilted, with islandlike buttes rising from the surface here and there. Windrows of drifted sand now and then gather into dunes across its plains. Its vegetation is that of the greater Mohave—twisted yuccas, junipers, cholla cactus, and sagebrush, along with the lowlier fescue, grama grass and seasonal wild flowers. At the lower end extend great expanses of borax and soda, the deposits from old lakes.

Kesten landed on his feet, ran with the train a few steps, released his hold and checked himself in the soft clay of the embankment without falling. He stood watching the retreating train until it began to pick up speed, by which time he was wholly in darkness; then he quickly edged his way down the embankment and up the side of the shallow ditch to the fence.

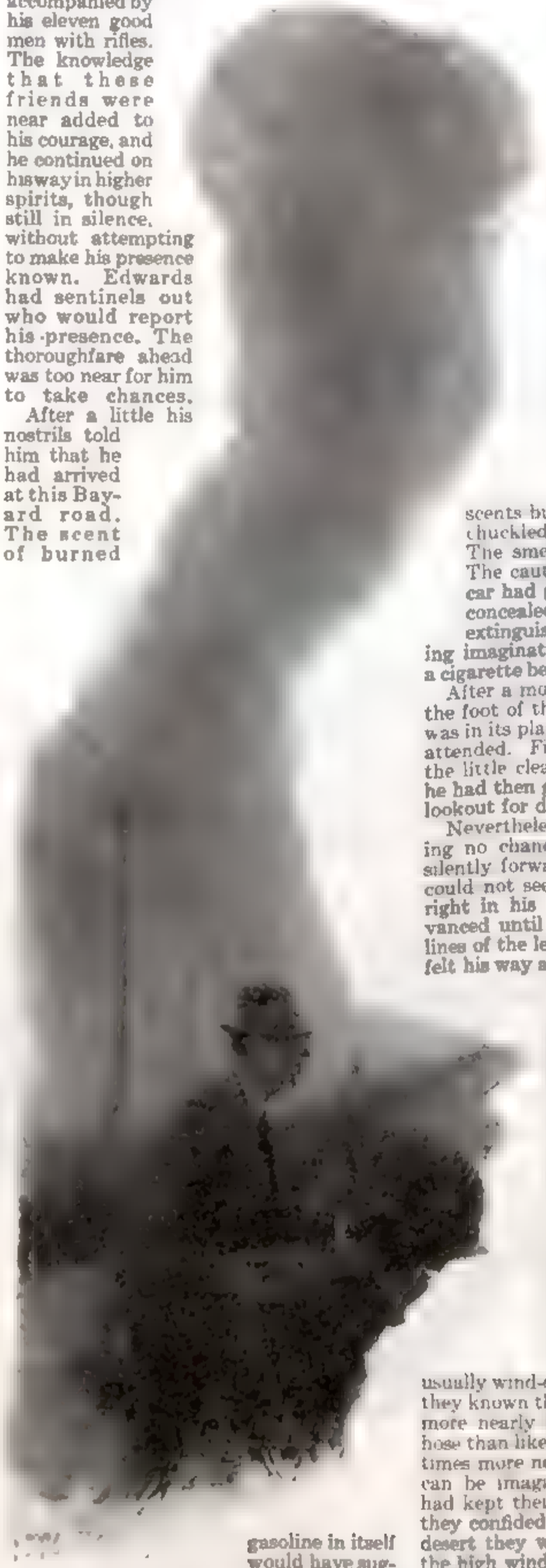
The night was black dark—the moon, entering upon its last quarter, would not rise to-night until twelve, and would not be high enough to afford much light until one or two. But he knew the fence of old, and though he could not see it, nor see what lay beyond, he climbed through it without scratching his wrists. Beyond the fence lay the abandoned road. Nothing of it could be seen, any more than of embankment or of fence. Yet he was not wholly without guidance—his sensitive tread informed him of the desert surface with great minuteness, and even to this limited vision the gash made by the road through the yuccas ahead was defined against the stars.

To Lippett the vast silence of the desert would have been more impressive than its darkness, for the limping train would already have passed out of his hearing and the irregular explosions of the pumping engine at the distant water tank would have been quite too faint for his dull ears. But Kesten heard these sounds distinctly, and many others with them—the ripple of wings when a moth fluttered by; the faint slap of a locust against strange sand when disturbed in its slumbers; the canarylike song of a deer mouse somewhere back among the yuccas; the startled plunge, almost too faint even for Kesten's hearing, of a kit fox, surprised as like as not while stalking this same musical mouse; and once, at a little distance, the elfin thump-thump signaling of a kangaroo rat. Kesten heard these sounds without knowing their sources. Even had he been an old resident of Bayard he might not have known them, for the animals that flourish on the desert are mostly nocturnal, and few of their casual human neighbors so much as know of their existence.

Pausing now and then to listen he continued along the old road somewhat less at home on it than the desert life that he heard. He did not understand the sounds, found himself increasingly frightened by their mystery. Nor did he understand the odors pressing in upon him from every direction—the rank smell of greasewood, the sharp odor of tarweed and the heavy dull scent of black sage, lingering since the heat of the day. These smells were strong and unmixed—even Lippett might have noticed them. He surely would have noticed them at midday, for they constitute an important part of the desert fetor.

Another scent that Lippett might have smelled made itself known as the old road skirted a grizzled dune. Kesten had remarked the dune on the preceding Saturday—without knowing their names he had described to Edwards the prickly phlox and shrub juniper and thistle sage clothing it, as well as its noticeable position near the road. As he passed the dune he smelled a whiff of stale gasoline smoke, and knew that Edwards had arrived from the city according to arrangement, accompanied by his eleven good men with rifles. The knowledge that these friends were near added to his courage, and he continued on his way in higher spirits, though still in silence, without attempting to make his presence known. Edwards had sentinels out who would report his presence. The thoroughfare ahead was too near for him to take chances.

After a little his nostrils told him that he had arrived at this Bayard road. The scent of burned gasoline in itself would have suggested as much, but there were other odors, such as that of abraded rubber, which always lingers on the roadway where automobile traffic occurs. A moment later his footing would have told him. The wheel tracks of the used road had been excavated by the winds into deep grooves, at the bottom of which lay dune sand that was almost too loose to walk upon. The grass-grown baked crust of the abandoned road broke sharply off at these wheel tracks.



His Sensitive Tread Informed Him of the Desert Surface With Great Minuteness

The parking place of Walter Finlay's car, for which he was looking, lay beyond this Bayard road. It was reached from a point farther west, but the short cut that Kesten proposed to take struck across the shoulder of the nearer of these dunes from a point about three rods beyond the junction.

This distance he estimated by counting his steps. At the twenty-fifth step he paused to listen. No sounds were audible except the minor sounds of the desert.

Leaving the road he climbed the low bank and felt his way cautiously across the dune side toward the hidden car. He was obliged to proceed slowly; the dune was an old one, overgrown with root-bound hillocks from which sprang dried clusters of filaree, plantain, tarweed and creosote bush. The darkness was complete. He had to guide himself by the sense of touch alone.

He felt his way up the steepish shoulder of the dune and then down its milder western slope toward the edge of the little valley at its foot. Here he stopped for a moment to consider. In a moment he would smell the odor of lingering gasoline fumes or of inflated rubber tires and seat leather. On the preceding Saturday he had not only smelled these scents but that of tobacco as well. He chuckled softly at the recollection. The smell of tobacco on the desert! The cautious thief who drove Finlay's car had gone to great trouble to find a concealed parking place, had carefully extinguished all lights, and then, lacking imagination, had proceeded to smoke a cigarette before leaving to meet the train.

After a moment's pause he continued to the foot of the slope. The car, he learned, was in its place, with all lights out, and unattended. Finlay's driver had backed into the little clearing as before, and as before he had then gone off to the train to keep a lookout for detectives.

Nevertheless even now Kesten was taking no chances. Moving cautiously and silently forward toward the car, which he could not see, his left hand extended, his right in his pocket on his pistol, he advanced until he could feel the sharp outlines of the left rear wheel guard. Then he felt his way along the car to the first door, still alert and ready. This he softly opened. The tonneau proved to be unoccupied and clear. There remained only to climb noiselessly into the car, noiselessly close the door, and make himself as invisible as he could, which was wholly invisible, in the pit in front of the broad rear seat.

III

FOR the first time since starting out that evening Kesten was worried. Upon his preceding visits to Bayard the air had been motionless. He had not known, and Edwards had not known, that the desert round Bayard was usually wind-swept at night. Still less had they known that the winds of Bayard were more nearly like cold water out of a fire hose than like mere air in motion; or sometimes more nearly like the fire itself if fire can be imagined as bitingly cold. They had kept their plans to themselves. Had they confided in someone familiar with the desert they would have been informed of the high winds.

The time was half past eleven. He had been riding three-quarters of an hour stowed away in the black depths of Finlay's big car. During half that time the wind had been blowing a gale. The space available was that in front of the upholstered rear seat, and he was lying like a folded newspaper in this narrow pit. That which worried him was not the cramped quarters; neither was it the cold, for he was warmly dressed and lay sheltered from the wind; it was the knowledge that the bits of tin foil which he had been strewing along the road as a guide for Edwards would now be wind-swept into the depths of the yucca forest and irrevocably lost.

During the time he lay huddled in his pit, his head chafing against the left-hand door jam, he had been noting the direction of travel. At first they had driven westward into the teeth of the wind; he knew, for the Little Dipper, standing upon the polestar, shone in the sky to their right. But later the road wound about more and its direction was more northerly.

After a while he began trying to obtain other information, raising himself high enough to peer past Finlay and the driver at the road ahead—the dash lights were out, and he was careful to move softly so as not to shake the car. But though both headlights were in use the country was so vast and their rays fell upon the road at such a slight height that he could make nothing of the outlook. He saw the wind-swept road, and he saw the swaying yuccas among which it wound. He gathered from the sound of the engine that they were climbing. He could not be sure as to that; the wind was holding them back greatly.

Though worried Kesten was not worried about his safety. The two men on the front seat were doubtless armed and doubtless dangerous, but he had them sufficiently in his power. He also was armed. His right hand lay over a good automatic pistol; he was behind them; neither of them suspected his presence. He could force them to stop the machine at any time or even to turn it about. But that was not to the point. He was not looking for a chance to seize Finlay and his driver. His man was Lade Lammeter, to whom he hoped Finlay and this driver would lead him.

The touch of the cold automatic was familiar to him; he could shoot very well with a pistol. Indeed the feel of its curt outlines in his palm was the source of half his courage, as he knew. At the same time he did not like to think of shooting at a man, thief or no thief. The pistol increased his courage, but it also increased his timidity. He was obliged to overcome this accession of timidity by an effort of will. He was no Lade Lammeter, looking for trouble. His instinct was to avoid trouble.

The men ahead did not say much—the gale about their ears forced them to shout in order to converse even simply. What was said was carried back to Kesten much as if it had been said for his sole benefit. Most of it was mere weatherly commonplace, not worth the trouble of listening to.

But after a while Finlay began speaking in a casual way about Lammeter.

"Last week him and Dad Bergen was clawing pretty bad at each other. How's the scrap by now?"

"Rotten. Dad and him don't rub together worth a damn."

"What's it all about?"

"Dad wants to cut loose and spend his wages. Wants to go to the city. Not to-morrow. To-day—this minute."

"Hot air."

"Not on your gat. Lade was crazy, dragging him into this."

"Lade knows him. It was Dad fixed the farmer where we're hiding out. Don't forget that."

"What's the sense of having a hide-out unless you hide in it?"

"Leave him to Lade."

"He makes me tired. He rattles too many dishes when he thinks, that bird. Sore as a kicked calf all the time."

"Two and two. He hasn't anything on Lade when it comes to rattling dishes. Leave it to Lade."

"Sure, leave it to Lade! And when this Bergen guy blows up and goes to Lippett, then what?"

"I tell you Lade knows him. He won't blow up."

"Lade knows Lippett too."

"That guy! I know him myself."

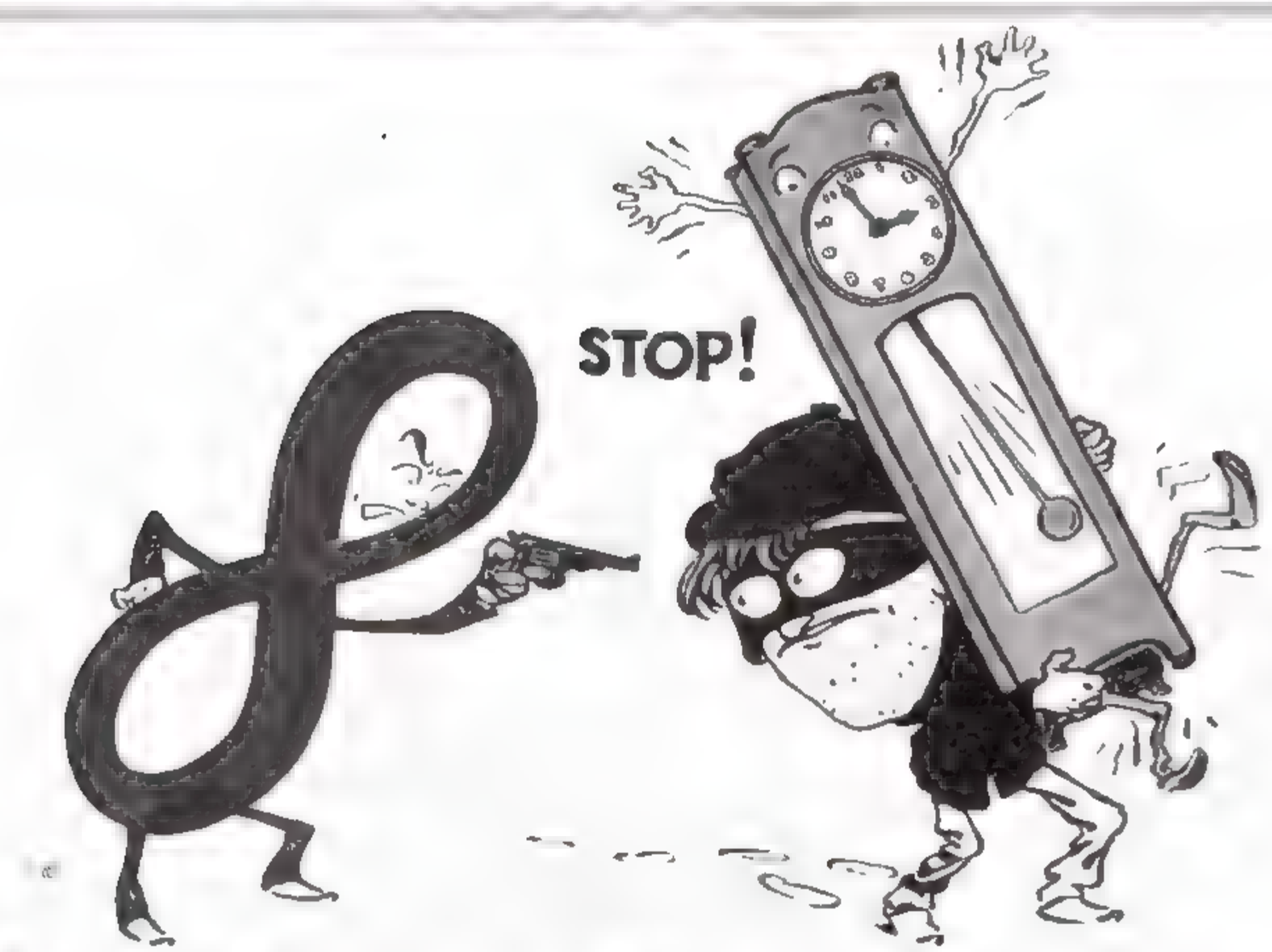
"Say, don't you fool yourself about Lippett."

"I know that bird inside out. I feed him."

"You feed him all right, and you hear what he says there in that bean cannery. But you don't know him. Not like I know him, you don't."

"Inside out."

(Continued on Page 116)



The Figure 8 saves time

FOR it's the magic figure 8 motion of the water in the tub of the 1900 Cataract Washer that sends that water through the clothes four times as often as in the ordinary washer! Thus it washes the clothes faster and better.

What's more, when you use a 1900 Washer there's no danger of buttons flying off and button holes tearing out. There is not one single part in the tub to cause wear and tear. The hot cleansing water is forced through the clothes by the action of the tub alone and not by any parts! This means, too, that you don't have any heavy parts to lift out and clean after the washing is finished.

These facts combine to make the 1900 the *perfect* washing machine. In addition, the swinging wringer —which also works electrically— can be shifted from the washer clear over to the clothes basket without any moving of the washer; the 1900 works easily and smoothly; costs less than 2c an hour to operate; washes a tubful of clothes in 8 to 10 minutes.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

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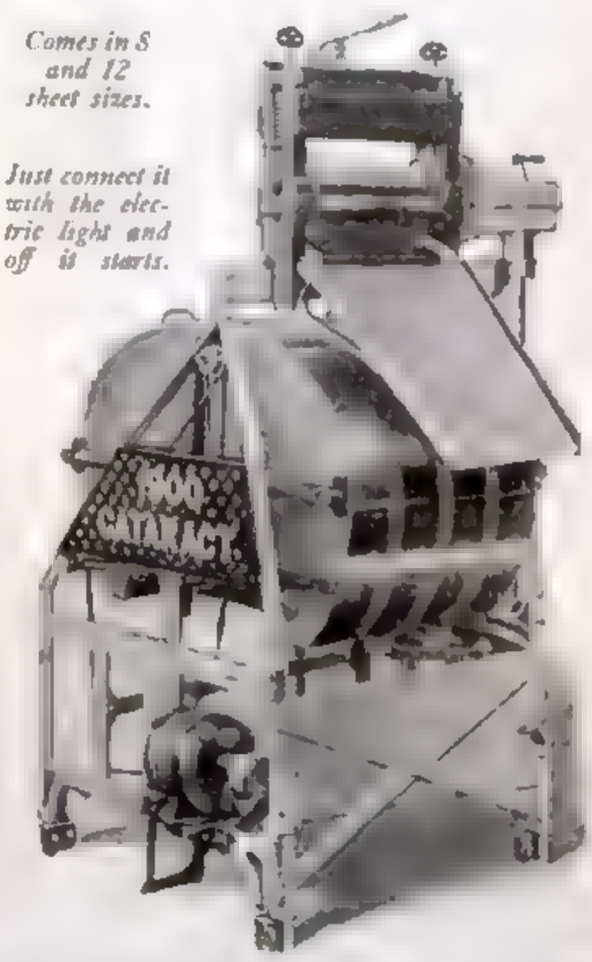

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You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write to us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

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203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story "George Brinton's Wife."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____

(Continued from Page 114)

"That's a wise guy, that Lippett."

"Sure. All wised up where Lade is."

"Where?"

"Lade's in Canada. You're in Canada too, Pete. Did you know that?"

"Why pick on me?"

"You drove through with Lade."

"Hope he thinks so. Didn't hear how?"

"Sure. You guys took the back roads through the Basin. They say they've got you guys cold. Lippett sent a fly dick up to Vancouver yesterday to give you the once-over."

"Who did he send?"

"A dick name of Turner."

"Turner knows us, at that."

"Some ivory top, that bird Lippett."

"You'll say so. Sure. But I wish Lade hadn't pulled Dad Bergen in on this thing. Dad's due for a blowup. You wait."

The conversation died down and for some miles the car fought on into the wind. Kesten continued strewing tin foil, which he knew was instantly lost. The road became pitted and rough. Progress was slow. The moon rose. The desert became lighter. Time passed. But the wind continued blowing in an icy gale from the west.

The forest of yuccas came to an abrupt end as the moon was climbing from the second to the third rung of its silvery ladder. It was succeeded by a scattering growth of ball sage and greasewood, dimly seen from the car, with here and there a colony of cholla cactus. Farther on the road branched off toward the mountains, the sagebrush giving way to the larger mesquite, sumac, cat's-claw and paloverde, interspersed with more frequent and more flourishing bunches of grama grass and fescue.

A little later they seemed to pass into the shelter of the foothills, for the gale suddenly died off as if a door had been closed in its face. Yet the wind continued blowing behind them—Kesten could hear its shrill voice as it swept down the plain through the sagebrush, long after the car had found these quieter waters.

A little later still they crossed a dry wash or arroyo and came to the mouth of what seemed to be a mountain cañon. This their road unhesitatingly entered. Such moonlight as there was at once faded out into densest blackness, that may have been intensified, but probably was not, a quarter of a mile farther when they passed between the clifflike walls of the cañon proper. After this even the stars, except for those immediately overhead, were shut out. But Kesten had kept track of their direction, and he was grateful for the darkness—even this shut-in darkness of the cañon. The rising moon had been throwing more light into his pit of concealment than was safe.

As they climbed the cañon the difficulties of the road continued to render progress slow. Most mountain cañons are at their worst near the mouth. For a while it was sand—the sand of the wash. Then it was bowlders, great and small. After a time, however, the cañon grew broader and the road smoother. Kesten was able to make out the towering tops of strange trees against the larger sky—now a sycamore, now a mountain laurel, now a white oak. Once when they closely approached the mountain he saw above him the heavy top and drooping branches of a Coulter pine.

The road later became hard and level, swinging away from the mountain through what seemed to be a wooded flat. Later still their car slowed down, turned from the road into a shaded meadow, and after describing a short half circle over rougher ground came to a final stop under an ancient white oak.

Kesten held his breath as the engine died down. The men in front might look into the tonneau at any moment, as men sometimes do when leaving a car for the night. They would not see him—the darkness was even denser than when he stowed himself away on the desert. But they might find him with their hands. If they did find him he might be obliged to use his automatic. This he shrank from doing.

He ran over in his mind what such an accident would involve. He no longer needed the men as guides—this was the end of the road. Undoubtedly Lade Lammeter and his confederates were hiding in this cañon. Undoubtedly also this place of refuge was at a distance from all towns and railroads. He could therefore cover Finlay and the thief he called Pete with his pistol, and then disable their car, so as to prevent escape back across the desert. That might answer, and probably would, if he could get word to Edwards. If he could not he would have another problem to solve. But all that was in the future.

The men did not examine the car. Kesten heard the snap of the switch as the lights were turned off, and the sound of the latch as Finlay opened the right-hand door. Then he heard both men climb out to the ground.

"A cold ride, that," said Finlay.

"It's the heat makes it cold. Heat always draws the cold like this. Anyhow, it always does on the desert."

They walked away at once, striking off diagonally up the flat. He heard their footsteps distinctly, muffled as they were by the carpet of grass. After a little he considered himself beyond danger and cautiously climbed into an easier position on the upholstered seat. There he sat motionless and listened.

He heard the retreating footsteps, for they were uppermost in his consciousness. But as he listened he became aware of other sounds, of minor ranch noises, very faint, and not following one another in ordered sequence—the sound of barnyard animals in the distance, of a restless horse in his stall, of a grunting pig, of a calf jangling its weanyoke, and the sound of flowing water somewhere. Then as Finlay and his driver approached the house he heard the excited barking of a dog and the sound of its still more excited rush to meet them after it knew them for friends.

And not only sounds. As he leaned back against the cushions he became conscious of scents and odors—of Finlay's scent, his driver's scent, other scents; of the odor of rubber, of gasoline fumes, of radiator water. Then it was a cultivated garden fragrance somewhere that he smelled, a redolence, an aroma, a baffling perfume, so slight as to be almost indistinguishable even to his nostrils, and yet so delicately special that he called it by this name and by that. It was the fragrance of sweet alyssum that he smelled, of mignonette, of centaureas, of garden pinks, sweet peas, honeysuckles, and even the pale pungence of thyme and of flowering currant. It was as though he were suddenly surrounded by flowers; or rather by the elusive spirits of flowers, that would almost but not quite make themselves plain.

Kesten made note of it all—the jangle of subdued sounds, the tangle of even more subdued fragrances and scents. Later he might be called upon to identify this cañon oasis that he could not see—identify it by these same sounds and fragrances. If he could not get hold of Edwards to-night he would surely have to identify it thus.

Then another thought occurred to him. If his trail became lost to Edwards, as seemed likely, how was he to make his way back to Bayard to report upon this cañon fastness? He had no water with him; nor had he food. He could only guess at the distance he would have to travel. He was not even sure he could find the road, though he knew about how it must lie. He might have to conceal himself in the brush on the mountainside and wait until Edwards found him. He wondered whether he could raid the garden for food for a few days. Probably he could. There was a spring somewhere; he knew he could find that.

Or he might walk back to the foot of the cañon, and then round the end of the mountain to a point overlooking the desert and build a signal fire. That seemed the most practical procedure of any until he remembered that he had no matches.

Still another idea occurred to him. The car he was in was a Cherise. Though not so familiar with the Cherise as with the Rotor, nevertheless he knew the car. What was to prevent his climbing over the back of the front seat and driving off? The car was already headed away from the house; his use of the headlights was not likely to attract notice. He thought he could escape behind his mufflers with little noise. The cañon would guide him back to the edge of the desert. Probably he would be able to retrace his route in its entirety.

This plan likewise had its dangers. He would very likely miss Edwards. This danger was the more negligible because he was likely to miss Edwards anyhow. The loss of the car would be discovered in the morning. It might even be discovered very soon. He supposed there might be another car about the ranch. Probably there was one. The fact that Finlay's driver had parked the Cherise in the open instead of driving to the garage with it indicated that the machine was not the one attached to the ranch. In that case there would be a pursuit.

The insect was only another thick-bodied grasshopper that had been awakened too suddenly, and Kesten at once recovered his composure, but when it fell clingingly across his compressed lips it startled him into speech.

"Ugh!" he cried sputteringly, dashing it away with his hand.

Had he remembered the locust of the earlier evening he would have seen its significance. Any prospector could have told him that a Tehachapi grasshopper does not jump like that at night unless it has been wakened by something. But he would not have heard the faint sound of Dad Bergen's left hand as it swayed against a grass stem off in the darkness ahead, because there was no such sound; nor would he have heard the light breathing of a second sentry at Bergen's right, for he was holding his breath. Had he suspected the existence of either he would not have climbed into the driver's seat, however carefully; nor after starting the engine would he have turned on the lights.

Kesten did climb into the driver's seat, and start the engine, and turn on the lights; whereupon that which follows began happening.

First, the light of the headlights disclosed to Kesten the tense figure of Dad Bergen. Kesten did not know his name, but he saw him plainly; he was standing directly in front of the car at a distance of two yards, and in his hand he held an eight-inch revolver.

"Stick 'em up!" cried Bergen.

Kesten was at a disadvantage in one way; he was leaning forward with his right hand on the switch. In another way his position might have been worse, for he was leaning forward past the edge of the wheel and to the right of it, and was not blocked off by it. He also had the great advantage of darkness. The man ahead was standing full in the light.

Kesten never was quite able to tell me what he did at this point. The engine was already running with the clutch out. He knew the car; some of his movements were automatic. Somehow—and in a space of time so incredibly short as to be instantaneous—he pulled the gear shift into second, released the clutch, stepped on the accelerator and shot the car forward in a great leap. At the same moment he thrust himself away from the wheel and into the shelter of the dash. The leap forward of the car assisted him in dodging, but it threw his body so far out of balance that he lost control of the car. However, the man ahead was near and the acceleration great.

Kesten was expecting a shot at the driver's position behind the wheel. He was hoping to strike down his man before he could leap aboard. Or, if he did not strike him down, he was hoping to dash past him at such speed that Bergen would have to employ both hands. Meanwhile he would have snatched his own pistol from his pocket.

The car shot forward, but it did not strike down the man in front; neither did Bergen fire at the driver's position. Instead he leaped aside and as the car brushed past him fired into its left front tire.

Kesten saw the spurt of flame, heard the shot and the sharp output of escaping air, felt the swerve to the left. The car, as he knew, was done for. After that he gave up the idea of escaping to Edwards in the Cherise. He came to a stop ten or twelve yards farther on.

Scrambling to his feet he now swung open the right-hand door, intending to make a dash for whatever shelter lay beyond the flat. A strange mountain lay beyond. Dense thickets of brush lay beyond. Yet he had his pistol, and the night was soot-black. He was outnumbered, but if Lammeter's thieves tried to use the headlights he could break them by his pistol fire, and if they did not their numbers would not help them any.

But he had not counted on the presence of Bergen's silent partner. As he stepped from the car, pistol in hand, bending low ready to make his dash, the second man was almost at his side. The man did not shoot—he merely made a cut at the darkness with the madrone staff he was carrying. The blow took Kesten above the temple.

The next he knew he was lying in a lighted close room, apparently in a ranch house, with hands bound and pockets emptied. Finlay and the driver he had called Pete were looking down upon him, while at one side he perceived the man he had tried to run down and a new man whom he had not yet seen—the silent partner whose madrone staff had wrought the havoc upon his head.

IV

KESTEN felt himself led along a winding and uneven path. The bandage over his eyes would have been unnecessary in the black darkness of utter night; he knew from it and from the assurance with which his guides conducted him that the man ahead carried a lantern. But he would have known this from the smell of its smoking wick. He knew also that the party conducting him consisted of the four men he had seen at the house. He could distinguish between them by their voices. Of these the thief known as Pete carried the lantern, while two others walked immediately behind him, with Finlay closing the file.

"So you thought you'd beat it out of here, did you, Dad?" Finlay was saying. "You thought you'd lay for us and beat it with Gridiron here. Found a spy in the car and forgot the game. Shot up your own tire. Afraid to try for the spy for fear you'd miss him. After what happened I'd of beat it too. Some things is hard to explain."

"What do you mean—what happened?" asked Bergen sullenly.

"Who give you Lade's gun?"

"Oh, that! I swiped it, if you want to know."

"I saw Lade climb a guy's neck once just for looking at his gun."

"Not my neck, you didn't."

The wrangling continued for a short time and then died down. Bergen seemed sullen and furtive, Finlay cold, and the other two men nervous and frightened.

Kesten had been told that he was to sleep in a log cabin up the cañon. After a little they reached this cabin. Finlay stood guard over him at the door while Pete and the others went inside to prepare the room. Pete then came out and stood guard while Finlay went inside.

"You'll find everything you want in here, except a light," explained Pete at last, when Finlay gave the word. "I left the lamp on the mantel, but we're taking the matches with us. Your eyes is bad. The farmer will wake you for breakfast."

"Lade will wake him," said Finlay.

He spoke softly, but Kesten felt the menace behind his level tones.

"Dad Bergen here and his friend Gridiron Smith will stand guard outside," continued Finlay, referring to them as if with malice by their full names.

"No, no!" cried Bergen.

"Aw, have a heart!" said the other.

"We'll talk it over. The cabin will hold you for a while. You couldn't get far on foot through the desert anyhow."

The room into which he was admitted smelled fresh and sweet—the musty odor of the ranch house below was entirely absent. His first impression of it was that it had windows and that these had been open in California fashion. His second impression of the room was likewise afforded by his sensitive nostrils. The room smelled fresh and sweet, but associated with its fresh night air was the scent that he had noticed in the restaurant two weeks before upon Finlay—the scent of the man he was seeking, the man who had stolen the bank pouch and the Bald Ash money, Lade Lammeter.

He could not be mistaken; this room had been used by Lammeter. It contained other suggestions of use—the odor of tobacco, the pungent smell of charred pine from the fireplace somewhere, of resin, of roasted pine nuts that had gone into the fireplace with the cones that carried them. But he was interested chiefly in this clew to Lammeter's presence.

Finlay conducted him to a table upon which lay books and magazines.

"I'm laying your glasses on the table," said Finlay. "The bed is to your right against the wall."

With that he removed the withes from Kesten's wrists and the bandage from over his eyes.

Kesten heard them go out, heard them bar the door, heard them close the shutters over the windows and likewise bar them. He did not attempt to break down any of these barriers even after they had gone. He was no fool. Nothing short of a twelve-inch pine log could have had any effect upon the great planks and oaken fastenings of the cabin. Instead of trying to get out he groped his way along the wall until he found the bed.

(Concluded on Page 119)

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

THE LIGHTER SIX
118-Inch Wheelbase

Five Passenger Touring
Two Passenger Roadster
Three Passenger Coupé
(Straight Seat)
Five Passenger Sedan

THE LARGER SIX
127 Inch Wheelbase

Seven Passenger Touring
Five Passenger Touring
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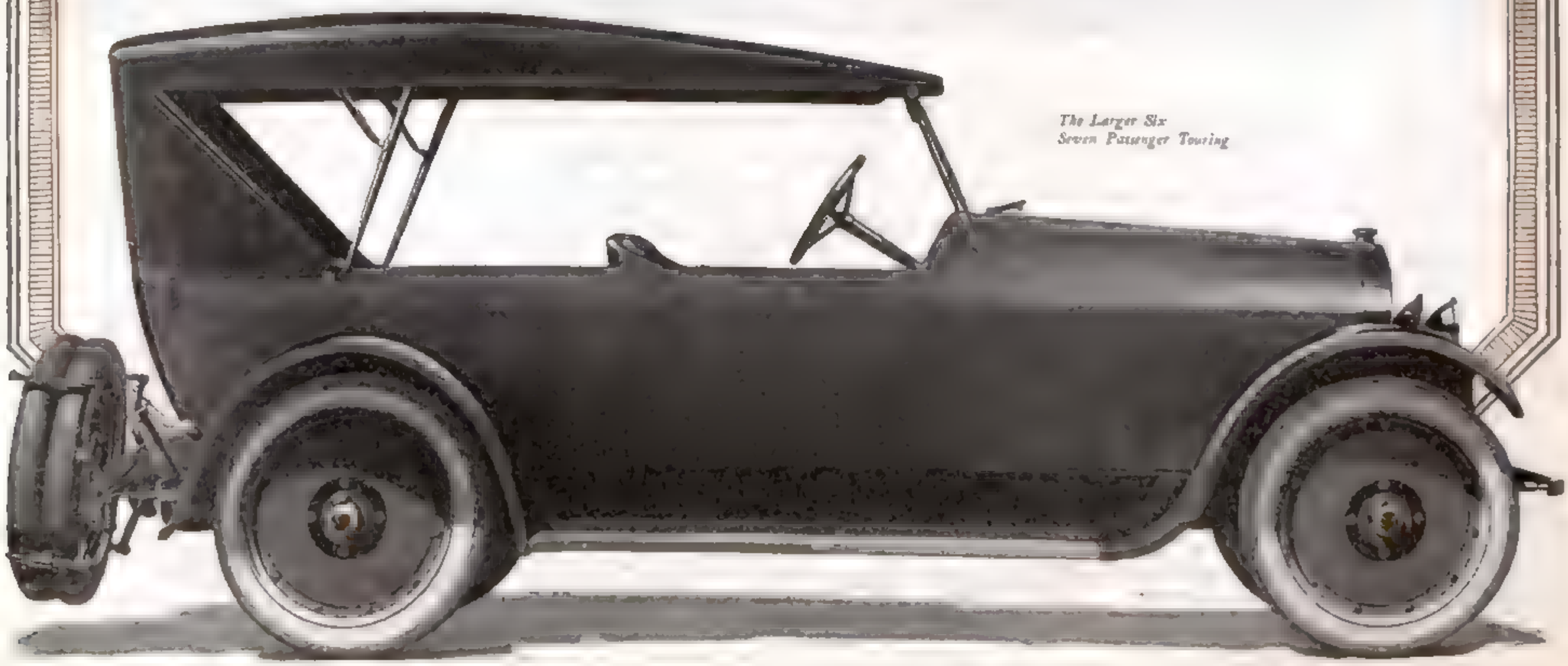

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(Concluded from Page 116)

He lay back upon the blanket-covered pine needles of the bed and reflected. The night in the human sense was entirely still; Finlay would have heard no slightest sound either outside or in. Yet to Kesten's keen ears it was beaded with sounds. He could still hear the minor sounds of the ranch, the wrangling voices of the four thieves, their retreating footsteps, and a multitude of sounds from the mountainside above him—the browsing of a deer, the distant booming bark of a fox, the faint drumming of a deer mouse as it laid its pulsating fore-paw against a resonant bit of deadwood somewhere.

Another tiny sound was also present, threading the outside sounds like a rivulet. He had heard it from the beginning, but had been deaf to it because of its familiar character. What we do not look for we do not see. He heard it suddenly as if it had just begun. Men walking along the sea-shore sometimes suddenly hear the sound of waves breaking upon the beach; or in a city office they sometimes suddenly hear the rumble of wheels upon the pavement. This sound that Kesten suddenly heard was made by a watch. Not his own watch—Finlay had taken his watch—another watch. It had been ticking all the while; suddenly it began ticking for him.

The ticking consisted of rhythmical touches of shrillness that were so slightly voiced as to be almost inaudible. His own watch ticked more coarsely, more hoarsely; it was not in the least inaudible. This new ticking was high, like the chirps of an insect.

It was like the ticking of water dripping upon tense glass, but faster and lighter; or like sand running out grain by grain upon steel, but slower and steadier.

He listened to it idly, speculating as to its distance. It was too faint to be in the same room. But if not in the same room, where? He had taken for granted that the log cabin into which he had been thrust consisted of the one room. This sound indicated that there must be another. He tried to determine the direction of the sound. The slightness of the ticking made it impossible for him to be sure. Mostly it seemed to come from the right.

When a man should be asleep but is not his mind sometimes becomes a shadow mind, thinking imaginary thoughts that are not thoughts at all but that float about like thistledown wherever the wind blows them. Kesten's imagination became seized by this high-pitched, faint-voiced ticking that seemed to come from the right. After a while he decided, as people will, that he would know more about this mystery. He wished to know if there was another room in the house, and if there was who was in it. The presence of a high-voiced watch implied the presence of an owner. Rising softly he began groping along the wall for a second door.

The bed had been built lengthwise against the wall with its head toward the valley. The sound had seemed to come from behind and at the right. He therefore started out from the head rather than the foot of the bed and toward the valley end of the room rather than the mountain end. After a little he came to an opening in the wall. This proved to be a window opening; he ran his fingers along the jamb and sill, and then felt along the inner surface of the plank shutter that sealed it. Then he continued working his way along the logs beyond the window until he reached a corner of the room.

The wall beyond the corner proved likewise to be of stripped pine logs. He crept softly along it past what he recognized to be the tanned skin of a rattlesnake, broad and thin and of velvety softness, past a group of kettles with the smell of smoke on them, and then farther, past a flannel-covered half-gallon canteen, the usefulness of which was obvious in this region, until he came to the fireplace.

At the fireplace he made two discoveries not associated with the sound of the ticking. As he approached it he smelled the odor of kerosene, and after a moment found its source in an oily brass lamp on the mantel. The lamp was the one referred to by the thief called Pete. It was of course useless without matches. A moment later he stepped upon what seemed to be a strip of carpet, but fire-eaten and charred. Upon stooping to examine it he found that it was a partially consumed canvas sack—probably the stolen bank pouch. Its presence in the fireplace suggested that the money had been divided.

Beyond the fireplace he found another log wall; but instead of being hung with wall ornaments he found here a portion of a man's wardrobe. He did not have to speculate as to the owner of these garments—he recognized them at once as Lade Lammeter's. The room was perhaps Lammeter's own room. Certainly he had been living in it; certainly his clothing still hung upon its walls.

But if it were Lammeter's room Lammeter was not using it to-night. What room was he using? Had he remained asleep in the ranch house during the flare of attempted escape? He wondered.

Beyond the clothing he found that which he had set out to look for, the second door, the entrance to the mysterious room in which the phantom watch was ticking. The door was not like the plank one which had been closed upon him by Finlay, but seemed to be a fragile house door, such as people lock to keep out burglars. He felt along its thin panels, found the knob, softly turned it. When it proved to be locked he speculated as to whether he should break it down. He thought he could burst through the thin panels with his shoulder if he but knew what lay beyond.

He now paused to listen again for the mysterious ticking. He decided that he could hear it more plainly than at any previous time. Was it behind the door? Should he force an entrance? After laying his ear against the panel he decided that he might as well do so. He had heard four voices from down the cañon—Finlay had left no sentinels.

But a doubt occurred to him at this point. Though all four men had returned to the ranch house below, nevertheless someone else might have been left inside in this inner room. He would undoubtedly be armed. If inside it might be inadvisable to break down his door.

Kesten allowed his fingers to investigate the surface of the door further while he considered. Now he thought he would break it down, now he thought he would not. He felt along its panels as high as he could reach, and then stooping he felt along its flimsy lower panels, and along the side edge back to the knob.

It was at this point that he made a further discovery. The bolt was shot, but the key was in the keyhole, and on his side of the door.

He did not instantly turn the key, but paused to reflect upon the changed situation. Whoever locked the door had locked it from his side. If anyone were in the room behind he was locked in, just as he himself had been locked inside his larger room. In that case, assuming that the room had an occupant, he and the other man were swimming in the same river. He might knock on the door and inquire, instead of opening it surreptitiously. The longer he reflected the better he thought of this plan.

Stepping to one side he rapped sharply upon one of the thin panels. Then he listened for the sound of a movement. When there was no response he repeated his rapping, this time more forcibly and at length. Again the summons met with no response. He could have heard it if a man sleeping had but turned in his bed. There was no movement of any kind. The only sound to come from the room beyond the door was the sound of the phantom ticking of the watch.

When he saw that the room was unoccupied—and he now thought that it must be—he turned the key, eased the knob until the bolt was retracted, and flung open the door, at the same time springing aside out of range. Then when nothing happened he cautiously felt his way into the strange room.

His first impression of the room was that it needed ventilation. His second impression was more startling. The room was crowded with the usual faint and complex scents that Lippett would not have detected, including the scent as of orange rind associated with Lade Lammeter; but added upon these lighter scents, subduing them, dominating them, was one scent that was neither too faint nor too complex for any man, nor for any animal either, to catch and know. As he entered the room he smelled the faint but unmistakable odor of blood.

Kesten stood inside the door for a moment, undetermined whether to advance or retreat. The sound of a watch ticking, and the smell of blood! Either the room was occupied or it was not. It was occupied—occupied by the phantom watch. He could hear its ticking now very plainly. Occupied by the smell of blood. Occupied by the owner of the watch, as like as not. Whose blood, if not his? He could hear no sound of breathing. The man must be dead. Murdered? By these thieves? He did not see how else. Someone like himself who had stumbled upon their lair or perhaps even sought it out?

He did not know. Not unlikely. If so, his turn might come next. Finlay knew who he was. Thieves who would kill one spy would kill two.

Had it not been for the insistent ticking of the watch he might have turned back to wait for daylight. If its owner were dead he needed no help from the living. But the watch was not dead. The watch needed help from the living. It was calling to the living, calling to him, calling for help. Unless its life were renewed by the living it would die. The fancy seized him firmly that he must find the watch before leaving the room.

But his courage was not equal to the strain of tracing it back into the darkness. He started to grope his way along the wall toward the sound of the shrill ticking, but before going five steps the scent of blood drowned out the voice of the watch and he was obliged to stop. His breath was coming in short, shallow gasps. His pulse was racing like a runaway engine. He felt suddenly gray and sick. The next moment he began a precipitate retreat to the door. His nerve had broken. The watch continued its ticking, but the panic at his heart forced him to retreat into the outer room, close the door sharply, and then, as if to shut out its shrill voice with more finality, turn the key in the lock.

The watch would have to take its chance with its owner. If he was lying there dead in his blood it would have to tick away its life likewise.

Some time later, but how much later he could not have told, Kesten heard a sound outside as of the removal of bars. The sound was a terrifying one, but by now his benumbing fear was beyond any new terror. Whether Lade Lammeter was come, or his lieutenant, the menace was instant and grave. Kesten heard the sound with apathy. He wondered if it were near morning, and, if the murderous five had returned to finish their work, how they would attack. From within he could still distinguish the shrill voice of the watch. The ticking of the watch! He had no watch to keep on ticking after they turned the key on him. The smell of blood—of his blood! He wondered as to the scent of his blood. Was its odor acrid, like that other odor? Perhaps he would retain consciousness long enough to learn.

He heard the lifting away of the log that had been propped against the door and the removing of the bars from their seats. Then he heard a call.

"Hello in there!" cried someone.

When he did not answer the call was repeated.

"Open the door, in there!"

He remembered then that the door had an inside fastening, and that he had shot it after the departure of Finlay and Pete. It was a flimsy fastening, but it was an added obstacle.

"Break in the door!" cried the speaker. "Use the log!"

Kesten heard them ranging themselves on either side of the log that had just been removed.

"We need another man on this side," said one.

"Get your arms under it," said another.

"Everybody together!" cried a third.

He noted dully that the men speaking were new men, and not the four thieves who had conducted him up the cañon. He wondered what had happened to the others. Probably they were asleep. However that was, these new men seemed fresh and interested. He heard their grunts as they lifted the log. He heard them start forward with it, everybody together. He heard the tangled sound of their footsteps as they increased their speed.

The log, a twelve-inch pine butt, struck the door end on. Its first blow splintered the planks, heavy as they were; but three more ramming blows were needed to complete their demolition. As the shattered timbers burst inward Kesten noticed the gleam of a lantern through the rift.

"Let's go!" cried the last voice.

Then he heard another voice, that seemed vaguely familiar, from a rod or two down the cañon.

"Find him?" asked the new man.

"He don't answer. We're smashing in the door."

"That's right. Smash her in!"

Kesten had wondered where he had heard the speaker. When the man spoke again he recognized him. Yet he did not instantly associate his presence with his own. It required some seconds for him to realize that this was his own man Edwards, and that these other men were the concealed deputies with rifles whose gasoline smoke he had smelled under the juniper dune. Then suddenly he saw.

"Wow!" he cried inarticulately. "Hey!"

"Who's there?" called Edwards. "Hello in there, you, Kesten!"

"Hello! Hello!"

"I'm coming! Edwards!"

"Did you bag them?" asked Kesten, after Edwards had crawled through and grasped his hand.

"Not yet. Not the big one. We bagged four of them, but Lade Lammeter got away. You didn't see him, did you, Kesten?"

"Not me," said Kesten. "But he can't have had much of a start. His clothes are here. How did you find the place?"

"By following you, according to arrangement."

"In all that wind?"

"I know what you mean. The wind did blow most of your markers over into Nevada, but at the places where we were doubtful it didn't. Stuck them up on cactus spines instead. All but toward the last. We did get lost down below. Then we heard that shot. A cañon makes a good megaphone. When we heard that we knew where we were."

"Did you find the money?"

"All but Lammeter's share."

"Tell me about it."

"When we heard the shot we drove into the cañon to where it narrows, and rolled bowlders into the road. They waited for a while or we wouldn't have had time. They came down in the Cherise, money and all. We'll find Lade Lammeter too, money and all. First we'll find his room. Maybe he hid the money.

"This is his room."

"What's behind that door?"

The question reminded Kesten of the dark room from which he had been driven. The shrill-voiced watch was behind that door. The acrid scent of blood was behind it.

"Listen!" he said.

He could still hear the high-pitched ticking. The coming of Edwards with his lantern had reduced it to a whisper, but it still persisted.

"Do you hear it?"

"Not a sound."

"The door leads into another room," said Kesten.

"There's a watch ticking in it somewhere. I've been hearing it for hours. I was going to look for it, but when I opened the door I smelled blood, and I didn't dare try to find it in the darkness. They didn't leave me any matches."

"We'll look into this watch stuff and this smell of blood."

But Kesten had suddenly become shy and embarrassed; or perhaps he was still under the shadow of the earlier fear.

"The watch is on my nerves," he said.

It was Edwards who made the announcement from the depths of the inner room, with Kesten standing against the wall hardly five paces inside the door.

"We've got him, boy! This dead man here is the big noise. Must have had a scrap among themselves and one of them croaked him."

"Who is it?" asked Kesten faintly.

He already knew who it was. The ring of triumph in the other's voice would have told him, even had his words not done so. Yet he felt obliged to ask.

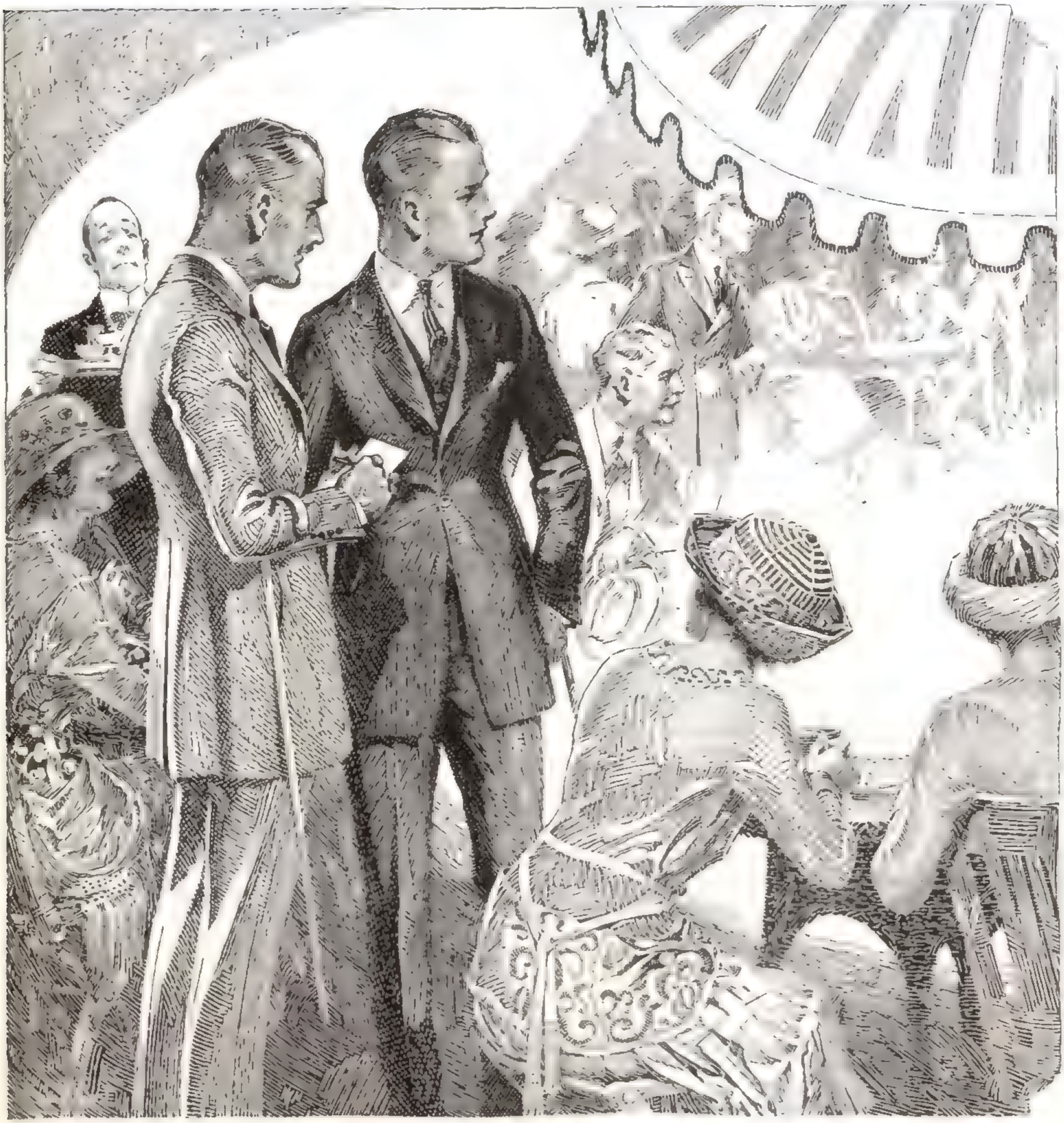
"Lade Lammeter. Struck from behind."

"That's why Bergen wanted to get away so badly, and that's why Finlay guarded him so."

"What about Bergen?"

"He's the one who killed him."

Kesten, from whom I had much of this story, said that the shrill-voiced watch that had called to him from the darkness was not Lammeter's, but a watch that Lammeter had stolen. He told me also that its owner had been found. He himself now carries a watch with a voice almost as high. It, however, was a gift from the Bald Ash Mining Company. Upon its case is engraved the figure of a bloodhound in full cry.



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HERE COMES THE BRIBE

(Continued from Page 13)

of pained surprise. He looked up at the woman. "Ain't she growed?"

"They mos' usuamly does," came the answer. "Li'l' Clematis takes after her ma thataway—thank goodness!"

The situation was very embarrassing. Jasper was eager to end the scene. He nodded toward the open doorway.

"Is you busy?"

"Ain't never busy on my afternoon off. Ain't got nothin' to do on'y the fambly washin'. What you want?"

"I wants to make talk with you on a ginuwinely 'pawtant matter."

"'Bout that money you owes me?"

"Which money?" innocently.

"My weekly alimony. Also fo' li'l' Clematis an' ——"

Jasper extended a restraining hand.

"Now lis'en at what I is got to say, Clematis. I is a ma'ied man ——"

"That ain't no new spe'ience fo' you, Jasper Scrubb."

"A ma'ied man, an' I is got feenancial 'sponsibilities an' ——"

Clematis struck an attitude of injured pride. There was more than a hint of anger reflected in her very positive face.

"Feenancial 'sponsibilities!" she scoffed. "Huh! What you reckon I is got? Now you lis'en at me, Jasper Scrubb, an' you had better lis'en tho'ough, 'cause I ain't got no min' to repeat myse'f over an' over again."

She bent her body slightly at the waist and transfixed him with a glare of exceeding balefulness.

"Five yeahs ago you went an' ma'ied me an' one yeah later li'l' Clematis been bohn. Then we had a few qua'ls an' ——"

Jasper became sadly reminiscent.

"We didn't have no qua'ls, Clematis. You had 'em, an' you beat me up sumthin' scand'lous."

"Be that which way it might," she retorted, "if'n a man cain't 'fend hisse'f again' his wife, then he dese'ves to be beat up. Anyway, you got yo' divohce fum me on the groun's of croolty."

"You is all twisted," responded Jasper sadly. "You is the one sued me fo' divohce on them groun's. But it didn't fool that jedge none. He looked at you an' he looked at me. He knowed!"

"He give me alimony," said Clematis proudly. "Five dollars a week."

Jasper grimaced.

"Talkin' 'bout onpleasant things is the fondes' thing you is of. I s'pose nex' you is gwine be rubbin' it in that he give me the cusstidy of li'l' Clematis an' ever sence then I is had to pay you two dollars a week to take care of her. I s'pose that, huh?"

"You ain't been payin' it, Jasper. Tha's how come all the trouble to staht."

"Humph!" The words brought to Jasper realization of the fact that his mission to the home of his former wife had a definite object. "That brings on mo' talk."

"Says which?"

"You is got to quit yo' job up to the Kohlers' house."

Clematis' eyes narrowed.

"Who is you, cullud man, you should be tellin' me what I is got to do?"

Jasper realized his tactical blunder. He hedged violently.

"I ain't tellin' you what you is must got to do," he explained meticulously. "I is astin' you what you ought to got to do."

"Tha's diff'ent. Now splain a li'l'. You always was a champeen splainer.

Mr. Scrubb cleared his throat.

"It's soht of thisaway," said he. "When I met up with Margerine I soht of tol' her that she was the fust woman I ever did love. I done it soht of easy an' nachel, like a man does them things an' never did spec' how much trouble I was gittin' into. She come right back at me an' wan'ed to know was I tellin' her the truth, an' I 'lowed that I was, an' she kept on 'sistin' bouten it so much that fin'ly I was in over my haid. I had tol' her so much lies 'bout how I never knowed they was sech a thing as a woman on earth ontil I met her that if'n I'd of mentioned that I'd once been ma'ied an' had a baby she would of busted up our 'gagement quick."

He paused and waited for the helpful comment. Clematis' sole contribution was rather abstract. "You always was a pow'ful loose liar, Jasper."

Jasper plead guilty in rather cheerless fashion.

"I sho' lied one time too many right there. But I never thought I was gwine git caught—you wukkin' down in Mon'gom'ry an' havin' a job which was plumb stiddy. Then bango! You ups an' comes to Bummin'ham an' takes that cookin' job out to the Kohlers."

Clematis shrugged.

"I knowed you, Jasper, an' I been keepin' in touch. I knowed you was ma'ied an' wukkin' fo' Mr. Kohler. An' I sho'ly knowed that the five dollars a week alimony an' the two dollars mo' you was payin' me fo' takin' care of the chile which the co'ts done give you the custiddy of was comin' mo' infrequenter than usual. An' I soht of thunk that mebby my bein' right heah on the job would keep you fum fo'gittin'."

"That was a swell think you thunk, Clematis," he answered lugubriously.

"I reckon I ain't such a wuss thinker. An' when I got heah I picked up a 'quaintance with the cook what was wukkin' to the Kohlers an' tha's how come I to know when she was gwine quit. An' after all that trouble I ain't gwine give up the job. They is pow'ful fine white folks to wuk fo'."

"I ain't studyin' 'bout is they fine white folks to wuk fo', Clematis. What wo'ies me is the cullud folks which is wukkin' fo' 'em."

"Well, I ain't caused you no trouble yet, is I?"

"Huh! Not no mo'n what the good Lawd caused the 'Gypcheens when he let the Red Sea git 'em all damp."

"How come that?"

"Does you reckon Margerine is a fool?"

"I ain't knowed her ve'y long."

"Well, she ain't. N'r neither blind. An' she is been gittin' s'piciouser an' s'piciouser ever sence you got there an' I an' you is been havin' li'l' private talks. An' fin'ly to-day she went out an' put a cap on the climax when she seen me slip you them six dollars. Y'see, Clematis—it's thisaway: With yo' alimony an' what I pays you fo' takin' care of the baby thutty dollars is cut fum my sal'ry ev'y month, and so's Margerine woul'n't never know I thought of the scheme of tellin' her that I was gittin' sevumty dollars a month 'stid of the hund'ed dollars which I is rilly gittin'. To-day she knowed I on'y was jue to have two dollars in my pocket an' she seen me give you six. She di'n't know where that other fo' come fum, which was almost as wuss as seein' me give it to another woman when I ain't on'y been ma'ied to her fo' a few months. Things like that soht of don' look right."

Clematis concurred. And then: "But yo' dimestic qua'ls is yo' own, Jasper. I ain't studyin' bouten them."

"You ain't want to bust up this ma'iage like you busted up our own, is you?"

"Humph! Reckon it would be soht of hahd on you to have to pay two alimonies, woul'n't it?"

"That ain't it," he pleaded miserably. "Fac' is, Clematis, I really loves this wife I is got now."

"Oh, you does, does you? Well, I is tellin' you this, Mistuh Jasper Scrubb: Mebbe she is yo' wife now, but I is the mother of yo' chile an' I is jue me from you seven dollars a week which I inten's to git. An' if'n it ain't fo'thcomin' prompt an' reg'lar, then I is gwine know the reason how come. If'n you pays it I ain't gwine make no trouble, but if'n you don't—well, knowin' Margerine like'n to what I does an' 'bout yo' lies to her 'bout she is the fust woman you ever loved all I is sayin', Mistuh Scrubb, is that yo'd better git that money reg'lar an' prompt—an' complete!"

"Ain't you got no heart?"

"No," snapped Clematis coldly. "I is got a pocketbook."

Jasper started for the door. He knew Clematis of old and realized when to let well enough alone. He was worried and nervous, but not half so worried and nervous as he would have been had he known that for the past fifteen minutes Mrs. Margerine Scrubb had been standing in the alley which bounded Clematis' home on the north; standing in the alley with her back to the street and her ears strained for any chance word that might be thrown her way. Thus far Margerine had heard nothing. But now her patience was rewarded in full measure.

Clematis posed on the porch as Jasper started for the gate. On the sidewalk their mutual child was playing earnestly with a choo-choo train fashioned of shoe boxes held together by bits of string. Not noticing the little girl, Jasper started up the street. Clematis' voice cut harshly through the clear spring air, carrying not only to the ears of Jasper but also to the eavesdropping ones of the wife in the alley.

"Ain't you gwine to make talk with her at all?"

Jasper turned.

"Says which?"

"Ain't you even gwine speak to yo' own chile?"

Jasper placed an embarrassed hand on the head of little Clematis.

"Hello, Clematis."

The child giggled delightedly. Jasper produced a nickel, which he pressed into her palm. He rounded off the conversation relievedly.

"G'-by, Clematis."

From the porch came the mother's voice.

"Say 'Good-by, daddy.'"

Obediently came the echo, "By-by, daddy."

Jasper vamped! He reached the corner before anything else happened. But what happened then gave him cause for profound thought and more than a little apprehension. A very large and exceedingly dusky gentleman with a bullet head and enormous, muscular, apelike arms detached himself from the shadow of a large oak tree near the spot where Jasper had parked his car.

"Cullud man!"

Jasper halted.

"Huh?"

"I wants a word with you."

Jasper took in the forbidding aspect of the other and refused to give unanimity to the desire.

"Me?"

"Uh-huh, you. Is you been to see Clematis?"

"Reckon so."

"I reckons so also. Now I is tellin' you, shrimp, that I woul'n't go hangin' roun' Clematis any mo'n you hafter if'n I was you—or even less'n that."

Jasper bobbed his head in agreement.

"Yassuh—yassuh, you sho'ly is tootin' now! You sho'ly is doin' that ve'y same thing!"

The large black man balled his hamlike fists significantly.

"Remember, I is wa'ned you."

"You sho'ly has—yassuh, you is suttin'ly done that." And then the dawning of a thought came to Jasper. He fired a question. "You is pusson'ly int'rusted in Clematis?"

The stranger answered with dignity.

"I is—cumsid'rable."

Jasper leaped into the car and shot down the street. The big man strolled slowly and thoughtfully toward the house where Clematis and her offspring resided. And at the same time a teary, miserable Margerine Scrubb reached the upper end of the alley in which she had been standing and strolled aimlessly in the general direction of Norwood while giving herself over to a siege of bitter thought. She had trailed Jasper hoping against hope that she would uncover some circumstance which might extenuate his strange actions in connection with Clematis Creech. Instead of doing that she had stumbled upon evidence doubly damning and she faced a future inordinately gloomy.

Margerine loved her husband. She couldn't help that any more than she could help loving her new royal-purple coat suit or her newest jazz record. The fact that he was a philanderer and had allowed a spectral past to become a menacing present did not lessen her passion for him, however much it may have seasoned that passion with deep and righteous anger. For Margerine was angry as only young and pure and betrayed love can be angry. Blessed with the liberal biceps of Clematis, she would have returned home and laid in wait for the rather diminutive Jasper. She even considered it seriously for a few moments and decided that such a course would constitute a tactical blunder. A wife, she realized, must never clash physically with her husband unless assured that she will be returned victor.

"Ain't gwine beat him up," she decided. "'Tain't ladylike—an' besides I ain't big enough."

She felt, however, that she could not sit back idly and let the disgraceful affair run its course. By some stretch of the imagination she fancied that she might have overlooked the affair with Clematis. Clematis was large and violent and time would have righted matters there. But a child! Margerine felt herself blushing for her adored and wicked husband. And since she had to do something, confide in someone, her thoughts turned inevitably toward Evans Chew, colored attorney at law par excellence and by virtue of family her second cousin.

Lawyer Chew was the haven of refuge for the colored brethren and sistern of Birmingham who had or expected troubles. He knew his law, and what was more to the point he knew folks. He was the world's champion adjuster, and if in adjusting he managed to find a few extra dollars floating in the river of content which he created he was not to be begrudged the reward.

She reached the Penny Prudential Bank Building and left the elevator at the seventh floor. The very-high-yaller stenographer admitted her without question to the inner sanctum. Lawyer Chew looked up in surprise at the unannounced entrance. Then he rose.

"Margerine!"

Something akin to a sob was torn from her.

"Oh, Cousin Evans, Ise so mis'able!"

"Mis'able?"

He stood before her, a Colossus of comfort; a magnificent light-brown being of immaculate tailoring, unassailable dignity, horn-rimmed spectacles and incomparable poise. She burst into tears and he gathered her to his bosom.

"There, there, Margarine! If'n they's one man in this heah known and civilized world which can dissolve you from the trouble you is in that man is yo' Cousin Evans Chew. Tell it to me, Margarine—tell me all 'bout it."

Margerine told him. She told him fully, graphically and tearfully. And as she talked she discovered that recountal of Jasper's perfidy caused her rancor against that liveried individual to grow alarmingly. There wasn't a doubt of it—Jasper had treated her scurvily. 'Twa'n't no way fo' no husban' to ac'—tha's what. She sho' was gwine git even with him if 'n it took all her life an' his las' dollar.

Lawyer Chew listened attentively and comforted in general terms. He promised to see that matters were properly adjusted and that tranquillity would once more visit the little room in the basement of Ethan Kohler's home.

"An' case'n he jes nachelly ain't no good ——"

"What then, Cousin Evans?"

Evans Chew drummed on the mahogany-finish desk.

"The laws an' stachutes of this gran', noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama as made an' previded says an' maintains that when a man an' woman is ma'ied an' said man as heinbefo' mentioned is mixed up an' entangled with a tershum quid they is a way of undoing that error which the law has made in uniting them in the holy bonds of wedlock an' matrimony, an' ——"

"D'vohce, you means, Cousin Evans—d'vohce?"

"Tha's which."

"O-o-o-oh!" she wailed. "Not never that! I woul'n't d'vohce Jasper if'n he was the father of ev'y cullud chile in Bummin'ham!"

Five minutes later Margerine left Evans Chew's office. The elevator rose to the seventh floor. The door of the cage opened.

"Comin' out," droned the elevator boy, but Margerine did not hear. The passenger collided sharply with her and they dropped back and stared into each other's eyes.

"Jasper!"

"Margerine!"

"Where you is goin'?"

"Where you is been?"

Suddenly she remembered. Her head went back proudly. She swept past him.

"I ain't got no time to waste with sech trash as you, Mistuh Scrubb."

The elevator dropped. So did Jasper's lower jaw. He was as happy as a California orange grove in a killing frost. And it never occurred to him that Margerine had been to visit Lawyer Chew, and even if he had thought of it the chances are that the possibility of his having been mixed up in her visit would never have occurred to him.

(Continued on Page 126)

No. 10
Self-Starting
Remington

A Priceless Asset of American Business Abroad

Remington Typewriters are one American product which has generated nothing but good will in the Old World.

For forty-six years, they have literally been America's business ambassador abroad.

This is more than a mere felicitous phrase. It is a statement of fact, because modern office methods, the world over, actually had their birth in the birth of the first Remington Typewriter in 1874.

The Remington Typewriter was the creator of the very idea of clerical time-saving; and the entire office appliance industry, as it exists today, is the offspring of that idea.

We are recording these facts, anew, at the close of the most wonderful year in the history of the Remington Typewriter business, because it behooves American business men to know their strength, abroad, as well as at home.

Remington Typewriters and their world-wide repute, are a distinct asset to American business, both in its national and its international relations.

The very name stands for the highest form of American inventiveness and manufacturing integrity.

Frankly, we have another very definite motive in striving to show you where Remington Typewriters stand in the world today.

We are speaking, over your shoulders, to our own zealous army of salespeople, seeking to spur them on to still greater pride in their product.

We wish to win from you for them if we can, a kindly hearing when they come to tell the stirring story of what Remington Typewriters have contributed to the world's progress.

It is a time, it seems to us, when we should make the most of all that is sound and valuable in American business life—one great American institution helping another, and business men working together to win preference and precedence for American products.

With that end in view, we invite you to study the records of Remington Typewriter development and give thoughtful consideration, too, to the merits of the product itself.

Remington

No. 11
Key-set
Tabulating
Remington

Over 2,000,000 American Women Owe Careers to Remington

In 1874 women were practically unknown in business.

It was the Remington Company which in that year opened the way to business success for millions of women.

The late Elbert Hubbard used to say:

"The world was discovered in 1492 by Columbus. Man was discovered in *1776* by Jefferson. *Woman was discovered in 1874 by Remington.*"

Because Remington built the first typewriter and employed the first woman typist to operate it.

Paying Positions Furnished 75,000 Typists Each Year

Since the first typist was trained by the Remington Company over two million American women have been started on profitable business careers.

Each and every one of them owes her success directly to Remington.

Today the Remington Company—through its long chain of employment bureaus—supplies American business with 75,000 typists annually.

Outside the United States, probably an equal number of Remington-schooled operators each year secure employment through the Remington bureaus.

Remington Started Business Training Schools of the World

It is an actual fact that Remington started the business educational system of nearly every country on earth.

To Remington training and Remington prestige, many of the highest salaried women in America owe their business introduction.

Nearly all began as typists. The quickness of brain and finger, the accuracy, the knowledge which later brought big returns, they learned on Remington Typewriters.

Business Always Seeking Accurate Women Typists

There are today, more good paying opportunities for women in business than ever before in history. Thank Remington for these opportunities.

Business men say there are never enough of the type of women that business needs.

Accurate, intelligent, well-educated typists are always in demand.

Filling that demand is part of the service which Remington renders American business—and American women.

If you are qualified, the Remington Company will help you as it helps 75,000 every year—to find the kind of position you want.

Remington Employment Offices in More Than 100 Cities

Go to any one of these 100 Remington Employment Bureaus, and learn how to get started in business.

You will find there, valuable advice and helpfulness.

Remember, Remington is filling the typist needs of business to the extent of 75,000 women annually.

And still the demand is not satisfied.

Naturally, the business man who knows the Remington, and knows what it saves in correspondence and clerical costs, prefers these Remington typists.

Experience has shown him that accurate operators do faster work, at less expense, on their Self-Starting Remingtons.

The Remington branch in your city will give excellent advice, both on typewriters, and on business opportunities.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
Incorporated
374 Broadway, New York, *Branches Everywhere*

Typewriters

Continued from Page 123

He reached the ground-glass door bearing in gold letters the inscription:

LAWYER EVANS CHEW

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS
ACCOUNTS CHEERFULLY HANDLED

ENTRANCE
COME IN

The stenographer announced that Lawyer Chew was busy and forced the impatient visitor to wait fifteen minutes. Then she ushered him in. At first the attorney and counselor failed to notice Jasper. He was apparently absorbed in a musty treatise on negotiable instruments. Finally he looked up and started with well-simulated surprise:

"Jasper Scrubb!"

"Yassuh, Lawyer Chew. Ise he."

"So you is—so you is. Have a seat. You—er—a wishes to see me?"

"Uh-huh. I does that, Lawyer Chew. I sho'ly does. Tha's why I come heah."

"Well?"

"Answer me one question fust off, Lawyer Chew. If'n I comes to you professionally an' tells you some secrits which concerns my domestic affairs between Margerine an' myself, and pays you a fee accordin'—ain't you boun' not to tell nobody what I tells you, even Margerine?"

Chew nodded.

"You has stated the ethics of the situation tersely an' correc'ly, Jasper. When I accep's a fee fum you you becomes my client an' that which transposes between you an' I is as sacred as the innermos' workin's of a lodge. Same bein' as modulated an' previded in Section 2978 of the statchutory code an' laws of the state of Alabama."

Jasper rubbed his hands together and broke into a smile.

"Tha's puffec'ly swell. Now ——"

"That condition an' status," hinted the attorney, "is established when I has accepted a retainer fum you."

"How much?" faltered Jasper.

"How much is you got?"

"Ten bits. But"—quickly, as he saw an expression of disgust cross the face of the man of legal learning—"I c'n draw a writin' an' pay you cash when I gits it."

That formality attended to, Jasper started explaining.

Then he went on explaining. And he only finished explaining when Lawyer Chew stopped him.

"So that's how come things is like they is, Lawyer Chew. You know Margerine well as I does—a'most; an' you knows that after all them lies I done tol' her I cain't jus' up an' infohm her I is got a wife an' chile which she ain't never heard about. I reckon that'd be too—too—soht of s'prisin' foh her."

"Hmm! Some wimmin gits a heap wuss s'prises than that sometimes, Jasper."

"Mebbe so, but heap wuss fo' other wimmin don' make this less badder fo' Margerine."

"Tha's cause you ain't as familiar with leading cases like I is, Jasper. Now my advice to you is to go to Margerine an' tell her ev'ything an' ——"

"No!"

It was a vocal explosion.

"That don' make no sense a tall, Lawyer Chew. I ain't gwine tell her nothin' an' I is come to you fo' yo' advice an' sence you is assepted a fee fum me you ain't 'lowed by ethics to tell her nothin' neither. I wants advice, but I don't want that kind of advice."

"You refuse to tell her the truth?"

"Telin' yo' wife the truth bouten a thing like that, Lawyer Chew, is 'bout as sensible as walkin' into p'lice headquarters an' offerin' to shoot the desk sergeant two bits."

Lawyer Chew rose and rambled to the window, where he gazed down upon the traffic seethe of Eighteenth Street. Finally he turned.

"You is willin' to leave the handlin' of this heah case which I has under advisement to my own judicial discretion?"

"Yeh—providin' you don' tell Margerine I is been ma'ied an' had a chile."

"Hmm!" Chew stroked his chin reflectively. "They is a plan ——"

"Tell which?"

"Well, if'n yo' fust wife was to git ma'ied ag'in ——"

"No chance," gloomed Jasper. "They ain't nary man fool enough."

"Anyway," persisted Chew, "if'n she was to go an' git ma'ied ag'in the five dollars a week alimony which you is now by order of the co't fo'ced to pay her would thereby cease an' tumminate ipso dixit, an' ——"

Jasper's face lighted. He extended a restraining hand.

"Hol' on there, Lawyer Chew! Th'ow 'er into newchral fo' a li'l' minute. Does you mean to go an' tell me that if'n Clematis goes an' gits herse'f ma'ied to another man I ain't got to pay no mo' alimony a tall never?"

"That was the substince of my 'loocidation, Jasper."

"An' you—you is thinkin' that if'n she was to be ma'ied an' I didn't have no mo' alimony to pay then it woul'n't be so hahd tellin' Margerine that I had done been ma'ied befo' with another woman?"

"Not sayin' that Margerine ain't lovin' you a heap, Jasper, but I knows wimmin an' I think she might stan' yo' havin' been ma'ied previdin' they ain't no cash cumsideration hangin' over therefrom."

"I is got a two-dollar-a-week chile, Lawyer Chew."

"You cain't espec' to git off scot-free, Jasper. You is gwine be lucky if'n you gits off a tall. I assuahs you of that much. And so now ——"

"Yeh?"

"All you is got to do is to git Clematis ma'ied to some other feller."

Jasper stared. His eyes opened slowly and his jaw dropped.

"Tha's all?"

"Uh-huh."

"Jes on'y that?"

"You said correc'ly."

Jasper waxed a trifle sarcastic.

"An' after I finishes with doin' that I reckon you is prob'ly gwine advise me to invent a pair of loseless dice, ride a moto'cycle standin' on my haid, borry thutty thousan' dollars fum the Fus' National Bank, git Truman an' Orpha Chinners to len' me they baby fo' a week or so an' ——"

Lawyer Chew rose. He exuded outraged self-esteem.

"Brother Scrubb," he said sonorously, "you fo'gits yo'se'f."

Jasper shook his head violently.

"Nossuh, Lawyer Chew, it was you fo'got me. They ain't no man—even a lawyer—got no right tellin' no man he is got to git his wife ma'ied off to another feller."

"I is siggested a silution fo' the predicament which you is in," returned the attorney icily. "When you is acted upon my advice I is willin' to have another confe'ence with you. Until then"—he crossed to the door and held it open significantly—"until then, Jasper, I is a mos' exceedin'ly busy man. Good day."

Jasper good day'd. There was nothing else for him to do. He rambled disconsolately down the street and dropped into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor, where he ignored the cheerful invitations to try his luck at Kelly pool. In a far corner he seated himself to reflect upon the misery of the present and the agonies of the immediate future. He thought the matter over from every possible angle and eventually separated the wheat of certainty from the chaff of conjecture. He found these facts registered on the certainty side of the ledger:

First, he could fool Margerine some of the time but not all of the time. In the near future she must be told the truth, principally because she already knew so much that untruths would prove futile. Second, when Margerine should learn that his affair with Clematis was very much of the past and the love element completely extinct she would probably forgive readily, a defunct past wife being less confounding than a living lady friend. Third, Margerine believed that his salary was seventy dollars a month.

If he could get Clematis married off to some unsuspecting unfortunate he would virtually come into twenty dollars a month, which might be handed over bodily to Margerine. And Margerine needed many articles of clothing which twenty additional dollars each month would help to purchase. Fourth, a man had to be found who was willing to take a chance on Clematis, as with Clematis remaining a grass widow every possible solution fell flat.

Simple—absurdly simple—provided Jasper's eyes roamed idly through the fetid pool room vaguely visioning the gaudy-sarted figures limned in the fog of cigarette smoke. His eye struck a huge frame bent tensely over a table, his ear sensed a familiar and disquieting voice:

"Better roll in, ol' eight rock, better roll in. They's fo' bits up on you, eight rock—fo' bits. Daddo! Done it! Pay me fellers—fo' bits each. Th'ee dollars on the eight rock."

Jasper fidgeted. Somewhere—somehow—suddenly he slapped a well-manicured hand against a neatly trousered knee.

"Tha's the bird ast me had I been to see Clematis!"

He rose and verified his suspicion. He yearned and he trembled. The Gargantuan stranger had admitted that he was interested in Clematis and acted toward Jasper as though he was not overly pleased wit' that gentleman's visit to the domicile of the lady. It was too good an opportunity to pass up, and yet ——

Jasper was apprehensive. One gentle buffet of that big hand and Jasper saw himself floating down the River Lethe. But Jasper was desperate. He had not yet seen Margerine and he sensed that the worst was yet to come. How bad that worst was going to be even Jasper in his wildest imaginings could not conceive, for he was blissfully unaware of the fact that Margerine had witnessed his farewell to his child. It was not until thirty minutes later, after the eight-ball game had been concluded, that Jasper steeled his nerve to the point of addressing the huge thundery stranger. And even when he did so there was a pronounced quaver in his voice.

"Stranger?"

"Huh?"

"My name's Jasper Scrubb."

"I don' give a cuss what yo' name is."

"I wan's to make talk with you fo' a minute."

The big fellow paused and surveyed Jasper carefully. Then a light of recognition flashed in his eye and Jasper felt himself wilt.

"You?"

"Uh-uh-huh!"

"What about?"

"Tha-tha's what I wan's to talk over."

"What?"

"That."

"Humph!" The stranger decided to take a chance. "C'mon. Buy me a seegar."

Jasper purchased twin weeds. He donated both to the sable Goliath. Then he broached the subject in an exceedingly tactful way. Said he: "You remembers Clematis?"

The stranger frowned forbiddingly.

"Lis'en heah, cullud boy ——"

"Well," hastily, "she is pesterin' the life outen me."

The other man squirmed in his chair and there was something menacing in the squirm.

"Says which?"

"She won't lemme 'lone. I is jes been ma'ied an' my wife nurses where I chauffeurs. Clematis is cook there an' my wife is jealous of her."

"Is you tellin' me," intoned the other, "that they is sumthin' between Clematis an' you?"

"Wiggilin' gol'fish, no! Not now an' they never ain't gwine be. Tha's what I wants to see you 'bout. An' I asts you straight out a question. Is you int'rusted in Clematis?"

"I is."

"How much?"

"That depen's."

"On which?"

"Why you wan's to know?"

They were getting along famously and Jasper took the plunge. He spoke passionately and forcefully. He decided unanimously that it was better for all concerned that he keep the fact of his former marriage to Clematis a secret—natural caution. How'd he know this big chap wouldn't use it as an instrument of blackmail? Such knowledge was best kept to oneself. Knowledge is power and Jasper desired a hundred per cent interest in that particular power plant.

What he told his square-jawed acquaintance was that Clematis was a nice lady, a mos' exceedingly ve'y nice lady and one who would make some largely muscled man a wonderful wife. Also, that his own wife, Margerine, was almost as nice a girl, but Margerine was of a jealous disposition. Of course, he explained, there were no grounds for Margerine's jealousy of Clematis and himself—not nary one. Nossuh, not even a li'l' piece of one single groun'.

"But, then, you know, they ain't no tellin' why wimmin gits jealous or reasonin' with 'em sensible when they does. They is either jealous or they ain't, an' when they is hell busts loose."

It seemed, according to Jasper's yarn, that the infernal regions had busted and were continuing to bust.

"But," he finished, "if'n Clematis was to up an' ma'y some nice feller like'n to what you is then Margerine would know that her bein' in love with another feller she wa'n't wastin' no time on me. Come that, an' Margerine would be 'shamed she s'picioned us an' I an' her would be happy again."

He found his new friend eying him peculiarly as he paused for breath. Said that gentleman: "You desiahs that I make ma'iage with Clematis?"

Jasper felt no enmity.

"W-e-ll, that ain't 'zac'ly necessary."

"Then what does you want?"

"If'n you'd just love her a li'l' bit. Soht of co't her an' make Margerine think you was in love with her an' she was in love with you. Co'se if'n you likes Clematis a'ready ——"

"I does—soht of. An' if'n I was to co't her so's Margerine could see I was doin' same an' then fin'ly marry her—well, cullud man, I asts you fair an' square, how much is it wuth to you?"

"That depen's. How does you wish to handle it—by the week or the job?"

Careful thought, and then, "I'll take the job. How much is you willin' to pay?"

"Mmm! S'posin' we say fifteen dollars cash when you ma'ies Clematis, providin' you does plenty of good co'tin'."

Came a violent haw-haw in answer.

"You talks like a ten-cent sto', li'l' speck. Fifty dollars is mo' like'n to my price."

"Twen'y?"

"Fo'ty-five."

"Cain't do it. Thutty?"

"Nope. Fo'ty."

"Nossuh! Thutty-five is my top limit. Ain't gwine pay a cent mo'n that—nary copper."

The giant reflected. Thirty-five was ten more than he had expected.

"Cash?" he queried.

"Cash money the day you ma'ies her."

Out came an ebony hand.

"Done with you! Thutty-five it is, but they ain't a cent profit in it at that price."

"They is lots of things," returned Jasper philosophically, "which ain't profitable but which is pow'ful nice jes' the same. Now so's we'll have this heah thing all straight—what yo' name is?"

"Cephus Jefferson."

"When does you begin to commence co'tin', Brother Jefferson?"

Cephus glanced at the big clock on the wall of the pool room.

"They ain't no time like t'-night, is they?"

"Nossuh."

Cephus rose and waved an insouciant hand.

"T'-nightitis," he said cheerily. "G'-by."

"G'-by. I wishes you luck." And under his breath Jasper added, "Bad luck!"

Jasper drove the roadster to his employer's office. He reached there thirty minutes late and was berated accordingly. It did not add to his happiness. Arriving at the Kohler home, he put the car in the garage and descended to the basement room he shared with Margerine. Jasper was trembling. But he knew that he had to face the music sooner or later. Better sooner.

He turned the knob and pushed. The door remained as it was. Puzzled, he tried again. Then he knocked.

Came a choky voice from inside: "Who's there?"

"It's me, honey."

"Who's you?"

"It's yo' Jasper."

A silence, and then: "I prefers not to entertain gen'lemen in my apahtment, Mistuh Scrubb. Tha's final!"

Jasper spent the night on a bench in the cellar with a single blanket between himself and the night air. He slept fitfully and unhappily. In the morning his bones shrieked protest and Jasper fearing principally another night of the same made heroic but futile efforts to pacify his wife. Margerine wouldn't conciliate. And what was even more conclusive proof of the fierceness of her anger, she would not talk. Jasper meditated. He meditated for the several days that dragged wearily after and as he meditated he watched. There wasn't a doubt of the fact that Cephus was working fast. More, Cephus reported progress. Chances were, he affirmed, that wedding

(Concluded on Page 129)

Auto-Lite

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THE AUTO-LITE system starts, lights and ignites more than a million and a half motor cars throughout the world. So high a position has it won in the esteem of the motor public that it is the accepted and unquestioned world's standard.

In the Auto-Lite institution, the largest in the world devoted to the production of electric starting and lighting systems, the enviable reputation of the Auto-Lite is jealously guarded. Here is where the pride of an immense and highly trained organization works under the most rigid exactions to maintain that quality and reliability that has given the Auto-Lite system its tremendous popularity and its well deserved leadership.

See that your next car is Auto-Lite equipped.

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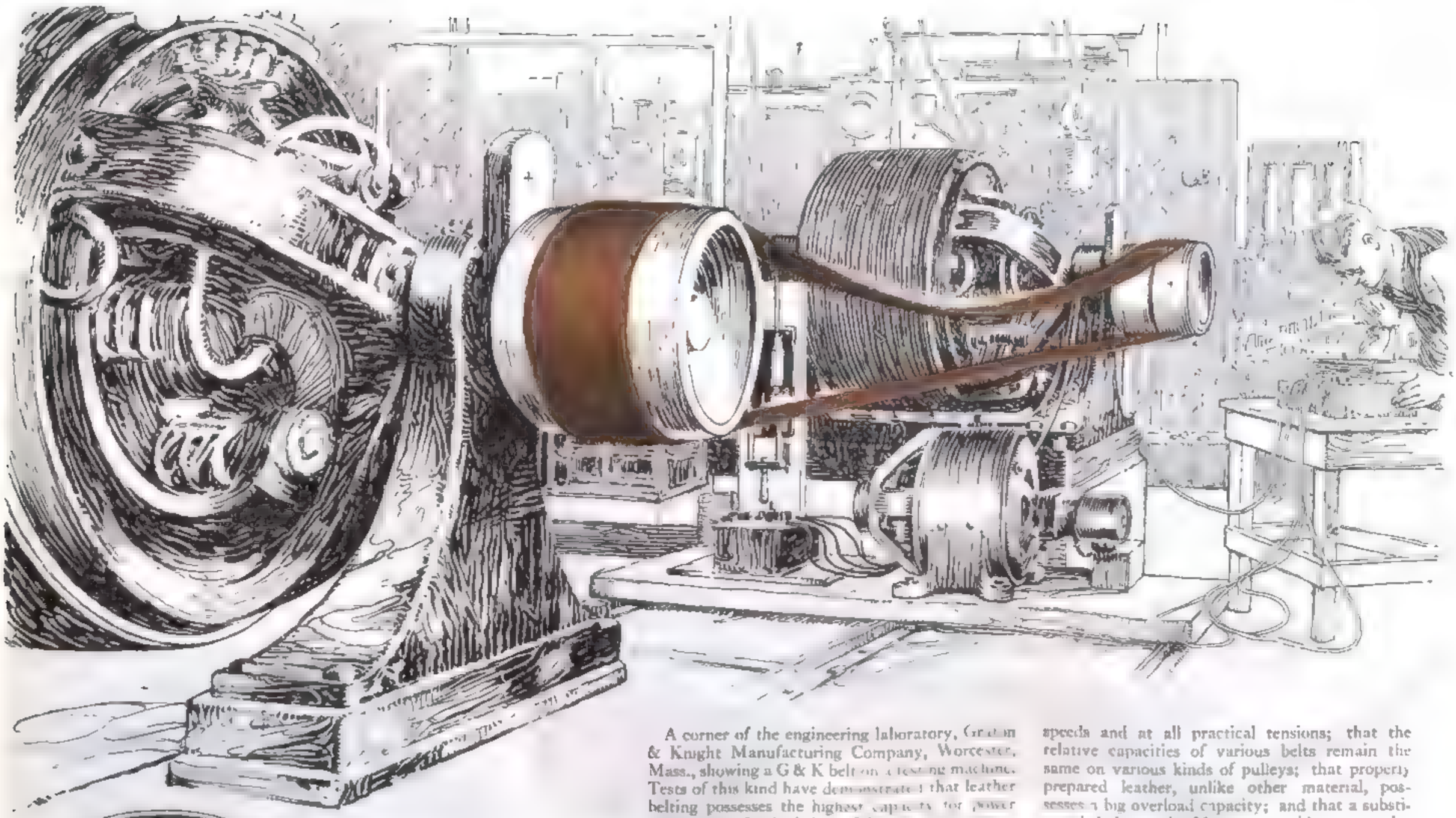

A corner of the engineering laboratory, Graton & Knight Manufacturing Company, Worcester, Mass., showing a G & K belt on a testing machine. Tests of this kind have demonstrated that leather belting possesses the highest capacity for power transmission in the belting field, that the advantages of leather belting are maintained at all speeds and at all practical tensions; that the relative capacities of various belts remain the same on various kinds of pulleys; that properly prepared leather, unlike other material, possesses a big overload capacity; and that a substitute belt has to be 25 per cent wider to equal a leather belt in load capacity.

1851 G&K TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Saving Dollars in Power Transmission

UP to recently it was taken for granted that the transmission of power would be attended by more or less loss. "Leakage," the loss was called. Even the most conscientious belt users were satisfied to buy high-quality leather belting, put it to work along lines prompted by their best judgment based on experience and—trust to luck. At best it was highly specialized guesswork.

In the past decade the engineering department of Graton and Knight has saved American manufacturers vast sums formerly lost in power transmission leakage.

Graton and Knight experts have made the transmission of power by belting an exact science. Ignorance is now the one excuse for waste. Graton and Knight belting engineers are just as certain what a belt will do under specific circumstances as an engineer is of a motor's performance.

Because of the work of the Graton and Knight laboratories every belt user may easily learn the exact rating of his drives and the one kind and size of belt that will give him lowest operating costs per year.

The efficient transmission of power, therefore, requires only that the proper analysis of each drive be made that the right belt may be put to work. The proper belt is already a matter of record and once the transmission problem is presented may readily be taken from the Graton and Knight Standardized Series Leather Belting, with full assurance of maximum results.

Many of the best belted plants ask us to specify the belting for every pulley drive. We shall be glad to solve your problems without committing you to buy our belts.

Write for "Standardized Leather Belting Book" and Belt Calculator. Applying the two will save you money in power transmission.

THE GRATON AND KNIGHT MFG. COMPANY, Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

Graton & Knight
Standardized Series
Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

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bells would soon peal forth, as his intentions toward Clematis were not only honorable but sudden.

Jasper Scrubb had once been caught unprepared. Not so this time. He hastily collected a few very personal belongings and hiked to the loan man's office. He came away without the burden of personal property but with fifty-six dollars in cash, thirty-five dollars to pay Cephus for slinging a halter round his own neck and nine dollars still due Clematis. The balance was destined to be risked in moieties on the turns of the clicking ivories and the luck of Jackson Ramsay's Pool and Genuine Lottery. Hopes—always hopes.

Of course Jasper realized at the moment of abstracting the pawnable property from his room that Margerine would miss it. His object was therefore twofold and he stood to win either way. Should Margerine's indignation master her rancor against him she would deign to hurl a word or two in his direction—a relief after the dry desert of talkless communion with which she had favored him in the immediate past. If her dignity still remained on top she would ignore him entirely and he would be fifty-six temporary dollars to the good and in a fair way toward the righting of his wrongful position, all of which would justify the tendering of an explanation with some hope of its success.

Between Clematis and Margerine there had arisen a hostile friendliness. Clematis knew what Margerine was thinking and resented it. But at the same time there was a quiet amusement in the knowledge that her skirts would eventually be cleared by explanation and that in the meanwhile she clutched all of the trumps in the strong and capable hand which had once lain in Jasper's during the recital of a marriage ceremony.

Margerine on her part had developed a venomous hatred for the large-boned female who had disrupted her domestic content. In the first place sight of Clematis was not at all flattering. Reviewing the situation impersonally Margerine failed to understand how even Jasper could have forsaken her ardent embraces for the too positive Clematis. Of course Clematis was a widow and widows are supposed to know a thing or two denied the ordinary woman. But even that did not explain it all. Margerine spoke to Clematis—spoke frequently and sweetly. It would never do, reflected the bride, for anyone to suspect that there was aught of friction between the vulgar Clematis and the cousin of Lawyer Evans Chew over the husband of the latter.

Jasper anchored in the offing and watched the relationship existing between his present and past wife and marveled thereat. Meanwhile he sought the society of the mammoth Cephus Jefferson on every possible occasion and urged that gentleman to make haste with his courtship. Cephus promised.

And finally one week after the day upon which the trouble had started Cephus Jefferson communicated to Jasper the gladsome news that he was ready to go through with the ceremony. Jasper was dazzled with joy.

"Is you ast Clematis?"

"I sho'ly has. Does you think Ise ma'yin' her without her premission?"

"They ain't no tellin' what a man is gwine do where wimmin is concerned at."

"I ast her an' she's willin'. You c'n come along an' be a witness."

Jasper reneged. Never having mentioned to Cephus the fact that he was the former husband of Clematis, he didn't relish an eleventh-hour disclosure. He was a trifle afraid that the sudden news might disconcert the prospective bridegroom of his ex-wife and result in a calling off of the nuptials. And yet Jasper wanted to be sure that the marriage was pulled off in due and legal form. An idea came to him and he put it in words.

"I ain't care pertickerly 'bout seein' that ceremony," he averred, "'countin' it might be 'barrassin' to Clematis with her wukin' right in the house with me an' Margerine an' havin' been down to the bottom of all this trouble between us. So I siggists that I'll telephone Lawyer Evans Chew, which is got the right to ma'y folks, an' let him prefohm the ceremony. Also I is gwine lef' with him the thutty-five dollars which you is jue when you ma'ies Clematis an' he'll pay it to you cash money."

Cephus was not carried away with the idea, but he failed to produce a valid objection. Jasper telephoned Lawyer Chew.

"What time they designates fo' the ceremony, Jasper?"

Jasper questioned Cephus and gave the answer.

"Fo' o'clock this afternoon. An' Cephus says make it sho't so's Clematis c'n git back to Mr. Kohler's house in time to cook supper. He says now him an' her is gwine be ma'ied he wan's to be sho' she don't lose her job."

"Fo' 'clock it is. They c'n git way by fo'-fifteen. Reckon a widder don' need so much adwice like a young girl does."

Cephus borrowed two dollars from Jasper—on account.

Then he set out to purchase a trousseau while Jasper journeyed to Lawyer Chew's office. He found that gentleman positive on only one point.

"You is got to be heah in my office at fo'-thutty," he commanded.

"But I cain't. I is wukkin' an' ——"

"You is gwine put in pussonal 'pearance heah at fo'-thutty this evenin', Jasper Scrubb, or you is gwine be mis'abler than what you a'ready is fo' the rest of yo' bohn days."

"Wh-what you mean?"

"I means all what I says an' cumsider'bly mo' besides. You is placed the case of yo' dimestic 'tanglements an' difficulties in the han's of the best cullud lawyer what they is in this heah noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama an' when you or any other man does that they gits prompt an' satisfract'ry action. But also they is got to 'bey my d'rections. Fo'-thutty!"

Jasper obtruded upon the kitchen of the Kohler home during the next few hours. There was no hint of mercy in Margerine's icy aloofness and still less warmth in Clematis' manner.

Clematis no more resembled a bride-to-be-soon than she did a sweet potato. Even less—yes, Jasper admitted, a good deal less. But perhaps this was due to the fact that Clematis was no amateur at the bride business.

He wondered whether Clematis had ever confessed to Cephus that she was a grass widow. Sod widow—that was a different thing. But a divorcée! Jasper was not sure that Cephus had not planned a double-cross until he heard Clematis talking with Mrs. Kohler at three o'clock.

Clematis insisted that she be allowed time off between three-thirty and four-thirty that afternoon.

"Where are you going, Clematis?"

"Oh," vaguely, "jes' downtown fo' a few minutes."

"To do what?"

"Nothin' special." Jasper chuckled to himself. "Li'l' shoppin' I reckon—or sumthin'."

"Will you be back positively at four-thirty?"

"Yassum, Mis' Kohler—I sho' will, ma'am. 'Tain't nothin' 'pawtant an' I ain't gwine be delayed."

Jasper was genuinely amused. Certainly Clematis was not advertising the bridal state into which she was stepping. But perhaps Clematis had her reasons.

At three-thirty Clematis departed. She did not look aggressively bridish. Margerine saw her go and sniffed audibly. Jasper knowing that in a very short time Clematis' demand upon his five-dollars-a-week alimony would have ceased found his heart singing jubilantly. Also, he discovered in the thought an explanation for Clematis' outward indifference to her wedding.

Clematis didn't know that Jasper suspected the step she was about to take! Clematis planned to marry, keep Jasper in ignorance of that marriage and continue collecting the weekly alimony! The idea was stupendous—especially in view of what Jasper knew of conditions. He threw back his head and roared with laughter. Margerine whirled furiously.

"Always knowed donkeys brayed!" she snapped, and swept regally from the room.

Jasper was happy—he couldn't help being. He knew that his troubles were nearly ended. Of course Margerine was going to be angry when she learned that she had been deceived by him as to his former condition of marital servitude; but then that would have been so much less to forgive than she expected to be called upon to condone that the reaction should prove very favorable to Jasper—and Jasper knew it. Besides he couldn't get away from the lusciousness of the knowledge that Clematis expected to keep the fact of her marriage from him, when as a matter of fact he had engineered the whole thing. That was too good. The awakening—it was almost worth the price he had been forced to pay.

At four-thirty to the minute Jasper entered the office of Lawyer Evans Chew. That chocolate-creamy gentleman greeted him happily.

"Seat yo'se'f, Mistuh Jasper Scrubb, seat yo'se'f!"

Jasper seated himself. Also he asked a question.

"Is they ma'ied?"

"Who?"

"Clematis an' Cephus."

Lawyer Chew chuckled.

"They is about as ma'ied as a man an' woman ever was, Jasper. Yassuh, that much an' mo' so."

Jasper sighed relievedly.

"You is sho'ly a swell lawyer, Brother Chew—'bout the swellest what is."

His voice trailed off into nothingness. His eyes popped open. The door of the sacristy swung back and someone entered. That someone was a vision, a person for whom Jasper hungered. He started to his feet.

"Margerine!"

Margerine whirled and would have left, but Lawyer Chew stopped her.

"Jus' a minute, my chile. Jus' a minute. They is a few words to be said"

"They is been too many said a'ready," she returned coldly, "an' they is been said by this man heah to Clematis Creech."

"Clematis Jefferson you mean," corrected Chew mildly.

"Creech her name is."

"Was! She is now the wife of Cephus Jefferson. Now is you willin' to lis'en to a few explanitory spostulations?"

Margerine was sufficiently jarred to be willing. She seated herself—as far away from Jasper as the confines of the little office permitted.

And Lawyer Chew talked. He rose as he talked and he resorted to gestures. His mellifluous voice rang sonorously through the little room. He started in with a dissertation on the sanctity of marriage, especially second marriages, and switched from that into a verbal disquisition on the rarity of true love. Every trick of the oratorical trade was at his tongue tip and he oozed a spirit of conciliation. No jury of twelve men could have withstood, however little they might have understood.

Margerine didn't have a chance. She listened spellbound to the story of Jasper's first marriage, the details of how he had been tricked into it by a large and scheming lady yclept Clematis, and of how in that union there was born a child—Clematis, Junior. And of how Jasper had paid dearly for his folly, torn loose at the first legal opportunity and continued to pay ever since.

Lawyer Chew was explaining things to Margerine in great gobs. She received pleasant surprise after pleasant surprise. She learned that now that Clematis was again married the five dollars a week alimony ceased automatically, which meant an extra twenty dollars a month for herself. She learned that Jasper's child was quite right and proper. She learned that the only feeling existing between her husband and Clematis was one of mutual dislike. All in all she became conscious of the fact that every trump in the deck had been crowded into her hand and that happiness was once more hers. The scene of forgiveness fairly dripped saccharine. Jasper was so happy he found it in his heart to be grateful to the immediate past, for his climb from the nadir of misery to this zenith of rapture was of a deliciousness hitherto never experienced.

Finally they disengaged themselves from each other's arms and turned gratefully to Lawyer Chew. Their thanks gushed forth. Lawyer Chew laughed them aside, reached into a desk drawer, extracted therefrom thirty-five dollars and handed it over to Jasper. Jasper stared at it wonderingly.

"Wha's this, Lawyer Chew?"

"Yo' money. Thutty-five dollars. Count 'em."

"How come it to be mine?"

"Tha's the money, Jasper, you give me to give Cephus Jefferson when I ma'ied him to Clematis Creech."

Jasper's knees sagged. Chew had failed to pay Cephus and Cephus was a big man!

"Sufferin' tripe! Lawyer Chew, when that man gits aholt of me now ——"

"He won't do a thing to you."

"Yassuh, you ain't knowin' nothin'. He sho'ly will."

"Not a thing, Jasper, 'cause I is a'ready designated to him that if'n he does you is gwine stick him in the penitentiary fo' fraud an' false pretenses. Also Clematis."

"Wh-wh-what?"

Lawyer Chew turned the spotlight on himself and reveled in the glare.

"When cases is intrusted to me," he said unctuously, "they is intrusted to a good man—also lawyer. Now when I got this case I commenced to inwestigate. An' the fust off thing I learned, Mistuh an' Missis Scrubb, is that Clematis Creech an' Cephus Jefferson is been ma'ied since fo'teen months ago!"

"Fo'teen months!"

"Yes, suh! Clematis is been wukin' an' Cephus is been livin' on the alimony which you is been payin' her, which is how come her to keep the name Creech 'stead of her real ma'ied name—Jefferson. When I found out that you was gittin' Clematis' own husban' to co't her I ain't said nothin'. So there they was. An' when they come up heah to-day to go thoo another ceremony I tol' them what I knowed an' that if'n they ever made trouble fo' you they was both gwine be sorry. Also that Cephus was so anxious to git that thutty-five dollars he had co'ted hisse'f outen five dollars a week, an' fu'thermo', that heahafter he has to s'poht yo' chile in the style she was accustomed—to make up fo' all the back alimony you has paid which you hadn't ought to of done. So there's yo' thutty-five an' they ain't no mo' weekly money to be paid out."

Jasper was thinking. He was thinking harder than he had ever thought before in his life. And suddenly his mouth expanded into a grin and from between his lips there issued a rich, throaty laugh. Margerine snuggled her hand into his.

"Wha's the matter, sweetness?"

"I—I—jes' been thinkin'."

"Thinkin' which?"

"I—I been thinkin', honey, 'bout how much furniture is gwine be busted up when them honeymooners begins to talk things over."

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NEW YORK
OKLAHOMA CITY
SAN FRANCISCO
WHEELING

THE LARGER LEISURE

(Continued from Page 4)

Unhesitatingly he answered: "No: it would be a curse instead of a blessing to them at their present stage of mental and industrial development."

"Why?" I insisted.

"Because," he answered, "they would waste more of their wages than they do now and they would use their new leisure in harmful instead of helpful ways. At least this is true of the younger men, and they make up a large share of the workers. They are not yet educated to an intelligent and helpful use of leisure; it would be a new thing to them and they would naturally be carried away with it and get into things that would harm rather than help them."

"How about its effect on their production?" I asked. "Would their new leisure make them better producers when on the job than they are now?"

"No, I think not. It would make them poorer producers because they would not as a rule take as good care of themselves as they do now. Then, I'm of the opinion that the man who tries to get the most pleasure out of an amount of leisure to which he is unaccustomed is likely to be drawn into a lot of things which are not good for him and that he would keep out of if he did not feel that he had the free time in which to take a whirl at almost anything that offered. Because of his sense of large leisure and plenty of time for play he gets a running start in pleasure pursuits that he would not get if his work hours were longer, and once started he finds it hard to pull out of these expeditions and take a reasonable amount of sleep."

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Steel Workers' Houses, Pittsburgh

Overdoses of Leisure

"Now, I'm not blaming this class of men for wanting to have their fling and get all the joy out of life they can. They're at least as much entitled to kick up their heels and indulge in the capers and follies of youth as the sons of the rich—much more so, I think, for they are the producers. But I want to see them make a much better use of their leisure than have the idle rich. Therefore I must face the facts of human nature and admit that a sudden jump into a radically short workday would not be good for them. They're not ready for it. They are entitled to a liberal share of leisure, but it should be fed to them gradually so that they may assimilate it in a normal and healthful way. Otherwise it is almost certain to upset them.

"Of course there are a lot of jobs in industry where anything longer than what is commonly considered a radically short workday is an oppression and a crime. Miners come under this head. So do the workers in many of the jobs in steel plants. In short, an exception to my conclusions should be taken of all jobs making extreme demands upon the vitality, endurance or strength of the workers.

"To my sense the eight-hour workday fits into the natural division of a man's time—eight hours for work, eight hours for rest and relaxation, and eight hours for sleep. It would be hard to improve on that for a practical working schedule. It tends to a normal and well-balanced life."

Perhaps many professional labor leaders will take exceptions to the opinion of this agitator and organizer. It is patently impossible to interview all of them. This man was selected because he is commonly considered by the employers in his territory as a radical in his union-labor views. If he does not voice the sentiments and views of the hard-boiled unionist, then I would not know where to look for an expression from that industrial element.

But how does the union worker himself look at this matter of the larger leisure? To learn this I sought out a young man who is a member of a local lately organized and therefore bubbling with enthusiasm. In a former place of employment he worked up to a supervisory position, but financial disaster overtook the plant with which he was connected and he had to go elsewhere and again begin at the bottom. He came from a Scandinavian country a few years ago—as a stripling full of pep, curiosity and misinformation as to the riches within ready reach of the wage worker in America. He frankly admits that he followed the approved forms in venting his energy and exchanging his wages for experience and a sinking fund of wholesome disillusionment.

Now he is married and has settled down to the serious business of living. His viewpoint is especially valuable because he has had his fling, is above the ordinary wage worker in intelligence, is still a young man and knows what it is to exercise supervision over fellow workers. And remember, too, that he belongs to a union which is under intensive cultivation!

"The more free time," declares this alert and thoughtful worker, "our young men have on their hands the less interest they have in their work when on the job. Those that take the most time off blow the most of their money. I know because I had the experience myself and have been about as careless and free as any of them. Then, when I found out how little there was in that way of spending my money and time, I struck my gait, swung over to the other side and began to use my head as well as my hands. That course brought me into a foreman's job, where I had to see labor problems from the angle of responsibility for production.

"The thing that gets me these days is the total indifference of the young men—and a lot of the older ones, too—to what they give their employers in return for their wages. Production is nothing to them. Apparently they don't care a rap what their employers get out of the time for which they are paid. Of course there was some of this spirit in the old days before the war; but the amount of it then was nothing to what you find now. No man who doesn't work in a shop or a factory today can have any idea of the extent of this attitude. It's so general and so extreme that the unfairness of it gives a man who has a regard for common honesty a hard jolt."

Easy Come, Easy Go

"If you'd listen to the talk of the young fellows when they're cleaning up or eating their lunches you'd understand what I mean. From their talk you'd soon understand that their only concern is to get the coin and then make it fly in the way they think will call most attention to themselves as gay young chaps and regular devils in their home town. Their attitude seems to be that the employers somehow owe them a living, anyhow that it's a proof of smartness to give as little labor in return for their pay as possible. The real business of life is to make a showing and cut a swath among their companions.

"They're strong on pay—but once they get it in their hands the money seems nothing to them. It's only while the money is in the hands of their employers that it looks big to them. And the biggest money they know of is that which is not in their pay checks but ought to be, as they see it.

(Continued on Page 135)

PHOTOS, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Two Types of Mill Restaurants

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You'll fuss a pipe like it's the new baby—if it's P. A. you're puffing!

Geewilikins, but that'll be *some* sporty dent Prince Albert makes on your smokedisposition! Just about like batting-out-a-bonus on Blue Monday—this thing of smoking a pipe *with the lid off!* Why, you never headed into such smokesunshine in your life as P. A.-and-a-pipe pass out every time you get the smokesummons!

Prince Albert will switch any notion any man has that he can't pal it with a pipe! *P. A. will put a joy'us jimmy in his mouth and keep it there and keep him from skidding on pipe pleasure!* That's because Prince Albert has a flavor that tunes smokeappetites keen-as-a-razor; because Prince Albert is made by our exclusive patented process *that actually does cut out bite and parch!*

You can sing it as loud-as-you-like in twenty-two languages that the man with the tenderest tongue can get as rough as fits his fancy with P. A. *without a comeback!*

Come on out of that low smoke feeling! Get all the sport that's breaking your way! Why, if you'll land on a pipe that fits your face, and play P. A. for packing, you'll get so chock-jam-full-of smokejoy you'll forget all about that income tax! *You'll tell the world, all right!*

BLOW into the nearest place that sells tobacco and there you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your command, ready to give you the biggest smokesurprise that ever cantered your way. Buy P. A. in toppy red bags, tidy red tins; handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—in the classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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Also Manufacturers of RIT, FLAKED RIT, POWDERED RIT, SUN FLAKES

(Continued from Page 132)

"They are extravagant in dress, in shows, in parties and in everything that goes to make up what they consider a gay life. Much of their talk is about speed—but they mean social speed, not the shop article. If the country was still wet these young bloods would make the saloons mighty lively. They would throw their money there and make a noise like the typical sailor on shore leave. Now, under dry conditions, they are forced to hunt a substitute for that brand of excitement. A lot of them find it in gambling. The bones were never rolling at a livelier pace in this country than they are right now, and I never knew the time when so many boys who haven't forgotten the sensation of their first shave were competing for the honor of being considered poker sharks. If you doubt this drop into any cigar store or barber shop where the younger set of wage earners hang out and listen for a few minutes to their talk. They're out for excitement, and gambling seems to give it to them on about as generous a scale as anything they can find.

"Of course it would be absurd to infer that all or nearly all young workers are of this class and are going it wild. I'm not saying that. But I do say that this sort of thing is so common, so general among the young men in shops and factories to-day that it would seem to a steady, sober worker who has to see and hear this class of young sports day after day to be almost unanimous. The younger set of wage workers are certainly making a grand show of speed.

"There is some of this same spirit among the single and even the married middle-aged men, but not nearly so much of it. Probably the percentage of married workers who are careless of their family responsibilities is greater in larger cities and towns than in the country surroundings where I work. I'm sure they must be. Take the typical mill town or mining town, where under the old wet conditions Saturday night brought a general carouse—there is where you'll still find a lot of married men who spend a large share of their wages on themselves and give their families what happens to be left after they've had their customary fling out of the pay envelope.

"These two classes are large—the young unmarried spenders and the married men who seem to look at their responsibilities almost as lightly as if they were not married. If all these men were eliminated it would make a big hole in the ranks of labor.

"There isn't any question that these men are the most radical. They are keenest for pulling strikes and are the most touchy and independent in their shop relations. I belong to a union and I know who are the wheel horses in framing new demands and in making strike sentiment. The two elements I've named are on that job strong.

"Having been a foreman in a shop in which I was buying a small interest I can't get away from the feeling that any worker who is utterly indifferent to the matter of his production isn't playing fair. He isn't on the square with either his employer or himself. There is a limit to what an employer can pay because there's a limit to what he can make the consumer pay—and when that limit is overstepped, then the jolt is going to give the worker just as hard a setback as it does the employer."

Costs Nearing the Breaking Point

"There's another point with regard to these men who are pushing for the short-hour day and who have the lay-off habit: They are the most careless and indifferent workers. They not only slight their work but they spoil lots of material. Most of the product that is thrown back on the manufacturer after it has been shipped out has been made defective by workers of this class—the don't-care crowd. Much of this carelessness comes from the way in which the workers spend their free time. They not only keep late hours and cut down their productiveness because they don't get enough sleep but they blow their money and their leisure in ways that stimulate the spirit of recklessness—and they carry that spirit to the shop.

"I'm a union man all right, but any leader of labor who ignores the relation of production to wages and to steady employment is going it blind and those who follow his leadership are headed for some hard sledding. When manufacturers will pay almost anything rather than have a strike and stop production these men can make a showing and appear to get away with their proposition. But when the line of cost that the consumers will stand has been crossed and exceeded then something is going to break and labor leaders will then have to take production into account.

"Of course some of them do that already. But many do not. And those that don't, seem to be making the most noise just now. But as I see it, they are going to be hard pushed to keep their grip after a while. They will have to ease off before they've overstepped the limit or find themselves in a difficult position and perhaps out of a leadership job. It seems queer to me that the young men—and the older ones, too—who are getting the good wages of the present day don't stop to do a little plain common-sense thinking about the future. If a dollar to-day will go only as far as fifty cents in ordinary times—as most of the articles I read seem to agree is the case—then it looks to me that every dollar I can save now will be worth two dollars, on the present basis, when things swing back again to normal. This is why I am not only saving all I can possibly put away but am putting in all the overtime I can get at the shop. Though we're not stinting on food—a man who works overtime must eat accordingly—we are holding back on luxuries at our house and not spending money for what we are not obliged to have."

A Poor Time to Spend

"We look at it that every dollar we save now is going to double in value in a very few years, besides paying a little interest in the meantime. This may seem an odd way of putting it—but if I were to wake up to-morrow and find that I could take the dollars I've put away and buy twice as much food or clothing or property of any kind with them as they'll buy to-day, I'd feel that those dollars had doubled in value. This is only a wage worker's notion and you can take it for what it's worth. Anyhow it looks to me like a mighty poor time to lay off or loaf or spend, and like a good time to work and save, and I'm going to it on that basis. There are a few men in the shop where I work that see the situation in the same light, and they're hungry for all the overtime they can get."

While waiting at a neighborhood store in a country town having several factories I noticed a young man of about twenty-five at the cigar counter. Had there been a college in the town he would have passed for a senior. From hat to shoes his attire was in the latest mode—not flashy but what the factory girls call nifty. On a chance I started a conversation with the storekeeper on shop and employment conditions, in which the young man soon joined. Then I mentioned the fact that the wage earners are pressing for a short workday in which to recuperate from the strain of their labor.

He laughed cynically and exclaimed: "Not me! The more hours I work and the fewer days I lay off the more rest I get and less money I spend. And that goes for the young fellows in any mill shop or factory anywhere. The truth is we have all the leisure we can stand now. . . . How do we spend our free time? You can tell it in a sentence—spending our money!

"I'm a good example in point—though a good many I know in the younger set would consider me slow. About six months ago I received my discharge from the service. When I came home my brother gave me a good suit of clothes—costing at least fifty dollars. I found a job in a woodworking mill in a lively town in the South. My pay was $32.50 a week. It didn't take me long to discover that the best man in the mill was not the one who could lick all comers, but the best dresser—the young chap who could sling the most style.

"The competition certainly was strong! But I went to it along with the others. All the excuse I can offer is that I had a keen and accumulated appetite. Army regulations don't give a man much leeway in displaying taste or a liking for variety in dress. It seemed mighty good to be free to cut loose and wear what pleased me. That's the only excuse I can offer for spending $200 for suits of clothes in six months after I began work. This was in addition to the suit which my brother gave me.

"I kept a careful record of my expenses, and my weekly average outlay under the item of dress was $14.50—almost half my wage. The practice among the young men of the mill was to wear a suit socially for seven or eight times and then put it on at the mill for manual work. Of course this was silly, for a pair of overalls would have been not only more suitable but more comfortable for that kind of work.

"All of the clothes I have bought were selected on the basis of style. No consideration whatever was given to the fabric except as to its appearance. Its possible wearing qualities were not taken into account. The other young men bought their garments on the same basis. We were after style and nothing else. Utility was nothing to us. We wanted the niftiest thing out, without regard to price or the fact that we had several other good suits on hand.

"The object of having smart clothes is to display them. Naturally we lived up to this obligation and put in our free time on dress parade, going out with girls a great deal and taking in all the dances and parties that could be staged. It was a busy life. Often it was not possible to do our full social duty outside of shop hours. In that case we took a little time off now and then. All the young men were making good wages and felt they could afford an occasional lay-off in order to keep up their end of the gay life.

"Of course there were some young men who were not in the social drive, who didn't have the ambition or the other qualifications to get into the nifty dressers' competition—but these were the exception rather than the rule. The competitive spirit was as catching as the measles and the lad who didn't react to it was looked down upon as a hopeless rube and a dead one at that!

"In the mill set in which I trained there was a lot of gambling. Rolling the bones was almost as common an incident as lighting a cigarette. I know from experience that a man can lose a week's wages in a very few minutes shooting craps. It's a mighty speedy little game as played by the sporty young mill hand in 1920. Poker is the evening game when the real sports can settle down to a regular night session in a young men's club, a barber shop or the rear room of a cigar store. I think any young mill hand or shop worker who is willing to tell the truth will admit that probably there was never so much gambling in this country, especially among wage earners, as now. That seems to be the verdict of the older men who have had a chance to observe the growth of gambling over a period of years. The pace is certainly swift, to say the least. And where you find the shortest workday and the largest pay you'll find the most gambling."

The Sports and the Plodders

"Well, when I got fed up on all this and began to get a little sense into my system I did what seemed to me the only thing I could do and save my face—I quit my job and moved on where I could start in on another basis. I didn't care to make a radical change in my scale of living where I was known as a good dresser and a free spender. It looked a lot easier to me to make a new start where I didn't have a record to live up to. Therefore I came North and got a new job at less pay. I'm not the only young chap who has changed his field of employment in order to get out of the fast set in which he has found himself involved. That is done every day in the best working circles—sometimes because the worker finds himself hopelessly outclassed in the race, sometimes because he gets into debt so deep that he can't swim, and sometimes because the novelty of the thing wears off and he comes to his sober senses."

Diligent inquiry and a rather wide observation convince me that the experience of this young man is fairly typical of conditions in thousands of industrial cities and mill and factory towns. In every shop and every industrial community are workers—a very considerable number of them—who are plodders and pluggers, who do not gamble, who take no lay-offs except for sickness or other equally valid reasons, and who spend their free time with their families in wholesome pleasures and in working about home. But these men do not belong to the younger set and they are considered as decidedly slow by the social pace makers.

One of the largest manufacturing corporations in America—and one in which the problems of employment and industrial relations are in highly competent hands and handled with conspicuous courage and capacity—lately made, at my suggestion, a systematic and painstaking attempt in its several plants to find just how their workers spend their free time.

After a solid week of conscientious investigation among the workers of one of the largest plants of this great corporation the investigator offered these comments on his findings:

"Our workers are naturally divided into three main classes: Boys, unmarried men and men having no family life, and family men. Take the boys first. They seem to subdivide into four rather distinct classes: First, home-reared boys, who are inclined to be studious or religious or both; second, those that are inclined to be radical; third, just plain boys without any distinctive mental slant; fourth, loafers.

"Studying the leisure-time habits of boys of fourteen to twenty years old who are of foreign extraction I was agreeably surprised to find that the majority of them sacrifice their free time to studies—attending night schools to acquire a general education or taking correspondence courses to learn trades. Some boys I know attend night school with the intention of becoming priests. Most of them, however, aspire to be chauffeurs."

Radicals of Tender Years

"Naturally this observation applies only to the first two classes of boys—the home-reared ones and those of radical inclinations. In this connection the most important finding is the fact that the radical propagandists in this country have lately developed a great interest in young people, finding them to be far more pliant material than the grown-ups. Nearly every evening the time of these radical boys is taken by classes in which socialistic and radical doctrines are taught by lectures and entertainments at which there always is a radical speaker at hand; or by meetings of the young proletariat. In general, these groups of boys are much more radical than the radicals themselves. Fortunately this class is not extremely numerous compared with the home-reared boys, who spend their free time in occasional work at home and in reading and innocent amusements. The home-reared boys give their pay envelopes to their mothers unopened; the young radicals pay part of their earnings—what they are obliged to—into the family fund toward their support, but keep considerable for their own use.

"The third group, those which I classify as just plain boys, are in sports of all kinds. They are hardly able to wait until the eats are served at home—when they rush off to some athletic diversion. They congregate at stores where sporting articles are sold and discuss the goods exhibited and display their athletic lore. Rarely they go to movies. In the open season, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, the boys of this class go fishing or hunting. They talk and dream only of sports.

"The fourth and last class consists mostly of the youngest boys, whose only use of leisure time is to frequent movies and loaf about candy stores. Boys of the two classes last named usually smoke—this being considered a proof of maturity. A pipe is considered the only manly thing, cigarettes, in their opinion, being good for kids only. These boys have their sweethearts as well as their pipes—and apparently for the same reason, that it is the grown-up thing to do. The boys of the last class are fresh, disobedient, disrespectful and very noisy.

"The boys of the first and third classes—the studious and the plain boys—choose their associations along racial lines.

"From the viewpoint of their industrial usefulness the first three classes are usually good workers; the first and third are satisfied with their working conditions while the radical class is unsteady, grouchy and quick to change places. The loafers are good for nothing and probably will never amount to anything.

"Very few of these boys—except the very young and real home-staying ones—come home to sleep before ten o'clock. The radicals and the loafers are usually the latest to turn in.

"The second large group—the unmarried men and those who are away from their families—might be broadly classed as boarders. The majority of lone men who have wives, children or parents who are not with them live on the least money and save the largest proportion of their pay, sending it to their dependents. These men

(Continued on Page 139)

New England's Gift to the Nation

EACH part of our great country has made some distinctive and characteristic gift to the nation as a whole.

From the South it may be cotton or the spirit of hospitality. From the Great West, grain, cattle and hardihood to pioneer. From the Pacific Coast, fruit for our breakfasts and beauty for our eyes. From Pennsylvania our steel, from Michigan our millions of automobiles, from Louisiana our sugar, from Minnesota our flour.

New England, with its textiles, its shoes, its literature and its statesmen, has given us nothing finer than its spirit of craftsmanship.

When we see the beautiful old New England houses and churches built when Washington was President, we say, "Those were the days of fine workmanship." When we visit exhibitions of Colonial New England hand-wrought silver and hand-built furniture, we say, "Those were the days of beautiful craftsmanship."

But those days are not past.

Finer work is being done in New England today than was ever done a century and a half ago.

It is true that it serves different purposes today and goes by different names. The modern New England craftsman makes finely adjusted guns, delicate and beautiful watches, wonderful surgical instruments that save lives, infinitely accurate apparatus for scientists to use, micrometric tools and machinery.

As America has grown, New England and her craftsmen have furnished much of the apparatus of growth.

And American craftsmanship is today still essentially the possession of New England; her workmen are its greatest

STEVENS DURYEA

representatives. Nowhere else in this country are there so many men to whom creative workmanship is a part of the religion of life; to whom an inaccurate or untrustworthy product is the embodiment of sacrilege.

Furthermore the traditions of New England craftsmen are proof against the social and industrial upheavals which are disturbing the newer parts of America. In a factory like that where Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars are made, for example, such a thing as sabotage or I.W.W.-ism would be impossible.

Stevens-Duryea workmen have *elected* to build Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars. They are independent individuals. They work on their own responsibility. A hundred years ago, probably each would have had his own workshop. Today they prefer to associate themselves together in an organization, in order to produce a motor car of which they can be supremely proud.

These craftsmen set the Stevens-Duryea standards more than twenty years ago. A number of them worked with Charles Duryea on the first of this great family of motor cars back in 1892-3. Today they are working with the finest of modern tools and materials, and their standards of workmanship are as high and uncompromising as in the beginning.

It is a great privilege to be able to offer the results of this New England craftsmanship to the increasingly large part of the American public that appreciates infinite mechanical precision and durability combined with structural beauty.

STEVENS-DURYEA · INC.
Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts

Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars

Steam—Buried Alive

UNDERGROUND steam distribution—steam buried alive and kept alive by proper insulation—is a task that is never easy.

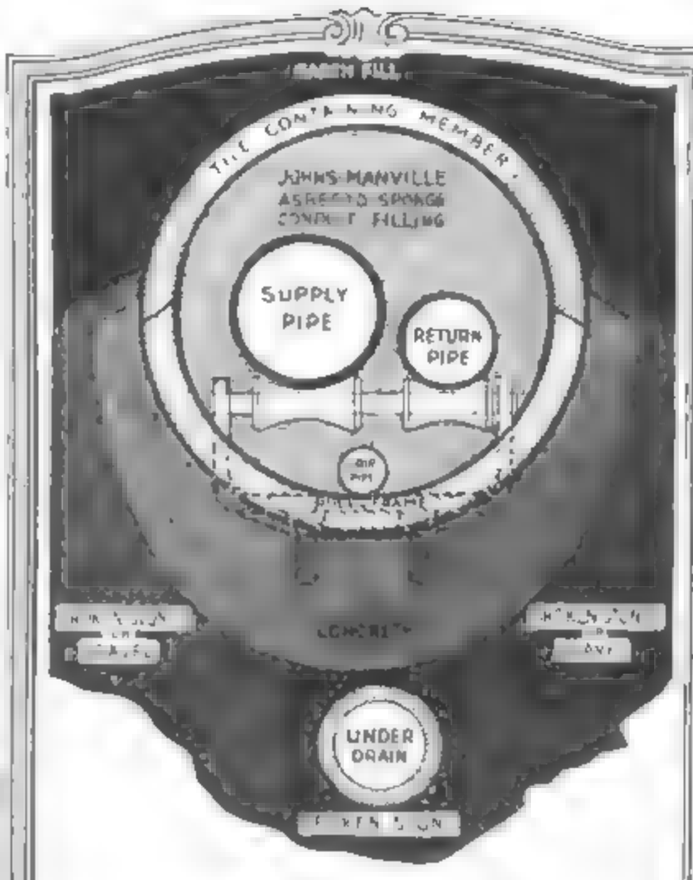
For underground insulation must permanently retain its heat-saving efficiency, even though buried in trenches, surrounded by cold earth and exposed to moisture and the bacteria of decay.

Through careful study of the conditions encountered, combined with exhaustive laboratory research and practical experience, Johns-Manville has been enabled to solve this problem successfully.

As a result, the efficiency of the Johns-Manville Underground System of Insulation is known in advance and is guaranteed to be 90% or over.

But underground steam distribution is only one phase of this company's vastly important basic business—the scientific insulation of indoor piping.

And today, the more unusual or difficult the insulation problem, the more likely you will find that Johns-Manville has been set to solve it.



How steam is kept alive underground

THIS cross-section of a typical Johns-Manville Underground System of Insulation shows how carefully every contingency is provided for.

The Asbesto-Sponge Filling, which completely surrounds the piping, is the material which acts as such an efficient and durable insulation.

The other details of the system consist of the tile top and bottom containers to hold the Asbesto-Sponge around the piping; the frames and rolls to provide supports for the piping and allow for expansion and contraction; the concrete bases for the roll frames; and the loose-jointed drain underneath to take off any water that might approach the system.

Some idea of the efficiency of the Johns-Manville Underground System of Insulation may be gained from the fact that it is guaranteed to save at least 90% of the heat that would be lost from exposed pipes.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

For Canada
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 135)

spend their evenings just sitting on the porches or doorsteps or in their shabby boarding places or at lodges. They group together along racial lines. Nearly all of them belong to some lodge or society and are mostly very conscientious attendants of lodge meetings. They will listen, just to kill the time, to any orator who may turn up, but they do not respond readily to any radical appeals. They are usually the hardest workers, the most thrifty and the most ambitious to succeed. Among them may be found men who have had quite good schooling in their native countries. Many of them attend any classes in English where the instruction is free. In general they are dull, unimaginative and unimpressionable, but they constitute the best material from which to develop dependable workers. For them to buy a property, a farm or a home, and bring their families from the old country is their supreme goal. Naturally these workers offer the best material for Americanization work.

"As a class the unmarried boarders are the life of the party—of a constant succession of dances, picnics, weddings and other social activities! These men are mostly of foreign birth and might well be called the marrying class. Their leisure time when not devoted to social gatherings is mainly spent in clothing and haberdashery stores, looking at the finery they want to buy. And they spend their wages very liberally for dress—at least until they pick their mates and settle down to the steady pull of family life. They make good family men, good citizens and are good workers. Before they marry they are very free spenders—many of them going to lavish extremes in the matter of dress—but when they acquire families they put their surplus wages into homes and property instead of into clothes and parties.

"The radicals of this adult group are in the most cases ardent students. They sacrifice three or four nights a week to study—mostly high-school courses. Many take what they call a popular university course. Their aim is not to perfect themselves in their trades but to acquire general education or to prepare themselves to become stenographers, clerks or office employees and, above all, orators. It seems to be a fad among them to study one thing or another. The nights when they are not in classes they almost invariably attend one or two meetings. They all love to spread the propaganda of their various social and economic creeds and are most devoted attendants of all mass meetings. Their main characteristics are distrustfulness and an ugly temper."

The Home-Buying Class

"The men who belong to the professional-politician group are a despicable element. They work only when the political pickings are so scant that they are obliged to get on an industrial pay roll for a short time. Their political interests are wholly sordid and commercial. They are for the candidate or the cause that pays them the most money—or in wet days they were for those who would buy them the most drinks. Then they were the mainstays of the saloons; now they haunt the billiard and pool halls, the soft-drink places and the political headquarters of their racial leaders. They are the professional sluggers in the political fights. These men are a bad and disturbing influence in any working force.

"There is another small class of intermittent workers who might be classed as Lotharios, who spend all their spare time and money in the pursuit of vicious pleasure. They are invariably broke and are poor and unsteady workers. These and the political workers seldom last long on a pay roll. They have no interest whatever in their work, are generally incompetent and unskilled, and their minds are on their leisure pursuits to the exclusion of all else. As nearly as I can determine, these two classes constitute about thirty per cent of the workers in this plant. I think them even a more corrupting influence, from an industrial viewpoint, than the radicals and the socialists; they are the real leisure hounds, and the ways in which they spend their leisure makes them a menace to decent workers and to society at large.

"When a worker buys a home his leisure as a rule is provided for; he is almost certain to spend it on working about his place, improving it and in making it help pay for itself. He has a garden and keeps poultry or pigeons or rabbits—perhaps all of them. Few wage workers who buy homes are radicals. Owning property makes them poor materials for the radical propagandists. A real-estate mortgage or a membership in a building-and-loan association is about the best brand of antidote for radicalism that has ever been discovered.

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Cranston, a Typical Rhode Island Mill Village

"Men of this home-buying class easily grow into what I call our group of long-range workers—those who would about as soon think of quitting their own families as they would of leaving our employ. They are men who have come to see that they have nothing to gain and everything to lose by drifting from one plant to another. Their tendency is to settle down in communities as close to the plant as possible, where they buy homes and devote themselves to paying for them and later to improving them. These are the men who make the most normal and sensible use of their leisure because virtually all of it is devoted to home and community life.

"They take their home and community responsibilities very seriously. For instance, it is a proud and solemn matter for a man of this class to be called upon by a friend and acquaintance to act as godfather to a child. Such a relationship is accepted as a lifelong responsibility, a permanent guardianship just as real as if it were a legal instead of a church or social matter. Workers of this class are the backbone of industry and are the element upon which every employer of any vision must build his employment structure. I am glad to say that we have a high percentage of men of this sort, many of whom have been with us so long that they feel that they have almost as much a proprietorship in the plant as have the majority stockholders.

"As a matter of fact, a large and increasing number of men of this kind are small shareholders and they are given every encouragement and facility to buy more stock. It would take a great deal more leisure than the men of this class now have to do them any harm. On the other hand they are the very ones who are not pressing for the larger leisure; they are ambitious to earn all they can and put in as many hours as they can, up to a reasonable point.

"The direct opposite of this class is that made up of the men who are the errand runners and understrappers of the real radical leaders. Their allegiance to the cause of radicalism is apparently more a mercenary matter than one of conviction. These are the men holding minor offices in the radical organizations, and in this capacity they get the drippings of the radical slush funds. All of the leisure of these men is devoted to propaganda work. Though many of them are married they spend little or no time at home and as a rule their families are very poorly provided for, most of their money being spent on themselves and their comrades in their hours of leisure. Though, as I say, these men get some of the drippings of the propaganda funds, on the other hand this source of gain is more than offset by the assessments which they have to stand, to say nothing of the steady stream of money that slips through their fingers while they are on the go working for the cause and trying to impress comrades, business agents, walking delegates and others with their importance. Their ambition is to become business agents or officers of one sort and another in the radical organizations to which they are attached.

"In a few instances I have had a chance to see the change that comes over a man of this class when, by inheritance or some other stroke of luck, he happens to come into a little property. Almost immediately he turns his back on his comrades and his radical associations and settles down into the class of thrifty and steady workers.

"There is another class of influence seekers very different from the one I have just described. These are the men whose one ambition is to achieve importance in the eyes of their fellows. As a rule they work hard and save their money, but all their leisure and a considerable amount of money are devoted to cutting a conspicuous figure in the society in which they circulate. They are the real lodge lizards of the world. A typical man of this class will work for months, not to say years, and spend a great deal of money to get himself elected to the presidency of a lodge, society or ornamental semimilitary organization in which he can array himself in a gaudy uniform and officiate at such functions as national festivals, weddings and funerals. Though the men of this class are generally of foreign birth it should be remembered that native-born Americans, including descendants of Pilgrim Fathers and Revolutionary War parents, have been ardent members of lodges and societies. These influence seekers generally get what they go after. They are greatly looked up to, admired and envied by their intimates and members of their own race and community. Their advice is sought on the most personal and intimate matters, and they are in a way the unofficial burgomasters of their neighborhoods and communities."

Nests of Radicals

"The result of all this is that the men of this class, which is fairly numerous, are eager for all the leisure they can get. Their prominence in lodge, society and organization work makes heavy demands upon their time, with the result that they are obliged to take numerous lay offs in order to meet these demands. As they find the whole joy of life apparently in this kind of prominence among their own people they are willing to sacrifice almost anything in order to maintain and promote that prominence, and they cheerfully take the off time necessary to that end. They furnish an example of a class of workers unknown or little understood by the average American citizen—a class that is rather consistently irregular in attendance at work and eager for the larger leisure, but which does not use its off time in a vicious way. Many men of this class acquire considerable property, but their lives are really devoted to the one purpose of achieving personal prominence and influence. Incidentally their advice is often paid for in coin of the realm by the poorer and less sophisticated people of their race who consult them upon business and family matters. Taking a fee for this kind of service is, I find, quite generally accepted as just as legitimate as it is for a lawyer to take a fee for his services. Therefore these men have a little offset against the price which they pay in loss of working hours and in actual expenses for their prominence.

"The lowest and most difficult class of workers is composed of the inmates of the crowded rooming houses. These are quite often nests of radicalism, and a startling proportion of the inmates work only when they are out of money and out of luck in gambling. They are men who intend to go back to the old country—and the sooner they go the better for America!"

This analysis was made by a man who has spent many years in intimate association with the workers that he describes and who knows hundreds of them as personal friends and acquaintances.

In an attempt to give a closer view of the individual in relation to the problem of how the average worker spends his spare time ten men were taken from the pay roll of a large manufacturing plant in the Middle West and careful inquiry was made as to their habitual use of their leisure. For this test an effort was made to pick men representative of the various classes employed. Here are the results of the inquiry:

NUMBER ONE. Married man. American born, has been employed here for nine years as a floor molder. He is forty-two years of age, owns no home, also

(Continued on Page 143)

100 Miles per Gallon

LOW cost, low upkeep and broad utility made the bicycle universally popular. But nevertheless, lack of inclination to pedal ultimately relegated it to the cellars and attics of countless homes.

Consequently attempts to motorize the bicycle soon became general, but frailty of wheel and frame construction could not withstand the destructive effects of vibration and road shock and the bicycle was temporarily discarded.

Then came the motorcycle, high-powered and heavily built, but it could not and did not replace the bicycle.

Meanwhile, Wall of England designed an indirect power plant attachment in the form of a motorized third wheel, which has since proved to be the only practical means of power application to the standard bicycle.

The Wall principle, considerably improved, was then adopted and incorporated in the American made Smith Motor Wheel, but the demand for war materials soon interrupted its further development, and constructive effort toward its refinement was discontinued until it was acquired by the Briggs & Stratton Company.

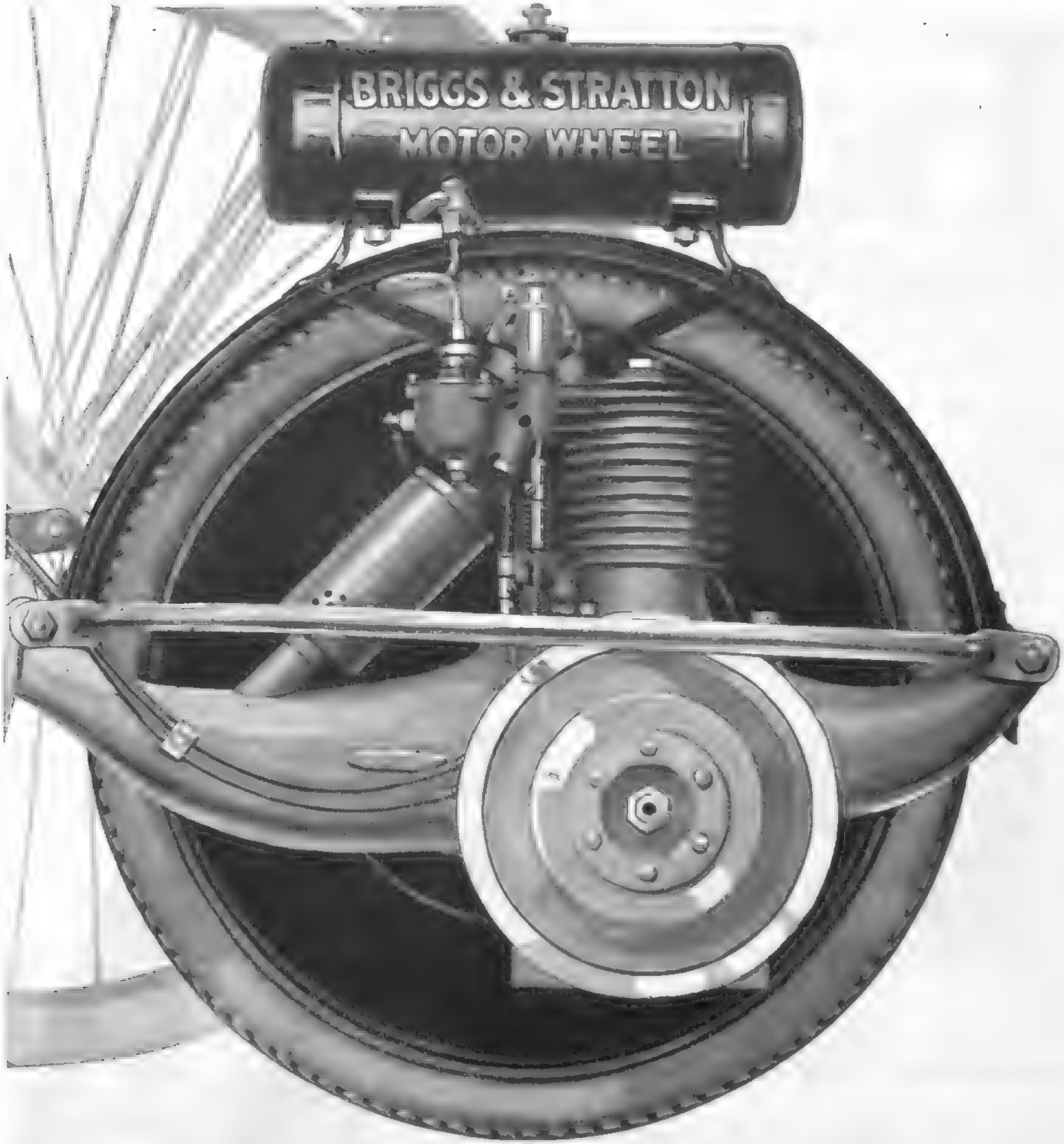
The Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel is a remarkably enduring piece of mechanism. It represents skilled machine work and precision in assembly—standards which have always prevailed in the Briggs & Stratton Works. It can be easily and quickly attached to any bicycle. It restores all the pleasures and conveniences of bicycling —without effort, vibration or dirt. It costs very little to operate. It is, in fact, pronounced by those who know to be _"a real job"_ of engineering.

The story of the Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel will be told often in pages of *The Saturday Evening Post* and other large national publications. Meanwhile, your Sporting Goods, Bicycle, Hardware or Implement Dealer will be glad to demonstrate it to you.

BRIGGS & STRATTON

BRIGGS & STRATTON COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND WORKS



Every red-blooded man, woman and child will be interested in the booklet *"Motor Wheel and Flyer."* It fully describes the Motor Wheel and the Briggs & Stratton Buckboard Flyer as well. It is mailed gratis. *Dealers without Motor Wheels and Flyers in stock should wire their orders now. To do so will facilitate delivery.*

MOTOR WHEEL

MOTOR WHEEL DIVISION
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

FEDERAL
Double Cable Base Tires

ALL FEDERAL TIRES—"Rugged" white tread, extra-pay fabrics. "Trunk" and "Cord" black treads have this exclusive construction.

Absolute Rim Protection

JUST as science proves that like causes produce like effects the great Federal factory makes sure of surplus miles in all Federal Tires by constantly building according to improved methods and of superior materials.

The success of Federal manufacture is evidenced by the enthusiasm of thousands who find Federal Tires economical in the long service they give.

The improved Double-Cable-Base, exclusive with Federal, increases tire mileage by giving absolute rim-protection.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER CO., of Illinois. Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

(Continued from Page 139)

has an automobile. Spends most of his evenings at home reading papers and magazines or doing odd jobs about the house. During the summer he usually goes to see a baseball game on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and occasionally takes a week-end trip into the country for fishing.

NUMBER TWO: Single man, born in Hungary has been employed here seven years as a core maker. Came to the United States with his parents in 1907. Is twenty-three years of age. This man spends most of his free time bowling, playing pool, and occasionally goes to a movie show. Sometimes goes to a dance.

NUMBER THREE: Married man, thirty-five years of age. Born in Bohemia. Has three children; owns his home and has worked here as a fireman six years. This man spends all his time at home. He has three cows, two pigs and a flock of about 140 chickens and says it keeps him quite busy taking care of these during his free time. In the summer he works a plot of ground of about six city lots, on which he grows vegetables for his family. Says he never goes to any shows. He doesn't care about any amusements. He is more interested in his livestock.

NUMBER FOUR: Married man, thirty-one years of age, American born. Has one child. Has worked here as machinist for about seven years. Spends most of his free time at home reading newspapers and books; goes to lodge once a month. Saturday afternoons does odd jobs about the house. Sundays he attends church quite regularly.

NUMBER FIVE: Single man, American born, twenty-eight years of age. Has worked here about three years as a machinist. This young man states that he spends part of his time in the saloon, goes to the movies with his lady friend about twice a week. Saturday afternoons he usually takes in a ball game or some other athletic or sporting event. Sunday afternoon and evening he spends with his lady friend.

NUMBER SIX: Single man, born in Austria, thirty-one years of age. Has worked here as tool maker about two years. This man plays cards in the evening, goes to dances occasionally, and to moving-picture shows. Saturday and Sunday he usually takes in ball games or any other sporting events that are in season.

NUMBER SEVEN: Married man, born in Poland, forty years of age. Has worked here as a laborer for about two years. Has been in the United States about nine years. His wife and three children still live in Poland. This man boards at the home of his brother, who has several other boarders. Says that he spends most of the evenings at the boarding house. Occasionally the boarders get together and play cards. He says he does not take any interest in picture shows. He is saving his money so that he can bring his family to this country.

NUMBER EIGHT: Single, American born, forty-one years of age. This man has worked as a carpenter here for about two years. He boards at the home of his brother. Used to spend most of his free time round the saloon, but since brewers cannot make any more real beer he stays at home evenings and reads. He owns a motorcycle, on which he goes riding on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Also he has a camera and goes out to take pictures occasionally.

NUMBER NINE: Married, born in Russia. Is twenty-two years of age, has worked here about six years as a drill-press hand. This man and his wife live with his parents. Spends some of his free time in the evening playing cards at his home or the home of his friends. Saturday afternoons he usually takes a walk round town. Goes to church on Sunday mornings and occasionally takes in a moving-picture show.

NUMBER TEN: Single man, American born, twenty-five years of age. Has worked here about five years as a drill-press hand. This young man spends most of his evenings at home. His mother is an invalid and his father is a police officer and works nights, which is the reason why he says he cannot go out much nights. He goes out with his lady friend occasionally. Goes to lodge once in a while. Saturday afternoons and Sundays he usually goes to a cigar store close to his home and plays cards.

A Workingman's Cottage at Sayre, Pennsylvania

In connection with all reports of this character it may be well to keep in mind the fact that wage workers do not seem to have developed any keener appetite for card playing without stakes than have the idle rich.

In the clubs, boarding houses and cigar stores which they frequent the games could scarcely be classed as slow; in fact many of them would be altogether too lively for some of the foremen and superintendents under whom the players work. Here is another close-up of a representative group of workers, in a plant of quite a different character, which throws a gleam or two of light on the swiftness of the card games with which some of the wage earners enliven their leisure:

NUMBER ONE: "I recently bought my own home and this with my family occupies all of my free time excepting Sundays. On this day I either receive some of my friends or call on them, taking my family along."

NUMBER TWO: Single; boards at a rooming house having quite a few boarders. Attends a Russian singing society twice a week. Patronizes the movies quite frequently. Saturday night is devoted to gambling, which lasts until late Sunday morning. Sleeps the balance of Sunday morning and either devotes Sunday afternoon and evening to gambling or with women.

When being questioned this man showed quite a large sum of money that he had won.

NUMBER THREE: A home man, devotes most of his time to home. Does a lot of housework, due to the fact that his wife is not in good health. Has quite a large family. Does not go to any amusements but sends his children.

NUMBER FOUR: Devotes most of his time to his home, doing repair work on his house. Goes to a theater occasionally and will soon take up a course in mechanical drawing.

NUMBER FIVE: Night shift. During the week sleeps mostly all day and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings visits his lady friend. This is a single man and gives nearly all of his wages to his mother, who lays a certain part of his wages away for him.

NUMBER SIX: Outside of going to church and the movies he devotes all of his time to his home; does not care to spend much and at present is saving about seventy-five dollars per month. Family in the old country.

NUMBER SEVEN: Night-shift man. He says that when he gets done with his week's work he goes home and goes to bed and about three o'clock Saturday afternoon he gets up and puts on his Sunday clothes and goes to see a show; from there he goes to his home and has supper. After that he goes to see his girl and later goes out to gamble. That means to about four or five o'clock Sunday morning; from there he goes home. He has a bite to eat and then goes to bed. He says that in the last five weeks he has won $1,000 and has put it all in the bank. Sunday afternoon he takes in a show and goes back home and stays home till it is time to go to work Monday night.

NUMBER EIGHT: On night shift. "I go home Saturday and have a little to eat and go to bed until two o'clock, and then get up and go out to the henhouse and feed the chickens and gather the eggs and then go to the house and read the paper for a while and have supper, and soon after I get ready for bed. Sleep until about ten or eleven A. M. and get up and get ready for dinner and after dinner fool round the house to pass away the time and set by the stove and keep it warm and then get ready for supper and soon after go to bed." (Sunday.) "Sleep until eight o'clock and get up and do my work round the house and after dinner lie down until four-thirty P. M., then eat and get ready for work." (Monday.

NUMBER NINE: Night-shift man. "Saturday when I get home I eat a little and then go to bed and sleep for about six or seven hours and then get up and go out and do some shopping for my wife and get things in the house for Sunday and at night go out to a show. Sunday I sleep until ten or eleven o'clock and then get up and read the paper until dinner time and in the afternoon my wife and I go out for a walk and then go home and have supper and after supper we go to a picture show or two. Monday I sleep until about nine o'clock and then do a little work round the house till about two or three o'clock and then go to bed and rest up for night work."

NUMBER TEN: On night shift. (Saturday.) "Go home and go to bed and sleep till noon, then get up and have some dinner, and all of the time after dinner I work round the house and go to bed early on Saturday. Sunday I get up early and go to church in the morning and in the afternoon go out and spend the rest of the day at the home of one of my relatives—that is if I don't get company at home. Monday sleep until about ten o'clock and get up, then go out and buy a paper and go home and read it for a few hours in the afternoon, and then go to bed for about three hours and prepare for the night work."

NUMBER ELEVEN: Also night shift. Saturday morning when he comes home from work he has something to eat and goes to bed. When he gets up he brings up some coal and wood and stays home. Sunday morning he goes to church and stays home the rest of the day. Monday he helps his wife wash the clothes and minds the baby while his wife goes out shopping. When she comes back he goes to bed until it is time to go to work.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

School Children of 19 Nationalities. Children of the Steel Workers All to be Good Citizens of One Nation

A workingman who spends much of his time knocking about the country on foot declares that the passion for gambling among the younger wage workers is so common that it cannot escape the attention of any observer who frequents the hotels and boarding houses where they stay, and in support of his statement relates this incident:

"Recently I spent a few days in a country tavern in one of the Eastern States, and found the monotony greatly enlivened by the presence of a gang of young linemen. It so happened that I was there when their pay checks came. These were turned into cash almost instantly and nearly all the men settled down to a night at cards, the boss or foreman playing with them. They did not quit until two-thirty in the

(Continued on Page 147)

MALLORY

Every Man Should

For Style: How can you expect one lone hat to behave like a chameleon and harmonize with the different suits and shirts and ties you wear?

To be really well dressed, a man should have—and *wear*—several hats. He should select them with due regard to the other elements of his wardrobe. We suggest a dark soft hat; a trim black derby (you've no idea how smart a good derby is, unless you change into one occasionally); and a soft felt of lighter hue, say tan or gray.

And for Economy: You don't wear the same pair of shoes every day until they go to pieces. You have two or three suits, and you make them wear better by changing them daily. Why not apply that thrifty principle to your hat? Have three hats—they'll each last longer, look smarter, feel better, and cost less in the end.

There's a good store in your town that sells Mallory Hats. Go there and try this three-hat idea on your own head.

FINE HATS

Have Three Hats

This is a reproduction of the Mallory Spring Poster. Look for it — it is the sign of a good hatter

Good Hatters' Fur costs as much today as Pure Silver

AND that's just one of the reasons why we advise a man to beware of cheap hats this season. We've been making hats for nearly a hundred years. We've seen war prices come and go, and we've never let them—or anything else—affect the *quality* of Mallory Hats.

Mallory Hats are priced as low as it is possible to price hats made as Mallory Hats are made—up to the standard of quality that satisfies over a million American men. You can take our word for it — but if you'd like further proof, just shop around a bit and see for yourself that you'll get the biggest, best hat value for your money in a Mallory.

Mallory Hats have the famous "Cravenette" Finish

They are the only hats made with this wonderful waterproofing process—which renders them superbly indifferent to wind and rain and snow and sleet.

If you want something extra fine, ask your hatter to show you a Mallory "Mello-Ease" Hat—the lightest, *softest*, most comfortable hat you've ever tried on your head.

In 1600 they made your hat from a Russian's cast-off coat

(Reprinted by permission of Marshall Field & Company, who sell Mallory Hats)

AMUSING to us—if it were not so shockingly insanitary—was the old method of "felting" hats from beaver fur. Adriaen van der Donck, who traded at Fort Orange from 1641 to 1648 with the Indians, gives, with a description of beaver fur, the following illuminating (and unattractive) process:

> *"When hats are made of the fur, the rough hairs are pulled out, for they are useless. The skins are usually first sent to Russia, where they are highly valued for their outside shining hair, and on this their greatest recommendation depends with the Russians. After the hairs have fallen out, or are worn, and the peltries become old and apparently useless, we get the article back, and convert the fur into hats, before which it cannot well be used for this purpose, for unless the beaver has been worn, it will not felt properly, hence these old peltries are the most valuable."*

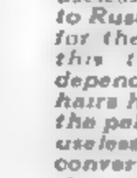
How different is hat-making today! Great reserve stocks of new peltries are thoroughly "cured" and sanitarily stored. The hair is then felted by a painstaking process and blocked into the light, modish shapes of the new season.

When a man rented his hat by the year

And yet, in those old days, "a good hat was very expensive and important enough to be left among bequests in a will. They were borrowed and hired for many years, and, even down to the time of Queen Anne, we find the rent of a *subscription hat* to be £2 6s per annum." Considering the marked shrinkage of the supply of fur-bearing animals in this country, and the buying power of money between the "sixteen hundreds" and now, fine hats of the present season are remarkable for their low cost.

Even the ribbon band on your hat is of ancient lineage!

As far back as 3500 B. C. there are indications that a band with streamers fastened the head-dress of Egyptian women. This style was retained with many peoples, through many centuries. Pictures of head-dresses in the fourteenth century show its use, without streamers, when it was known as a "fillet," holding the cloth head-dress in place



A streamered head-dress of the Fourteenth Century

is somewhat reminiscent of the Scottish Highlander's cap today. To quote Alice Morse Earle: "Hatbands were just as important for men's hats as women's—especially during the years of the reign of James I. Endymion Porter had his wife's diamond necklace to wear on his hat in Spain. It probably looked like paste beside the gorgeousness of the Duke of Buckingham, who had the 'Mirror of France,' a great diamond, the finest in England, 'to wear alone in your hat with a little black feather,' so the king wrote him."

A hat is a cap with a brim

"Flat caps as proper are to city gowns
As armour, helmets, or to kings their crowns."

This was written in 1630, proving again the centuries-old interest men have demonstrated in the details of dress. The cap of the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Britons had acquired a small fold (first semblance of a brim) by the time of Henry VIII, and was sometimes ornamented with a small jewel or a feather. Later, with the activities of the pioneer fur-traders and the great supply of beaver-skins, beaver hats became the choice article of dress and went through many amusing forms—"bell" and "steeple" crowned, cocked and straight of brim.

The small bow inside your hat

even hails from the days when hunting-hats were greatly worn, and in a time when hats could not easily be got to fit their wearers. Then, the leather inside band, lined with a narrow ribbon terminating in a bow, served as a "buffet" for fallen horsemen, some writers even claiming that the small device saved many a life. As for its adapting the ill-fitting hat to its prospective wearer—so far removed from London shops as across the seas, maybe—there can be little doubt of its efficacy. It is a proof of the curious manner in which fashions persist—even after the need which caused their creation has gone—that men will still find in their hats of today a small bow on the inside band!

RACINE
Mitchell
WISCONSIN
U.S.A.

Advanced styles combined with fine workmanship

DURING the closing weeks of 1918 we announced the Victory Model Mitchell—a new-type six based on long time revision of old standards.

We pledged scores of improvements to attain more strength and endurance, less operating cost, less upkeep, more of comfort.

We predicted a sensational success for this car because of the mechanical attainments it brought, because of the engineering principles that created it.

The popularity won was far greater than we even hoped for. It gained almost instant recognition and approval. As the car became known, the demand overwhelmed us.

This success indicated the wisdom of retaining the improved design intact in this season's Mitchell. But many improvements in the chassis itself as well as in manufacturing processes vastly increase the silence and serviceability of the new car.

Thus we have been able to devote Mitchell experts and Mitchell resources to the final development of new designs. And we now offer a new and striking motor car style and an extra fineness of coachwork.

Never before have comparable bodies been offered on other than the highest priced cars or custom-built on individual order.

The lines are new and forecast the future design tendency. The tilted radiator is vastly more pleasing in appearance. And it has inspired the slanting lines that distinguish this latest Mitchell creation.

Comfort and riding ease are also marked features of the new Mitchell. The space in both front and rear compartments is greater; the cushions are deeper and wider. Cantilever rear springs give unusual riding comfort.

These new cars are now being shown by Mitchell dealers. Go and see them. You will thank us for the suggestion when you examine and compare them part by part.

Then place your order at once if you want a car this Spring.

5-Passenger Touring Car
3-Passenger Roadster
5-Passenger Sedan
4-Passenger Coupé

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, INC., RACINE, WIS.

(Continued from Page 143)

morning. They rose a few hours later just in time to snatch a hasty bite of breakfast and get out on the job again. My observations are that this incident is typical of the way in which a very large body of well-paid young workers in this country are spending their free time and their wages. They were all getting good big pay and their hours were relatively short.

"Almost any man who has been young himself and has felt the tingling vitality of youth and the craving for excitement could offer plenty of excuses for young workers like these. They were away from home, among strangers, and in surroundings that offered meager attractions for entertainment of the better sort. Probably they felt that they had to blow off steam in some way and turned to the gambling table as a relief. This incident and others similar to it have given me a deep-rooted conviction that more than a very moderate amount of leisure is a mighty poor thing for the younger class of wage workers. When I hear any of them or of their champions demanding a larger leisure on the ground that it is needed for rest and self-improvement it makes me smile. On the other hand it appears to me that one of the big industrial problems of to-day is that of putting the right kind of diversions and pastimes within easy reach of the younger wage workers.

"Probably a very small proportion of those who now spend their money in gambling and other vicious pleasures would do so if they had plenty of more wholesome pastimes and diversions just as easily available to them. One thing, however, is certain: Any man who tries to convince a level-headed and well-settled wage worker that his younger fellows in the ordinary kinds of industry are in need of either more leisure or more pay will have a hard time to carry conviction. Only the older and more thoughtful workers realize the social speed that their younger shop mates have developed. The man who is not a shop worker is not in a position to realize or appreciate the situation with respect to the younger man."

Leisure and Thrift

A large manufacturing corporation, in which employment conditions are on a high and constructive plane, has just made a test investigation covering about twenty of its workers which is decidedly illuminating as to the personal and leisure habits of the men involved, particularly with respect to the relations between the manner in which their leisure is spent and the matter of personal thrift.

NUMBER ONE: Laborer, Polish, forty years old. Does not read or write English. Has a wife in Europe. Rides to his work. Does no reading or studying. Has no amusements and belongs to no clubs or societies. Is not a company stockholder or a profit-sharing man. Earns $150 a month, sends all his spare money to his wife in Europe. Owns $100 in Liberty Bonds and no other property. Expects to return to Europe

NUMBER TWO: Lathe hand, American, twenty-nine years old. Rides to his work. Reads the daily paper but no books. Does not study. Goes to the movies but belongs to no clubs or social societies. Has a mother dependent upon him. Attended a grade school for eight years, then a technical school. Is a profit-sharing man but not a stockholder. Average earnings $100 a month. Owns Liberty Bonds. Earns two dollars a week outside, repairing automobiles. Is taking practical instruction in automobile repairing in evenings. Gives all his money to his mother and would save more if possible.

NUMBER THREE: Clerk, American, thirty-five years old. Reads the daily papers and books on Nature. Goes to the movies and belongs to a social club. Has a wife and one child. Attended grade school eight years. Is a profit-sharing man but not a stockholder. Owns his home and has bought Liberty Bonds but sold them to pay the mortgage on his home. Is saving his money to educate his children. His evenings are usually spent at home and in doing things round the house. Likes music.

NUMBER FOUR: American, molding machine helper, twenty-two years old, single. Walks to work. Reads the daily papers and books of fiction. Spends his leisure time in bowling and playing pool. Attended grade school eight years. Is not a company stockholder or profit-sharing man. His earnings average $115. He owns no property. He also plays ball. Claims he spends about fifteen dollars a week and turns the balance of his earnings over to his parents. He hopes to become a molding-machine pattern maker.

NUMBER FIVE: Polish, drill-press hand, thirty-eight years old, married and has one child. Reads, writes and speaks English. Walks to work. Reads Polish papers but no books. Goes to a movie show about once a week and belongs to no societies or clubs. Never attended school. He earns about $140 a month but has had much sickness and two deaths in a year, so has been only able to pay expenses and can save nothing. Spends his evenings at home helping his wife. Goes to church on Sunday and to a party occasionally.

NUMBER SIX: American, bench hand, thirty-four years old, married and has three children. Rides to work. Reads the daily papers and books. Has very few amusements and belongs to no clubs or societies. Is not a stockholder but is getting eight dollars a month from a profit-sharing plan. Is earning $130 a month, of which he saves about fifteen dollars. Owns his own home and has a bank account. Also does outside advertising work by which he makes $7.50 a week. This helps him to pay on his home and save something to educate his children.

NUMBER SEVEN: Polish, tool grinder, forty-two years old. Is married and has two children. Reads, writes and speaks English. Rides to work. Reads the daily papers and mechanical books. Has no amusements and belongs to no clubs or societies. Never attended school. Is a profit-sharing man and is paying for his home. Earns about $140 a month and owns $250 in Liberty Bonds. In his spare time he makes tool boxes, etc., which he sells, and enjoys making experiments in chemicals.

NUMBER EIGHT: American, milling-machine hand, twenty-six years old, single. Walks to work, reads the daily papers and books of fiction. Belongs to no clubs or societies. Likes to skate and plays indoor ball. Earns about $126 a month and is helping his mother buy a home. Owns a Liberty Bond. His evenings are spent in going to movies, dances and working round the house. Would like to attend a mechanical school.

NUMBER NINE: American, laborer, sixty years old, single. Walks to work. Reads the daily papers, but no books. Has no amusements and belongs to no clubs or societies. Is earning $140 a month and saves nothing except to pay on Liberty Bond and to put a little money into the profit-sharing plan.

NUMBER TEN: Elevator man, American, sixty-five years old, married but children all grown up. Walks to work. Reads the papers, also some books. Goes to the movies and belongs to a social club. Earns $100 a month. Is paying on a Liberty Bond and is a profit-sharing man but saves nothing else.

NUMBER ELEVEN: American, die chipper, married. Rides to work. Reads the daily papers but no books. Goes to the movies once in a while and belongs to a social club. Has four children. Attended grade school for eight years. Is not a stockholder or profit-sharing man. Is earning $115 a month. Owns Liberty Bonds and is paying on them. Does not own his home. This man is continually out of funds and trying to borrow from his friends and also on his Liberty Bonds.

NUMBER TWELVE: American, metal pattern maker, twenty-six years old, single. Rides to work. He reads the papers and studies mechanical engineering at home in order to better his position. Goes to moving picture shows and does bowling but belongs to no clubs or societies. Went to grade school seven years. Is a stockholder and also a profit-sharing man. Earns a salary of $175, of which he saves $100. Has a bank account and is trying to save all he can. On Saturday afternoons he works in a meat market and earns five dollars. This young man is very thrifty and hopes to become head of a department at some future date.

NUMBER THIRTEEN: Slavonian, drill-press operator, twenty-six years old, single. Speaks and writes English but cannot read. Rides to work. Reads foreign papers and books. Goes to the movies about three times a week and belongs to a social club. Goes to a gymnasium for exercise. Earns about $140 a month and has $100 in Liberty Bonds. He expects soon to attend English classes in the works. On Sundays he goes to church, visiting, etc.

NUMBER FOURTEEN: American, knotter builder, twenty-eight years old, single. Rides to work. Reads the daily papers but no books. Goes to the movies occasionally but belongs to no clubs or societies. Went to grade school five years. Is a profit-sharing man. Lives with his mother. Earns about forty dollars a week. Owns Liberty Bonds. This man spends his leisure time taking walks and going to the movies, otherwise he stays home and reads the papers.

NUMBER FIFTEEN: Clerk, American, thirty-two years old, married with two children. He walks to work. Reads the newspapers but no books. Likes to go to the movies and bowls, also belongs to a social club. Has a mother dependent on him for support. Attended grade school eight years and a technical school six months. He is a small stockholder and a profit-sharing man. Does not own his home. His actual savings are now ten dollars a month in profit sharing, from which account he is forced to draw in urgent cases. He does chores about the home.

NUMBER SIXTEEN: Polish, laborer, thirty-nine years old, has a wife in Europe. Does not speak, read or write English. Does no reading of any kind, and has no amusements. Earns about $150 a month and saves every dollar he can to send to Europe to his family. Owns a Liberty Bond. He hopes eventually to return to Europe.

Here are the conclusions of a very competent employment executive in a large steel mill—a man highly qualified from intimate knowledge of conditions to speak with authority on the subject which he discusses:

"The average young American worker of to-day," he declares, "is inclined to devote most of his spare time to pleasure, such as baseball, bowling, dancing, roller skating, theatergoing, and so on. Since the recent war began most wage workers have received exceptionally good pay, which has had a tendency to make them extravagant, and very few are inclined to save their money or to consider earnestly the more serious problems of life. However, we have about twenty young men at this plant who have associated themselves with our vocational training classes and are devoting two hours a week to the study of mechanical drawing.

"The unmarried wage earner spends most of his free time in company of others of his class in surroundings which are not often conducive to self-development, and even when living with his parents spends a very small share of his time in the home environment. A very small minority of wage earners spend any part of their free time in self-development, either in the vocational or cultural training. There is, however, a small group of wage earners who are enthusiastic over hobbies, such as music, painting and other artistic and practical avocations; also a few spend their spare time in the promotion of such movements as the Boy Scouts and community improvement clubs.

"We find that the majority of our American employees of middle age are married and their time is mostly taken up with the usual wholesome details of home life. This is especially true of those who own their own homes.

"In regard to the foreign element in this locality, we find that the European customs and national traditions have much to do with their social and business life here; therefore we will classify foreigners into smaller groups, such as Croatians, Poles, Italians and Russians.

"The Croatians in our plant, with the exception of a few, are from farming districts. They are men of little or no education, who came here either to earn enough money to pay some debt on a farm in Europe or because of political or military reasons. The first class of these men have as a rule one object in view, and that is to save enough money to return to their native lands. Their free time is spent in boarding houses, playing cards, writing home, reading foreign newspapers and watching closely the happenings in Europe. They attend nearly all church services. Also they take long walks together in small groups and talk about the happenings of the day. Generally they sleep from eight to eleven hours a day and spend much of their time lying on the bed thinking of their homes across the water. They seldom if ever go to places of amusement. Visiting friends is a common and frequent pastime. Much of their time is spent in repairing shoes and clothing. Cheap board is their great objective and moving from one boarding house to another is almost a monthly occurrence. Looking for a boarding house and moving consume much of their free time. They devote no time to study and are not inclined to become American citizens.

"The second class of Croatians, who came here for political or military reasons, are a young and lively set. Much of their time is spent in drinking places and pool rooms, where they gamble inveterately. They gather in these places, drink and sing national songs until late at night. They often visit places of amusement such as pictures or vaudeville shows. Frequent trips are made to the city, where they either visit their friends or walk about looking for cheap jewelry or lively shows. As they are young and have no desire to return to Europe they devote some time to study of the English language and prepare themselves to become American citizens.

"Our Polish wage earners are composed of Russian, German and Austrian Poles. It is true that they are all Poles, but it must be remembered that they were born and lived under various oppressive imperial governments. Our Russian Poles as a rule have left small farms in Europe—but they seldom return to farm life. Their free time is usually spent in beautifying their homes, working in their gardens and planting trees and shrubbery. Much of their time is devoted to meetings of different church societies. They are greatly given to attending christenings and weddings. Much time is devoted by them to study of the English language and a large number of them become American citizens.

"German Poles seldom if ever have farms in Europe. After their arrival in America their only desire is to have homes and become citizens. As nearly all of them have their own home much of their free time is spent round their homes. Their devotion to religion consumes a great deal of time. Occasionally trips are made to parks and amusement places, such as shows, picnics and excursion trips. They read Polish, German and often English papers. They attend evening classes and exert themselves to learn the English language.

"Most of our Austrian Poles as a rule have little education. Many of them cannot read or write their own language. It is true that they have farms in Europe, but the farms are of little or no account. Their free time is spent mainly in drinking and gambling places and cheap dance halls. Weddings, christenings and other celebrations are frequent and enthusiastic, and they often end in a free-for-all fight. They devote considerable time to church affairs and lodge gatherings. Visiting friends is a frequent diversion and their visits usually last for two days or more. They devote very little time to study and are not interested in Americanization."

Traits of the Russians

"The Italians, with the exception of a few, do not care for advancement. Their objective as a rule is to return to the land of their birth. Their free time is devoted to playing national games. Card playing is a common pastime. Making and drinking wine takes up a great many of their spare moments. They like to gather in groups, either at home or on the street and talk about their military experiences in the old country. Italian newspapers are eagerly read by them. Though they are church people they seldom argue about religion—which is so common a practice among most other European peoples. Music is a large part of their life and every Italian devotes much time to the practice of it. Musical gatherings are frequent with Italians. The younger Italians, however, devote considerable time to study of the English language, attend evening classes and read English books and newspapers. But they are somewhat slow to become naturalized.

"Russians who have come to our land came because of the oppression by the imperial government, and finding freedom here are devoting much of their time to political matters and are trying to help their brothers over there. Every typical Russian feels that he is being imposed upon, no matter where he goes or how he is treated. He spends much of his time in what they call work for the good of the people. They gather at homes or in public halls and orate on their political and economic theories. They gamble and drink with great unanimity and enthusiasm. They read Russian radical and socialistic literature almost exclusively and give little time to the study of the English language. Very few of them become American citizens."

The superintendent of a large Eastern plant gives me this terse summary of his men and their leisure-time habits:

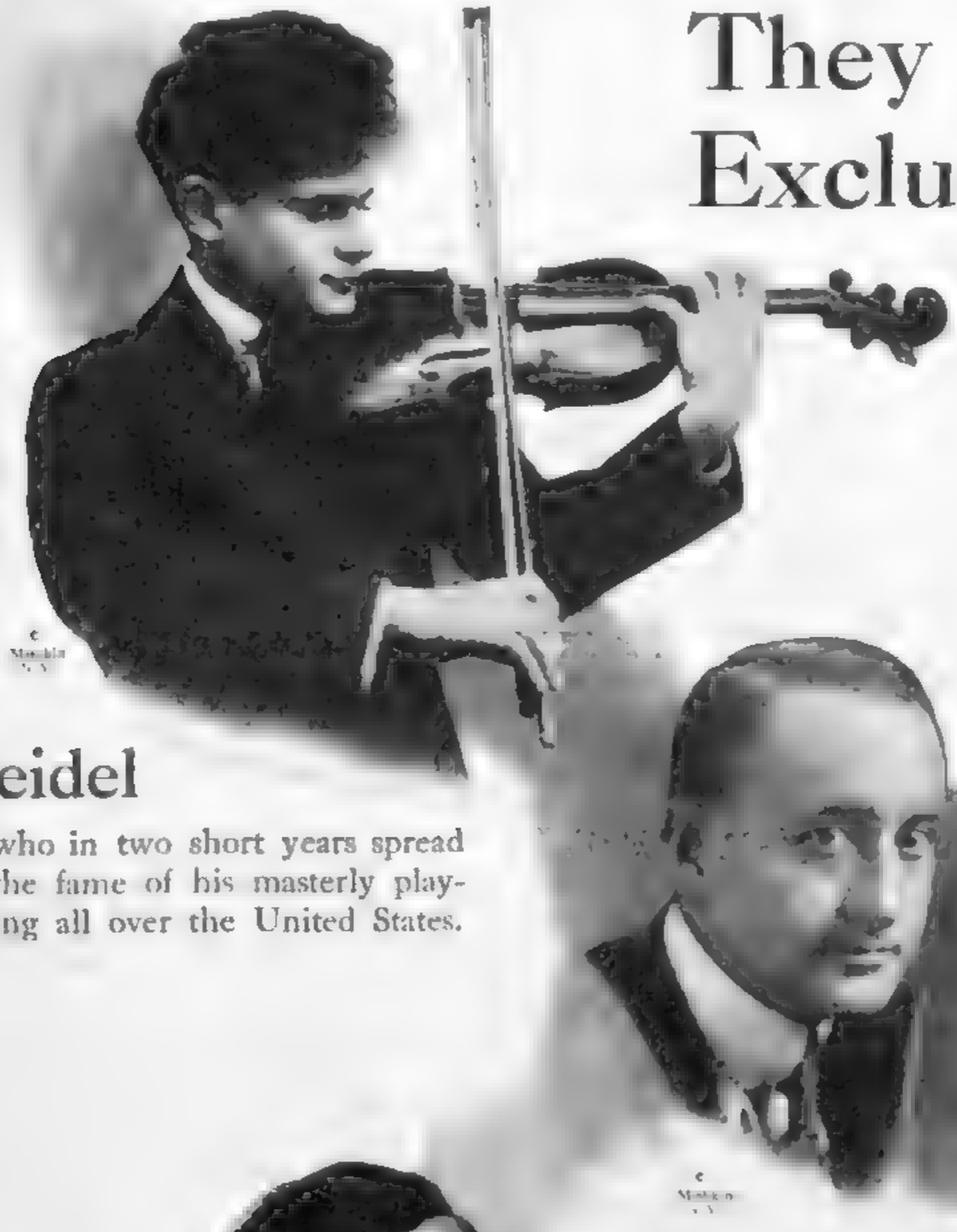
"The young men are in the habit of frequenting pool rooms, bowling alleys and moving pictures, also of shooting craps. Comparatively few are studying regularly or stay at home evenings.

"The middle-aged men are out round hose houses and saloons playing cards. A great many are members of clubs or organizations. A few stay at home and read.

"Our thrifty men read a great deal, are usually at home or go out with families to theater or some entertainment. They belong to some of the good organizations.

(Concluded on Page 151)

New March Columbia

They All Make Records Exclusively for Columbia

Seidel

who in two short years spread the fame of his masterly playing all over the United States.

Exclusive Columbia Artists

Operatic	Instrumentalists	Concert
Baklanoff	Eddy Brown	Farrar
Garden	Casals	Gates
Lazaro	Grainger	Graveure
Macbeth	Hofmann	Lashanska
Mardones	Jacobsen	Maurel
Ponselle	Ysaÿe	Meader
Romaine		Nielsen
Stracciari		Scagle

Popular	Miscellaneous
Nora Bayes	Harry C. Browne
Harry Fox	Guido Deiro
Al Jolson	Yvette Guilbert
Van & Schenck	Fred Hughes
Bert Williams	Marconi Brothers

Hackett

a real American tenor who sprang in one season to the first rank of Grand Opera singers.

Rothier

the great French basso, hero of many hundred ovations in his native France and for the past ten years a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

Barrientos

the brilliant Spanish soprano, idolized by New York Metropolitan Opera audiences. No singer save Patti has triumphed in so many places.

Numbers of Records

Margaret Romaine's First Columbia Records

THIS American girl soprano won musical laurels in London and Paris before she made her New York Metropolitan Opera début.

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A SPARKLING stream of pure liquid melody is what the great Ponselle pours forth in this perfect aria, Verdi's "Bolero."

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Complete March List

This month's list is so varied and vivid that it furnishes just the music for every variety of taste. From opera arias to popular song hits, from orchestra records to bird imitations, from band selections to whistling solos, it covers the whole field of music.

You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet — Al Jolson Come On and Play With Me — Billy Murray	A-2836 10-in. 85c
Just Like the Rose — Lewis James and Charles Harrison Where the Lanterns Glow — Campbell and Burr	A-2842 10-in. 85c
All I Have Are Sunny Weather Friends — Campbell and Burr Now I Know — Lewis James	A-2843 10-in 85c
Lonesome, That's All — Margaret Romaine A Little Bit o' Honey — Margaret Romaine	A-2847 10-in $1.00
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep — José Mardones Asleep in the Deep — José Mardones	A-6134 12-in $1.50
Hand in Hand Again — Campbell and Burr My Love Song, My Rose and You — Charles Harrison	A-2845 10-in 85c
In Your Arms — Nora Bayes Just Like a Gypsy — Nora Bayes	A-6138 12-in $1.25
When You're Alone — Henry Burr Wait'll You See — Peerless Quartette	A-2850 10-in. 85c
The Moon Shines on the Moonshine — Bert Williams Somebody — Bert Williams	A-2849 10-in 85c
Vespri Siciliani—Siciliana — Rom Ponselle	49686 10-in $1.50
La Bohême—Musetta Waltz — Margaret Romaine Mignon—Rondo Gavotte — Margaret Romaine	A-2846 10-in $1.00
"O"—Fox-trot. Introducing "The Vamp" — Ted Lewis' Jazz Band Barking Dog—Fox-trot — Coleman's Novelty Syncopators	A-2844 10-in 85c
Nobody Knows—Fox-trot Wonderful Pal—One-Step — Hickman Trio	A-2839 10-in 85c
Rainbow of My Dreams—Fox-trot Burmese Belles—One-Step — Art Hickman's Orchestra	A-2841 10-in 85c
Dardanella—Fox-trot Wild Flower—Waltz — Prince's Dance Orchestra Yerkes' Jazarimba Orchestra	A-2851 10-in 85c
I Want a Daddy Who Will Rock Me to Sleep—Fox-trot I Might be Your Once-in-a-While—Fox-trot — Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra Yerkes' Jazarimba Orchestra	A-2840 10-in 85c
New York Hippodrome Medley—One-Step Nobody Ever—Medley Fox-trot — The Happy Six	A-6133 12-in $1.25
Oh, What a Pal Was Mary—Medley Waltz Carolina Sunshine—Medley Waltz — Prince's Orchestra	A-6137 12-in $1.25
I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles—Violin Solo — Tascha Seidel	78796 10-in $1.00
Cortège du Sardar — Philharmonic Orchestra of New York Turkish March — Philharmonic Orchestra of New York	A-6135 $1.50
Father O'Flynn and Haste to the Wedding — Patrick J. Scanlon Keel Row and Money Musk — Patrick J. Scanlon	A-2837 10-in 85c
Whistling Rufus — Prince's Orchestra The Nightingale and the Frogs—Sybil [illegible] Eagle	A-2838 10-in 85c
Ben Hur Chariot Race — Prince's Band Under Orders — Prince's Band	A-2848 10-in 85c
Bird Calls. Part 1.—Bird Imitations Bird Calls. Part 2.—Bird Imitations — Edward Aves	A-2832 10-in 85c
Prelude in E Minor—Prelude in C Minor—Prelude in A Major—Piano Solo Nocturne in G Major—Piano Solo — Mary Hallock	A-6136 12-in $1.50
Spanish Gypsy Dance Night of Love—Concert Waltz — Columbia Spanish Orchestra Spanish Gypsy Orchestra	E-4470 10-in 85c

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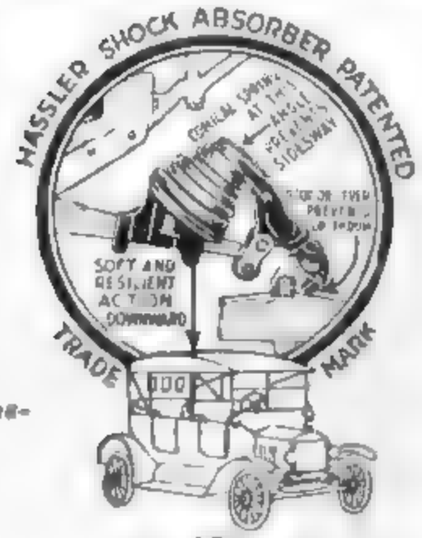
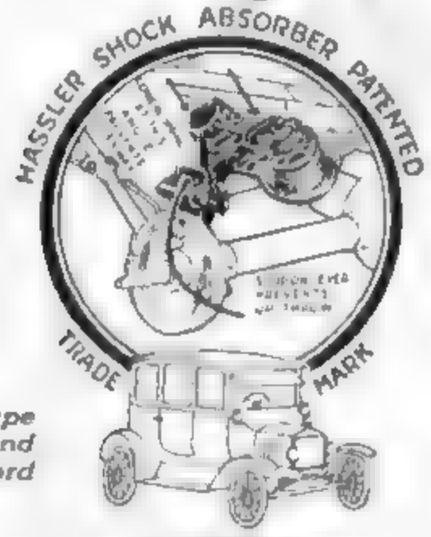


For Ford Passenger Cars.



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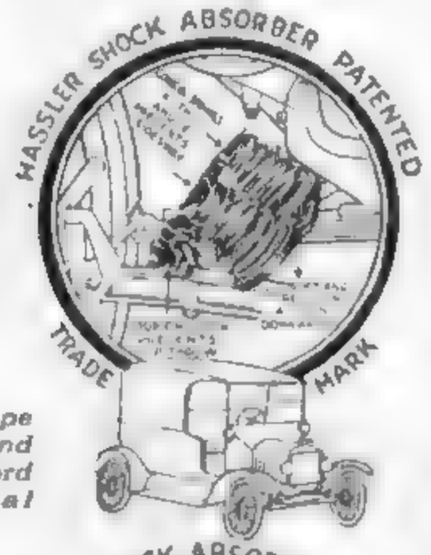

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(Concluded from Page 147)

"The unthrifty men play cards or pool regularly in saloons or in the rear of small cigar stores, drink some, are seldom at home and rarely go out with families."

The garment maker's trade offers a fertile field for inquiry as to the effect of comparative leisure on the worker who is well paid and whose work could scarcely be described as making an excessive draft on the vitality of the toiler. Relatively speaking, it is light work performed in pleasant, well-ventilated and well-lighted rooms; many of these men take frequent lay-offs and a forty-four-hour week is standardized. An employment manager of a large garment-making house tells me that the average wage of all his men workers is to-day about forty-five dollars a week; that many of the skilled men make $100 a week and not a few $150. The average for women workers is lower—not far from twenty-eight dollars. The percentage of men and women in this trade who cannot speak English is large, and a majority would be classed as foreigners by anyone not holding to the strict technical definition of the term.

One of the workers in this field declares that: "No man can work more than fifty-four hours a week and be a good citizen."

Incidentally the man at the head of the house by which this garment worker is employed works an average of about seventy hours a week; therefore he must be a very poor specimen of citizenship!

On one floor of a garment house more than fifty dollars changed hands in one day during work hours. On the same day, on another floor of that factory, certain men lost a week's wage in throwing dice and matching. Because these men had families dependent upon them some of their fellow workers offered a protest, and word was sent to the management that a poster prohibiting gambling should be posted in the workrooms. In this house washroom gambling has become a daily practice, and there is no apparent reason to think that this factory has a monopoly on employees who find their weekly off-time leisure sufficient in which to satisfy their appetite for the excitement of gambling.

Extravagant Garment Workers

An inveterate gambler on his employer's time was recently overheard telling a fellow worker: "You're doing too much work. I get more money than you, but you turn out more work than I do. Take it easy. The firm's making big money."

The man who made this plea was formerly turning out about ten suits a day, but is now handling only seven or eight. The reasons for this production decrease are gambling in work hours and a failure to get a demand for a raise. This incident is declared to be typical of the attitude of those garment workers—whose name is legion—who can't stand prosperity and short hours.

That officials of the union have found it necessary to warn their men that they must cut out gambling in work hours and quit lying down on their jobs is an open secret. Incidentally it might be mentioned in passing that the workers in this industry have recently been awarded an advance of approximately twenty per cent in pay and that their advance since 1914 has been more than 200 per cent. In view of this the reference to an inability to stand up under prosperity seems decidedly pertinent.

If a certain young Polish garment worker's expenditures may be taken as representative or typical, matrimonial intentions may impose quite as heavy a tax upon the toiler as the nimble dice or the green table. This machine worker—whose weekly wage is about $100—lately gave a diamond ring costing $600 to his girl. He wears a diamond ring and scarfpin each worth about $150. A scarfpin of this value calls for a neck scarf of quality, and it now sparkles against a tie costing $3.50.

Then again this combination would be highly incongruous unless set off by a background of respectable clothes. Their owner appreciates this fact and has two new suits the materials of which cost him $7.50 a yard at wholesale. A ninety-dollar overcoat adds the finishing touch to this decent garb—not to mention an outfit of silk shirts. Is it any wonder that this worker—even at a wage of $100 a week—is known among his fellows as a total abstainer, a nonuser of tobacco and a model of chaste and quiet habits, who has no use for the vivacious little ivory cubes or the intriguing cards? Anyhow, the virtuous but diamond-lighted career of this young Pole affords substantial food for thought on the part of the consumer of forty-four-hour clothes who is obliged to pay about seventy-five dollars or more for the suits that frisk over the machine of this model young garment worker.

From an incident that lately enlivened the monotony of a ladies' locker room in a garment factory it would seem that men are not the only workers in this trade who find the cost of dressing a very alluring study. A Bohemian woman, whose weekly wage as a sleeve sewer usually ran about thirty-five dollars a week—sometimes thirty-nine dollars—complained that forty-two dollars had been stolen from her purse while she was at work. Standing in a three-quarter-length fur coat, for which she said she had paid $150, she explained that she was about to get the forty-two dollars to buy a pair of shoes and a skirt when she discovered that it was gone.

What the Accused Wore

She emphasized the seriousness of this loss by explaining that as she had no money in the bank and her husband was earning a little less than she it left her in a most embarrassing situation. She also implied that it was a shame that a poor working girl should be robbed in the place where she toiled, and that it was up to her employer to make good the loss without causing her any further annoyance. No; she didn't have any children and she didn't want any, either; it was all she and her husband could do to get along—on a light-housekeeping schedule in one room without any children!

It appears that this garment worker who complained of the loss of forty-two dollars from her purse had quite definite suspicions pointing to a young woman, who was called on the carpet and questioned. When she appeared to face that ordeal she was dressed as follows: Crêpe de Chine waist; new dark serge skirt; new high-top tan shoes; white silk gloves; silk underskirt; silk stockings; expensive beaver-fur hat; a sealskin coat trimmed with beaver cuffs and collar. She carried a fine plush hand bag. Her appearance was that of a wealthy woman dressed for a stroll on Michigan Boulevard, and not that of a sleeve sewer in a clothing shop. The fur coat would find a quick sale in any shop window at $200. It even outshone the coat of her accuser. The weekly wage of this sewing girl averages thirty-five dollars a week.

But the tragedy of the locker room does not end here. The gentleman friend of the accused came to her rescue—wearing expensive and natty garments, including an overcoat with fur collar that would be a bargain at $125. He modestly admitted that he was earning sixty to seventy dollars a week as a garment maker and that how he spent his money was his own business. If he chose to give his girl a fur coat it was his affair. Anyhow the coat was a good one.

Then the young people passed off the carpet and out of the scene with the remark that they were going to take in the Jewish parade and that they'd tell the world that they didn't have to work when they didn't feel like it.

From these incidents—and scores of others off the same bolt of cloth that might be offered in evidence—it would appear that the ordinary business manager or perhaps vice president of a commercial or industrial concern of average size and liberality should think twice before he aspires to trot in the class of the once down-trodden garment worker. And perhaps he will be wise to hesitate—for if he attempts to keep up the pace set by a numerous element in the younger set of that calling he will need a bank account sound in wind and limb. The humble builders of forty-four-hour clothes are certainly showing speed. If you doubt it, ask the nearest dealer in ready-to-wear clothes what you'll have to pay for a spring suit.

But you can't really get up proper speed if you are held down to forty-four hours of work a week. The larger leisure is the only thing that will bring out the full going powers of a twenty-two-year-old man who is pulling down an average of about sixty-five dollars a week!

It would be unfair to the workers in this industry to leave any possible opening for the inference that they are all gamblers and spenders. On the contrary I can match every example of reckless extravagance with one of thrift, of home buying and home staying. But this does not vitiate the conclusion that the big pay and the comparatively short work week in this trade are exerting a strong and disintegrating pressure on a large class of its workers.

When it comes to a question of the larger leisure the continuous-process men, who almost universally work seven days a week, are certainly entitled to be heard. Hundreds of these men are to be found in the most responsible and arduous positions in plants like oil refineries, chemical works, and other industries where the processes of production must be uninterrupted by a weekly day of rest.

Lately I fell in with a group of these men who had just been attending a session of their general council, under the employee-representation plan, by which their corporation handles its labor problems and policies. This means that they were responsible men chosen by their fellows to voice the sentiments of the workers. They were commonly referred to by their associates as seven-dollars-a-day men.

Continuous-Process Men

One of them said: "Our workday is all right, but our work week is too long. The worker who has an eight-hour day with Saturday afternoon and Sunday off has all the leisure he needs—all that is good for him. But we continuous-process men work seven days a week. I'll say that the every-day-in-the-month schedule takes the joy out of life. It's too much of a good thing. And it's getting us too. This kind of a grind, without a single day of relief or relaxation, is more than any man can stand for more than a few years. Why, man, if we could have Saturday afternoon and Sundays off we'd feel as if the company had shoved us to where we were beyond the dreams of avarice! We'd know how to appreciate a little leisure at its true value. When I hear a forty-four-hour-week man hollering for more leisure I get kind of het up—and I'm used to a lot of heat, at that!"

With the concurrence of the entire group of continuous-process men another man said: "No doubt about it; the men who take the most leisure—the habitual lay-off crowd—are not the men as a rule who deliver the best hourly production when they do work—no, not by a long shot! The exceptions to this rule are what I would call the spurt men—those that seem to be built for speed but not endurance, who can produce at top speed for a little while and then are all in. But this kind is not numerous enough to cut much of a figure. The real producers are the steady men."

This group was joined by a man of middle age—also a representative of the workers in the lawmaking body of the corporation. He was the only man in the little gathering who appeared inclined to side-step the question and to lead off into the ambush of qualifying conditions and mitigating circumstances. Also, he was the only man of the group who worked only forty-four hours a week and was a member of a union.

In the plant where these men are employed the workday used to be ten hours. In the presence of an official of the company these men made the statement that a reduction to an eight-hour day did not diminish the volume of production, but rather increased it. As this assertion was unchallenged I assume that it is correct. This apparent fact—if it is a fact—should afford these continuous-process men with a very substantial basis on which to urge a plea for a 5½-day week—or at least a six-day week.

A Practical Test

In another large plant the men of an important department appealed to the management for an eight-hour day in place of the ten-hour workday then in vogue. The workers brought forward the standard argument that the additional rest given them by the shorter day would so increase their production capacity that they would be able to turn out as much product as they were then producing in ten hours. The management made a quick comeback of this kind:

"We'll give you the shortest day in which you will deliver the same volume of production that you are now giving us. But this must be determined by a test covering a reasonable period—not by a brief spurt."

The challenge was accepted. The drop to eight hours demonstrated that the workers were mistaken and could not deliver the production that they had been delivering in ten hours. The length of the workday was then increased to the point where they did deliver and maintain the old ten-hour volume of production. That point was found to be slightly in excess of eight and a half hours. This experiment was in the paint-making industry, where there are continuous processes.

If I were a wage worker with the facts and impression accumulated in this investigation fresh in mind, their reaction would, I am sure, be this: A determination to brace myself resolutely against the disintegrating influence of the disregard for production that is becoming increasingly common among wage earners; a quickened purpose to spend my leisure and my wages in a rational way to the end of getting something substantial and satisfying in return, and a conviction that one may overeat of the cake of leisure as easily as of other sweets.

If I were an employer I could not, I think, escape the conclusion as a result of these researches that the craving for sports and athletics in every red-blooded boy and man offers a ready and relatively inexpensive agency for putting wholesome and constructive diversions in the way of the workers in my employ to the end of making their leisure hours helpful instead of harmful to them; that a workday of reasonable length is a better bargain than one which the worker of fair intentions feels must be diluted with a little relaxation, lagging or actual loafing; that no worker can deliver his best hits in the battle of production who is required to be on the job seven days a week or who is not in position to look forward to an annual vacation with pay.

As a mere observer I am forced to the conviction that within a year or two the term "vacation with pay" will sound far less revolutionary as applied to the wage worker than it does to-day, and that its practice will be commonly considered the badge of intelligent vision among larger employers of labor of the factory and the mill type.

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Columbia
One-Piece Housing
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OLD HUTCH LIVES UP TO IT

(Continued from Page 15.

combination of the ray from the window and the light of a full moon—the rotted porch, the warped, long-unpainted clapboards, the broken windows stuffed with rags, the yard full of tall weeds interspersed with rubbish of every conceivable variety.

"Nice place fer a man worth a hundred thousand to be livin' in!" he muttered.

Already plans for reform in this direction were forming in his mind. He pushed open the door and entered his silent and amazed family circle. There was no word of greeting. Such superfluous formality had long been waived in the Hutchins household.

"Your supper'll be right on the table, Ort," whined his wife.

Ort merely grunted. He was mystifying his observing offspring by hunting up a nail on which to hang the new hat. It was customary for all articles of the Hutchins wardrobe not actually in use to be thrown on the floor, as testified several ragged deposits about the corners of the kitchen. Over one of these Ort affected to stumble. With a roar he turned on the young tribe, who were in the act of slipping out for their usually unrestrained evening's romp.

"Here you, come back here!" he commanded. "Pick up them things an' hang 'em up, every one of 'em, an' if I ever ketch any of ye throwin' things round ag'in I'll whale ye good. Do ye hear? Put that pail under the sink! Put that broom an' mop in the cellarway! Straighten them chairs round! Sary, ye see to it after this that things is kep' in their place!"

While his orders were being carried out he took up the smoking lamp, opened the door of the sitting room—so-called by courtesy—the only other apartment that the lower floor of the shanty afforded, and surveyed it with ever-mounting disgust. A number of articles more useless than the rest he threw out into the kitchen.

"Throw them things in a pile in the back yard!" he commanded. "Then come in here an' straighten up this room. An' 'fore ye go to bed straighten up the bedrooms an' keep 'em so, er I'll know the reason why. Ain't no sense in this place lookin' like a pigpen. Nice place fer a man to live in that's ——"

He was on the point of saying "worth a hundred thousand," but broke off in time.

"'Nother thing. 'Fore ye go to school in the mornin' set to an' pick up every last thing round the yard an' throw it on the pile. An' don't ye never throw nothin' round the yard ag'in."

The force of this unprecedented command was overshadowed by the use of that ominous word "school."

Emmy, Susan and Bob, seven, nine and ten respectively, stared at their parent in mingled amazement and alarm. Ort, Jr., nearly fourteen and hence almost beyond the grasp of the hated truancy law, snickered derisively.

"School!" he ventured. "We ain't been to school in a long time!"

"You're goin' now!" Ort announced. "An' if ye ever skip a day ag'in ye'll get yer hides whaled off. Sary, do ye hear? Mend these kids' clothes up to-night an' see 'at they're clean an' git 'em off on time in the mornin'."

"Not a word now!" he added to the crestfallen and whimpering youngsters. "Finish slickin' up an' then go to bed. No more chasin' round after supper."

The bewildered Sarah, now convinced that her spouse was mad, placed his supper on the table in silence and with trembling haste. Before eating, however, Ort for the second time that evening performed ablutions as to his face and hands, this time with hot water and a remnant of soap. He managed, too, to find a broken bit of comb and straighten out his hair and beard. He ate with deliberation and dignity, imagining himself dining in state at the Willow Bend Hotel.

The meal finished, he ascended the quaking ladderlike stairs to the half story above and to the bedroom he shared with his wife and the two youngest children. There he found his one other suit of clothes, a patched and rusty black that he wore on the rarest occasions. This the weary Sarah was compelled to sponge and press after tightening up sundry patches and trimming frayed edges. This refurbished finery Ort put on, turning over his overalls and jumper with instructions that they be immediately washed, ironed and mended.

"Don't none o' the men I work with wear such dirty rags as I do. I gotta quit it. I didn't like to bother you, Sary, you so tired all the time."

This last he pronounced in accents as near to tenderness as his unpracticed tongue could assume. But Sarah in her astonishment at his reference to the tabooed subject of work hardly noticed his sudden display of solicitude. This was certainly insanity!

"Work!" she quavered. "Why, Ort Hutchins, what do you mean?"

Ort feigned intense chagrin.

"There now," he exclaimed, "that slipped out 'fore I thought! Why, fact is, Sary, I been goin' off 'mong the farmers every summer fer years workin' round when ye thought I was fishin'. Been puttin' the money in the savin's bank over to Batavia." Sarah's indignation overcame fear of her husband.

"Ort Hutchins," she demanded, "you mean to tell me you been hidin' out money on me? An' me workin' my fingers to the bones?"

He Sank Back on the Piled-Up Lumber for the Moment, Too Weak From Reaction to Open It

"Now, now, Sary!" he soothed. "I done it fer your good. I didn't know but any time my health might give out complete an' I wanted sumthin' laid by to take care of us. I never told ye 'bout my gittin' hurt on a scaffoldin' twenty year ago. I didn't want to worry ye, but the doc said then I might break down any time. My nerves was hurt bad. Doc said last time I saw him I was purty nigh well an' could work stiddy now. So we're goin' to cut loose an' begin spendin' that money a little now. Tell ye what I'll do jest to prove it, nex' time I go to Batavia to see the doc an' bank some money I'll buy ye a Sunday dress so ye won't be 'shamed to go out among folks."

Mrs. Hutchins' pale, drawn face was a picture of conflicting emotions. Ort had spun his web of pure fiction so convincingly that she began to hope it might be the truth. But no, it could not be. This must be madness. Her cross was about to become heavier than she could bear. She sank into a chair and burst into hysterical weeping. Ort watched her for a moment, something near to long-forgotten tenderness fluttering in his breast for an instant. Then he turned on his heel and without another word left the house.

"Durn wimmin, anyhow!" he grumbled as he strode down the street. "Why can't they be sensible like men an' not go bawlin' at every little thing? Guess I fixed her though. But, gosh, I gotta live up to all them lies enough so she'll believe 'em! When she does she'll do the talkin' an' everybody'll believe her. I won't hafta do no talkin' myself—none to speak of."

Sarah fulfilled Ort's predictions. As the days went by she became gradually convinced of his sanity. He steadfastly adhered to his new rule of personal cleanliness and neatness as well as unrelentingly holding the household to that regimen.

True, Ort still went downtown every evening and loafed about the store and still made a late return. He had thus craftily avoided any appearance of sudden conversion. His gradual improvement in raiment caused some ribald comment, one or two venturing the assertion that "Hutch's ol' woman was gettin' him under her thumb." Ort met these sallies with the bland indifference of one conscious that he could buy out the whole crowd, Gunnison and all, did he choose.

The final convincing of Sarah came with the purchase of the new dress two weeks after Ort's entry into the class of plutocrats. Ort had worked steadily every day of that two weeks at the high day wages paid to farm labor in wartime. He had carried his fish pole out as far as the woods in the edge of town each day in order that his industry might not be conspicuous. He had gone to Batavia finally with his wages, deposited just enough in the savings bank to enable him to show Sarah a bank book, which he carefully avoided opening for close inspection. He actually visited a doctor, too, and as he was obviously suffering from nervous excitement he had no trouble in procuring a nerve tonic, which he also displayed.

The dress was a cheap but eminently satisfactory purchase. It was bought at a last-season's bargain sale, Ort beating the clerk down from the asking price of five dollars to three dollars and fifty cents. He told Sarah it cost twenty-five dollars and she believed it. Sarah therefore donned the new raiment and went proudly to church—and Sarah talked. Had the wily Ort carefully coached her until she was letter-perfect she could not have talked to better effect.

Yes, she expected to be able to attend meeting pretty regularly again, now that Ort's health was so improved and he was earning regular wages again so they could afford clothes. He had rented Mr. Gunnison's farm and expected to do right well now. Of course, she explained, it had seemed a little extravagant to take all that money out of the savings bank just for a new dress. Ort was that saving she'd hated to insist. Not that she complained. Poor man, he'd had a hard time of it with his health all that twenty years since he was hurt, and people blamin' him for not workin' when all the time the doctor was prescribin' for his nerves. Ort hadn't wanted she should mention it, but she thought it due him.

Ort had rightly counted on Sarah's pride forbidding her to admit she had never before heard of either his accident or his savings-bank affiliations. Hence by the time the Hutchins family moved out of the shanty to the Gunnison farm the village mind had been properly tilled and sown with innuendo which had already yielded a crop of rumor and surmise extremely satisfactory to the husbandman.

The Hutchins reform, rapid as it had been, had dawned so gradually on the village mind that with the artful aid of Sarah's artless explanations its beginning seemed on reflection to antedate by years the Buffalo robbery. The complete success of his strategy reached Ort's ears through Sarah, who at the sewing circle that week, happening to sit concealed just round the end of a partition, had heard comments not intended for her ears.

"Did you ever hear the beat of Ort Hutchins' goin' to farmin'? I can't see what Tom Gunnison's thinkin' about to have any truck with that Hutchins tribe."

It was the voice of the self-sufficient Mrs. Martha Beels.

"Why, Martha," exclaimed Mrs. Lucy Adams, "that isn't quite fair! You mustn't blame the whole family for Ort's doin's. Sarah's a real nice little body and she's been a good, faithful church worker lately since Ort's health got better and she got him to let her have a little money for clothes."

"Ort's health? Money?" snorted Martha. "What you talkin' about? What's the matter with Ort Hutchins' health an' where'd he ever get any money?"

"Why, Ort's been a invalid for twenty years—ever since he got hurt fallin' off a scaffoldin'! I'd forgot about it till Sarah reminded me of it. Some doctor told him he couldn't work on account of his nerves. Anyhow, seems he worked out round the country whenever he could and saved most every dollar he earned—put it in the savings bank in Batavia."

"Humph!" objected Martha. "Why, they live like pigs! Hardly enough to keep soul an' body together. Their place's been a disgrace to the village fer years."

"Why, their place wasn't so awful as folks think," interposed Mrs. Myron Holmes. "Trouble was we never went near 'em. I was in there last week for the first time in five years. The baby was sick. I was surprised. The place was neat, clean an' tidy's a pin, an' had a lot of good-lookin' furniture in it."

The matter of the furniture had been another of Ort's strokes of genius. He had borrowed a horse and wagon and spent two days collecting old iron round the country, incidentally getting customers to throw in broken and discarded furniture whenever possible. He had sold the iron at the Batavia foundry at a profit that bought tools and paint, and under cover of darkness had brought home enough nondescript and crippled chairs, tables, couches, beds and bureaus amply to furnish the big farmhouse into which he was moving. He mended and painted the wrecks at night in the cellar, telling his family he had bought them at an auction for two hundred dollars.

"I must say I was quite well impressed with Mr. Hutchins," said the new minister, whom Ort had taken pains to meet and so impress before counter impressions could be made. "He admits to me he doesn't attend church regularly, but wishes his family to go, and he's given me ten dollars toward the church fund, promising more through the year as it is needed. I believe from all I hear he has never been so bad as painted. We should meet him with a spirit of Christian charity and helpfulness."

When Sarah reported this conversation to Ort he listened gravely without comment. Afterward he chuckled softly to himself and summed up his satisfaction with, "I don't give a durn fer their Christian charity long's they believe I got quite some money an' had it quite a spell."

Ort had made a most satisfactory deal with Gunnison. The owner of the farm provided tools and a team to work the place, Ort having the option of paying in the fall a moderate rental for their use or buying them outright at that time. The gross sales for the season were to be divided fifty-fifty between owner and tenant up to one thousand dollars each, Ort to have all of any further sum realized. This was Ort's proposal and Gunnison good-naturedly agreed, being confident that sales would not exceed two thousand dollars. Ort privately held the same belief, but this arrangement would leave him free to lie unhampered about the amount of his season's income and thus enable him to swell very handsomely and plausibly the reputed size of his fictitious hoardings.

But far more satisfactory was the fact that at last he was rightful tenant and guardian of the sacred acres in which lay buried his fortune. Now he could keep an eye on it. If his plots continued to flourish he could begin before long the digging up of the gorgeous yellowbacks one at a time. But this satisfaction was short-lived. The very day after the Hutchins family settled in their new home a serious blow fell. Ort had paused on his way from the barn to the house and looked off across the fields to the little knoll in the woodland where the huckleberry bush guarded his treasure, as he had done probably a hundred times in the last twenty-four hours. This time he gasped with consternation. The next instant he was running across the pasture toward the woodlot. In that brief horror-stricken glance he had seen two workmen armed one with an axe and one with a spade vigorously attacking the soil and underbrush about his treasure-trove.

Ort arrived bursting with rage and fear. Not till he was in the very presence of the pair did it occur to him that these might be the desperadoes who had stolen the money. At that he stopped abruptly and stood panting and staring at them foolishly. Then he recognized two Italians, members of the section gang that worked on the

(Continued on Page 158)

Interest in Shoot- Will Exceed

YOU remember how last summer some people were just beginning to realize the big revival of interest in shooting. It seemed to be in the air. Everyone was talking about it.

Hunters had, for patriotic reasons, been willing to forego their sport. Trap shooting, rifle and pistol clubs were greatly in need of reorganization.

Sportsmen reported that some dealers had neglected their stocks, causing unnecessary inconvenience. These dealers overlooked the fact that the desires and habits of people had not changed.

Hunters have been out in great numbers this fall. From every state in the Union comes the word that game is more plentiful than it has been for many years.

Shooting Is More Popular Than Ever Before

The higher standards and greater general interest in shooting have led all of the old shooters to again enter the lists and many new shooters are mastering this splendid sport.

Trap shooting meets are being arranged for the coming season on a larger scale than ever before. So many men were out at one important meet that some of the squads had to wait till the second day for their chance at the clays.

The growth of rifle and pistol clubs has been largely increased by the several million soldiers who understand and appreciate this sport.

The many rifle clubs being formed by boys is an outgrowth of their association together in the Boy Scouts and similar organizations. A large number of boys are qualifying this year for the Marksman's Medal of the National Rifle Association.

Take the Handicap Off Your Shooting

Only the best and most modern equipment will enable you to do full justice to yourself in your shooting. And in fairness to yourself you must have the same confidence in your gun and ammunition that you have in your skill as a marksman.

The man who was formerly considered a good shot finds that former standards have advanced because of the increased interest in shooting. There are more shooters than ever before and

The New Remington
.380 Automatic Pistol.

Remington Autoloading and Repeating Shot Guns.

The first completely wet proof
Shot Gun Shells-Nitro Club, Arrow, New Club.

ing This Year All Records

they are all expressing a high appreciation for this manly sport.

You Can Rely on the Largest Manufacturer of Firearms and Ammunition in the World

The spirit of Remington today is the same spirit that made the first American rifle more than 100 years ago; to produce a better product, to be first to offer practical improvements and always to keep faith with the public.

Remington leadership is shown by the following achievements, each a step ahead of its time and each a starting point for further progress:

It Was the First to Successfully Manufacture—

- Paper shot shells in U. S.
- Metallic cartridges in U. S.
- .22 short smokeless rim fire cartridges in U. S.
- Gun wads in U. S.
- Primers adapted to smokeless powder.
- Cannelured bullets for inside lubricated cartridges.
- Drawn metal central fire cartridges in U. S.
- Battery cups for best quality paper shot shells.
- Lock-breech autoloading rifles.
- Standard high power smokeless cartridges for big game autoloading rifles.
- Modern military high power cartridges with pointed bullets in the U. S.
- Cartridges for automatic pistols.
- High power slide action repeating rifles.
- Hammerless solid breech repeating shotguns.
- Hammerless solid breech autoloading shotguns.
- *Completely* Wetproof Shot Shells.

Remington Service at Your Local Dealer's

He is fully qualified. His service increases the value of Remington products to you. He knows exactly how to select what will best serve your purpose. Sportsmen talk with him because he is a true sportsman himself. He knows the products he offers by his own personal experience, confirmed by the reports of others.

A Remington Field Representative covers your territory. He is factory trained and a keen sportsman. He helps Remington dealers with repairs and his experience is available to the local shooting clubs. You will know your local Remington dealer by the Red Ball Sign—Sportsmen's Headquarters.

To Remington Dealers: A reprint of this announcement will be sent you on request. Hang it in your window to show that your interest and service are equal to this wonderful nation-wide revival in shooting. It will identify your position as Remington "Sportsmen's Headquarters", a responsibility which you know is always beneficial to your customers.

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Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World

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REMINGTON UMC

Remington Slide Action and Autoloading High Power Rifles

There is a Remington UMC Cartridge for every standard make of Rifle, Pistol, and Revolver

Remington High Power Rifles for Big Game

There may be a hundred ways to beat the

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but there is one sure way that *cannot* fail:

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Clip and mail this coupon now to find out how to do it.

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Name

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near-by railroad. At the same moment it occurred to him that he must avoid showing undue interest in the little knoll.

To his intense relief the bush was still undisturbed. The more aggressive bushes about it had been hewed down and the ground roughly leveled off. Near by was a pile of boards and posts.

"Hey, what you boys doin'?" Ort demanded at last.

"Goo' mornin', Meestair Hutch," said one. "We builda da shack. We gon leeva here."

"Oh, no you ain't, not a-tall!" Ort countered. "I'm rentin' this farm now. You ain't got any right here."

"We canna help," the spokesman came back with a shrug. "Mebbe you renta da farm. Mebbe so. Mr. Gunnison he owna da farm. He giva da permish, we builda da shack."

And that was all Ort could get from the pair. It was evident from the position of rude stringers already in place that the shack was to be built directly on top of his treasure, permanently clamping it down out of his reach. On first impulse he rushed to Tom Gunnison, but he found his appeal to the farm's owner fruitless.

"Wal now, Ort," Gunnison explained, "I forgot to tell ye I rented that little piece o' waste land to them dagoes 'fore I made the dicker with you. Can't make no difference to you though. Anyhow, I can't go back on my word to 'em."

Despite the bitter irony of the supposition that it made no difference to him, Ort saw at once that he could not afford to protest, and with a mumbled word or two meant to express indifference he returned home, heartsick, enraged, baffled, the bright new light of his life suddenly burning very dim.

How to get rid of these squatters upon his fortune was a torturing problem that for weeks haunted the new-fledged farmer day and night. He thought longingly of the possibility of breaking into the shack in the absence of its tenants and rescuing his fortune. But it soon became evident that there was no such absence. The builder of the shack had a sturdy young wife who was chained to the spot day and night by four offspring of tender years. Various schemes for luring the tribe away for an hour or two occurred to Ort, but tentative experiments proved them all impractical. Then the idea of manufacturing a ghost to haunt the woodland in the vicinity of the squatters filled him with triumphant confidence.

When at low twelve of the night following Ort's latest inspiration a ghost, betraying all the traditional earmarks to the moonbeams that filtered through the foliage round the shack, began to torture the air with a series of properly doleful sounds, the shack window opened and a rude and unappreciative shotgun poured its contents into a tree trunk a scant foot from the white-robed presence.

Sarah Hutchins never could make out how one of her brand-new bed sheets came to be lying out in the middle of the cow pasture where she found it the next day just as Ort's new brindle heifer was tentatively investigating its food properties.

Following this episode Ort thought wildly of burning the shack down, but cautious reflection warned him of the great danger of thus becoming a murderer. He also feared adopting quarrelsome tactics with a view to forcing out his troublesome neighbor. Certain shot marks on a tree trunk were a constant reminder that "them dagoes is bad actors."

And so he resorted to persuasion. Under a pretense of friendly interest he picked out one after another spots in various parts of the woodlot which he tried to show his neighbor were better sites for a dwelling. He offered to move the shack for him. To all these proffers the tiresome fellow returned smiling but stubborn refusal.

"Maka too mucha troub. I lika da shack here fine," was his unvarying retort.

"These gosh-durned emigrants is sendin' this country plumb to hell, an' that's all there be to it," Ort concluded in final despair.

Aside from plotting to rid himself of his neighbors, Ort thought, talked, dreamed and read these days little but money and its curious long-unfamiliar ways. He subscribed to a daily paper and pored laboriously over its financial columns. As he became more sophisticated in the ways of finance the crudity of his first schemes for getting his money into circulation dawned on him. It would take much more time and finesse than he had dreamed of in his first enthusiasm. He had a long season of hard work ahead of him. Meantime the money was safe where it lay.

So despite his anxiety he toiled furiously, continuously and with crafty efficiency at the rented farm. Some crops had been started by the previous tenant. Ort planted the rest of the farm to late crops. He absorbed skillfully from successful neighbors information as to the care of these crops. He drafted his family into the fields and hired as little help as possible. The soil was fertile. The season favored him and prices were sky-high.

Hence late fall found Ort with his tools and stock paid for and a real bank account of nearly five hundred dollars. He had actually exceeded Gunnison's estimated income from the farm by three hundred dollars, but by skillful lying had caused this to multiply tenfold in the estimates of the countryside, even baffling the owner's curiosity as to the true facts.

Physically, Ort had become a transformed being. Healthful exercise, good and sufficient food abetted by the mental stimulus of his great secret, had wrought a miracle in the once prematurely senile wreck. He had gradually reduced the length of his hair and beard by private use of Sarah's scissors until he was able to get a neat haircut and a smooth shave without rousing comment. He was always scrupulously clean and neatly dressed nowadays. And greatest miracle of all, work was actually becoming a habit, though still—it is true—an irksome and disgusting habit. He looked and felt twenty years younger than on that day seven short months before when he had dug for worms and unearthed a hundred thousand dollars. The villagers had ceased calling him Old Hutch.

Ort's family shared the transformation. The children, now well dressed, were making an exemplary school record. As for Sarah, though she was working if anything harder than ever, she now seemed to thrive under it. Ort's secret source of spiritual sunshine infected her. She was actually growing fleshy and she was happy. Much to her spouse's distress, however, she insisted on singing at her work. Sarah's musical ear and voice had both been omitted at birth.

"Gosh blame it," he would mutter on coming within reach of Sarah's doleful rendition of one of her favorite hymns, "wimmin has gotta always be makin' a hullabaloo! If they ain't squallin' 'bout somethin' they's singin' 'bout somethin'!"

But with the fall work out of the way and with plenty of time for reflection Ort's uneasiness multiplied. How could he get his money out from under the Italian family and get it in circulation? Then in a flash as he pondered the problem one evening the solution presented itself.

He would buy the farm! In that way and that way only could he force the Italian's shack off from his precious huckleberry bush.

Simultaneously he thought of a way to bring this seeming miracle to pass. A big munitions plant was going up near Buffalo. They were paying fabulous wages to carpenters. He would get an option on the farm, which he knew Gunnison was anxious to sell at a reasonable figure. In the spring he would have savings sufficient to make a substantial payment and leave the rest on mortgage.

The sensation caused by the previous record of Ort's reform was as nothing to that which smote the village when it was learned that he had obtained an option on the Gunnison farm, which, however, he did not purpose to take up until he had spent some time in Buffalo, considering the possibility of making business investments there with his savings instead. His plan of devoting his winter to carpentry he camouflaged thus even to Sarah. After he had been gone a few weeks Sarah let it be known that Ort's stay in the big city would be prolonged.

"He's speculatin' in stocks and doin' right well," she confided to various neighbors, who she knew were good at passing confidences along.

Ort working at the munitions plant seven days a week and overtime managed to snatch time enough to write bits of elaborate fiction to Sarah. As a matter of fact, the ultracautious Ort would as soon have thought of throwing his hard-won savings in the lake as of risking them in speculation. But he was learning to talk the language of finance and to build up convincing tales of his own imaginary coups.

Ort's two-day visit in February enlarged and made definite the hazy fables that had floated about town from the mouth of Sarah. He came resplendent in new and—by Willow Bend's standards—expensive and fashionable raiment. His moment of supreme triumph came while he was waiting for his train to return to Buffalo. Old Peters, who carried the mail, an inveterate old he-gossip, sidled up apologetically to the resplendent citizen.

"Ort," he shrilled, "I been figgerin' up by what Sarah's been tellin' round now an' then an' what you dropped 'bout your specilatins an' I figger you must be worth nigh onto a hundred thousand."

Ort's heart sang, but he firmly held his face to a blasé repose.

"Wal, ye kin figger it at least that," he admitted. Then he added after an impressive pause: "An' when I went to Buffalo in the fall I didn't have more'n twenty thousand dollars to my name, an' it had tuk me twenty years to save it. Gittin' rich comes easy when ye once git started."

Ort's triumphant return in the spring went far toward convincing the most skeptical. He came driving his own car, a recent model of expensive make, which he casually told Sarah cost thirty-five hundred dollars. He notified Tom Gunnison in the hearing of a group of Tom's customers that he would buy the farm and pay cash for it. He further stated that he had taken an option on the adjoining farm, which also involved a cash deal. He was going to have a comfortable country home and take it easy for the rest of his life.

"Live in Buffalo winters and travel most likely."

At that moment his total assets in bank were thirteen hundred dollars. The car was a fortunate accident. A sportive youth, its former owner, had attempted with disastrous results to beat a fast express over a railroad crossing near the place where Ort worked. The astute carpenter had purchased the wreck for the price of junk and with the aid of a mechanic friend, with whom he boarded, had restored it to running order with success much more marked than that of the surgeon who attempted a like feat with the ex-owner. Ort was out two hundred dollars in actual money and in thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of reputation.

Within the month he had made good in respect to the farms. This came about through his acquaintance with a fellow carpenter, who had been enjoying war wages from the beginning of the conflict, and through a little lucky speculation had raised his savings to ten thousand dollars. He wanted to invest this in a good farm. Ort accommodated him.

He got an option on the neighboring farm at three thousand dollars. Then after repairing and painting buildings and fences he brought on the prospect and asked him ten thousand dollars for the place. That indiscriminating individual handed over his money without a murmur to Ort, who paid for the farm and out of the balance paid cash for his own farm. Then in Buffalo he secretly placed a three-thousand-dollar mortgage on his place and banked the proceeds of the entire transaction, giving him loose cash for display purposes of more than five thousand dollars.

His last step before ousting his tenants from over his real fortune and starting it into circulation was to open bank accounts in two Buffalo institutions in addition to the Batavia account. He purposed to get these banks accustomed to his handling money in bills of large denominations and then gradually deposit his secret supply of them.

Under pretext that he wished currency to settle for another piece of property and in as large denominations as possible for convenience in carrying he obtained from the bank that had taken his mortgage three one-thousand-dollar bills. Two of these he took to the second Buffalo bank for deposit, intending to bank the third in Batavia.

The teller glanced at the bills, then gave Ort a searching look that made the conspirator vaguely uneasy. He became uneasier still when the teller began studying the bills closely.

"Ain't nothin' the matter with that money, is they?" Ort asked tremulously.

The teller was carefully comparing the numbers on the bills with a typewritten list.

"No," he admitted with evident regret, after what seemed to the depositor like an hour or so of deliberation, "there doesn't

(Continued on Page 161)

THE FRANKLIN CAR

STARTING with right principles is better than trying to modify other principles as time proves them incorrect. This is strikingly shown by the way the Franklin is leading all other fine cars in performance and in growth of sales.

The Franklin Car began with light weight and flexible construction, instead of with heavy weight and rigidity, and has consistently held to these correct principles. That's why it leads in easy riding, safe handling, economy and long life—and has for eighteen years.

Right principles also account for the Franklin average of but three punctures, with no blowouts, in the life of a set of tires—12,500 miles.

At the outset, it was a Franklin conviction that freedom from temperature trouble could never be achieved with water cooling. Hence Franklin direct air cooling (no water to boil or freeze), which permits Franklin owners to enjoy relief from filling, draining, watching, worry and expense the year round.

This Franklin combination of light weight, flexibility, and direct air cooling gives definite results. Franklin owners can travel longest distances in a day; they enjoy the greatest all-season reliability, and profit by an economy not yet approached in any other fine car.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

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A PROMINENT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OWNER WRITES:

"Have owned 17 makes of automobiles and my enclosed Franklin is the best one yet. During its 12,000 miles I have never had a tire off of the wheels. The average for gasoline has been 21 miles to the gallon."

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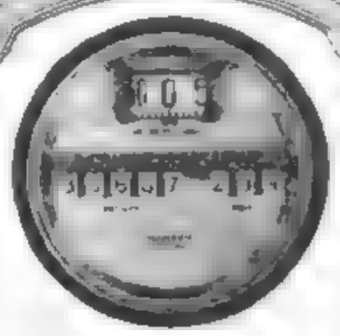

Warner Auto-Meter
Magnetic Type
Standard Model $40 Deluxe Model $75

Stewart Speedometer
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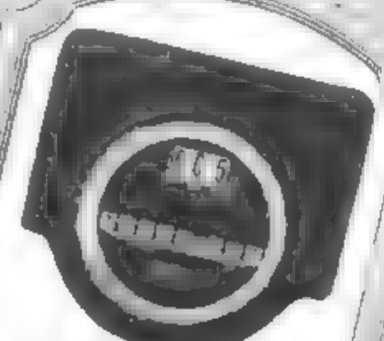

Stewart Speedometer
Magnetic Type
For Ford Cars $12.50

Stewart Speedometer
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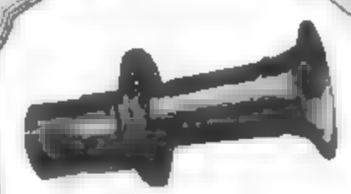
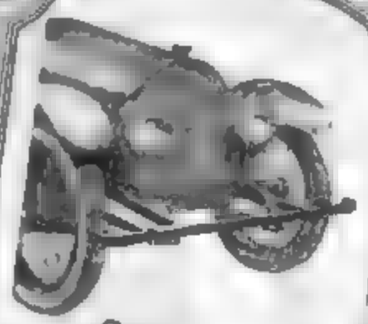
Stewart Vacuum System
A Size for Every Car and Truck $13.50 and Up

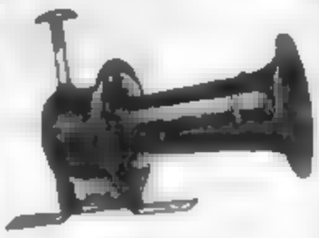


Stewart
Motor-Driven
Warning Signal
$10.00
Larger Deluxe Model $15.00

Stewart Searchlight
Most Popular on Market $7.50
Deluxe Model, $15.00

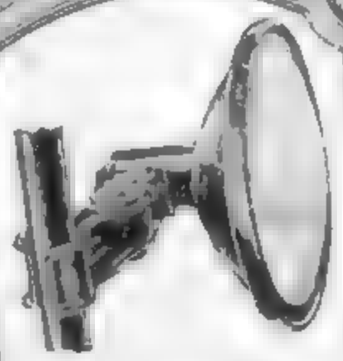


Stewart Autoguard
Bolted-on Type $10.00
Side-clamp Type 13.50
Ford & Chevrolet Models 10.00

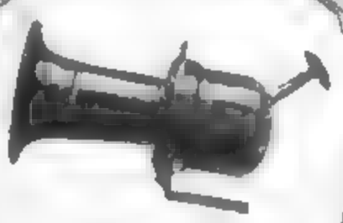


Stewart
Hand-Operated
Warning Signal
Deluxe Model $4.75

Stewart
Motor-Driven
Warning Signal
High Grade, Popular Priced $6.50



Stewart Searchlight
High Grade, Popular Priced $4.75



Stewart
Hand-Operated
Warning Signal
High Grade, Popular Priced $3.75

Stewart Necessities are *"custombilt."* They are not ordinary accessories. They embody individuality of design, costly materials and high grade workmanship that distinguish them from all other accessories. You simply *can't* go wrong when you install any Stewart Custombilt Necessity.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n, Chicago.

"No Car is Complete Without Them"

(Continued from Page 158)

seem to be anything the matter with them. We don't get yellow boys of that size passed in through the window very often, and I was hoping I'd landed some of the bunch that was stolen from the Lakeside National a year ago. You remember that hundred-thousand-dollar robbery, don't you?"

Ort did. But for the moment his mouth and throat were too dry to permit him to admit it audibly. The transaction of entering his deposits was completed before he found voice to ask, "How ye know them bills ain't the stolen ones?"

"Oh, that's easy," condescended the young teller. "The numbers of those bills were registered. The moment the theft was reported the numbers were filed in every bank and trust company, broker's office, police station and every other place where big money is handled. Nobody can pass a thousand-dollar bill anywhere without its being examined pretty carefully."

Ort was receiving new information of most unpleasant nature.

"Mean to tell me the fellers that stole that money ain't been able to use it?" he asked feebly.

"Probably not. They're probably too wise even to try it for some years till people have forgotten the robbery and banks have got careless."

The teller was a young man full of the dogmatic knowledge of youth. It never occurred to the crestfallen listener to discount in the least any of the utterances of this oracle.

"What about an innercent feller that took some of these bills an' passed 'em perfectly well-meanin'?"

"Oh, if he could prove he had no guilty knowledge he'd just lose his money. If he couldn't he'd be jugged as an accomplice."

Ort digested this with growing nausea of spirit. Finally he plucked up courage to ask one more question.

"How long d'ye say it would be 'fore banks'd be gettin' careless an' that robber might take a chance?"

"Oh, ten years at least."

Ort realized suddenly that he was staring at his informant with rigid intentness.

"Wal," he remarked with affected carelessness as he turned to go, "it ain't no skin off'n my nose. Guess I'll be mighty ticklish, though, hereafter how I take thousand-dollar bills from folks."

He returned home in a daze. His frantic haste to oust the squatters and get his money had suddenly died out.

"Ten years more o' this gosh-darned grind!" he kept muttering hopelessly to himself. "Gotta live up to it all that time!"

The farm, the expensive motor car, all the elements of his new position in life had for the time being become as it were a millstone about his neck. For days he went about in a moody dream numbly beating his head against the baffling problem until he realized that carrying this neglect farther would cause comment. Then he went feverishly to work. And to his astonishment he discovered that work was a welcome relief. For hours at a time it got his mind off the vexing problem of his buried fortune. And he realized vaguely that he was beginning to enjoy the immediate fruits of that labor—thrift, comfort, respectability, responsibility, respect, reputation.

The bank account which had so lately been merely a figment of his imagination was a real one now, honestly earned, and down in his subconsciousness he was developing a warm sense of satisfaction and security therefrom. Once he had sneered at the growing respect his industry and supposed wealth were wringing from a reluctant and envious village. Now he was becoming conscious of a glow of satisfaction at each manifestation of it and a half-admitted desire for relations of real friendliness with his neighbors. His new habits of cleanliness and decency had at first been a necessary and purely temporary nuisance. Now he shrank from the thought of returning to his old filth. The farm and the comfortable old farmhouse which he had been forced to buy to get in contact with his fortune had come to be a home to him. He was taking a new interest in his growing family and he had never before appreciated what a help Sarah was—if she only wouldn't sing at her work.

"Gosh hang it all!" he muttered as he leaned over his back fence one evening watching a sunset that somehow touched a chord even in Ort's unaesthetic nature. "I got quite a lot out o' that hundred thousand already, even 'f I do let her lay out there in the swamp lot. Ten years is a long spell, but I know I'm worth a hundred thousand an' the rest o' the folks think I am, so what's the odds?"

Thus the spring wore away and a season that promised still more of prosperity was well under way. Ort was employing plenty of help now, but was working harder than ever. He was the heaviest buyer of Liberty Bonds in the township that spring. No one knew that he redeemed his pledges by paying for one block at a time and selling them immediately in Buffalo. The embarrassment as to the income tax passed when he learned that no local acquaintances had access to the facts on his statement.

The Italian family stayed on from week to week and he made no move to oust them. They moved away finally of their own accord. But even then, with the shack vacant and nothing to hinder his exploring it, he delayed action. He was haunted by a fear of being caught and embarrassed by indecision as to what he should do with the money once removed from the old hiding place.

But all this time, unknown to his neighbors, to his family and even to himself, Ort was a pent-up volcano supposedly extinct, but in reality there was gathering slowly within the depths of his being an irresistible explosive force that must one day work the greater havoc for having its eruption so long postponed. The first premonition of eruption came with the dog days. Came a period of excessive heat and drought. Under it crops which had promised most toward the success of the season became burnt, stunted, withered, threatened failure.

In a desperate effort to avert loss Ort labored like a madman early and late in the intense heat. He drove his men as hard as himself. They rebelled. He had trouble keeping anyone at work. He was becoming nervously and physically exhausted. It seemed as if Nature and humanity had combined with his own perverse disposition to chain him in a treadmill of unnecessary labor and added thereto every conceivable mental and physical torture.

"An' me worth a hundred thousand!" he would groan as he squatted for a moment in the shade at the end of a row of potatoes for a brief respite before driving his hoe back over another blistering row.

One evening as he sat disconsolate on the back steps his eye fell on an old Sunday supplement one of the children had left there. Uppermost was an illustrated story about renegade white men who had fled to the South Sea Islands with ill-gotten wealth to live forever afterward in Elysian surroundings. Ort suddenly went berserk.

"I'm goin' to git my money an' start fer there to-night!" he muttered, jumping up as if he thought the South Seas lay just beyond the pasture lot. "Down 'mong them ignerent heathen I kin pass it fer enough to live on fer the rest o' my life. Sarah and the kids'll have the farm. Let 'em think I'm dead! I can't stand this no longer!"

During this soliloquy he had rushed up to his room and begun changing his clothes.

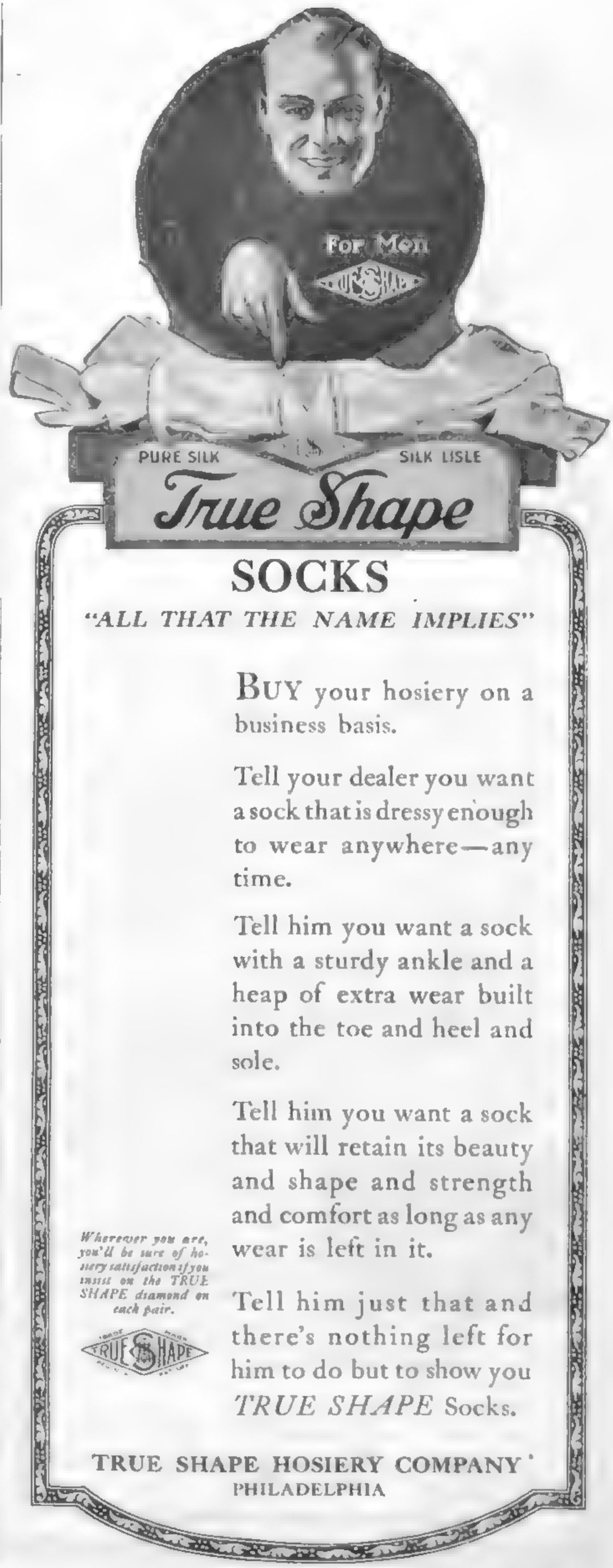
"I gotta go to Buffalo to-night on business," he announced hastily as he went out a little later.

Sarah had learned not to be inquisitive and merely bade him a placid good-by with an added warning not to "git overhet in the city."

His impetuosity waned a little as he reached the gate. He looked back for a moment, suddenly feeling an unexpected pang at the thought that he would never see that comfortable home again. A lump rose in his throat at the sight of the faithful Sarah bending over the dishes in the kitchen. Then at that moment when his mad purpose hung in the balance some perverse imp prompted Sarah to burst forth into song. It touched Ort on the raw.

"Gosh-darned caterwaulin'!" he grunted, and strode off down the road, his parting vision of his home replaced by a luring picture of a South Sea isle.

Out of sight of the house, he made a wide détour through the wood and presently came to the deserted shack. He was trembling now with nervous eagerness. Hastily covering the one window on the inside, so that no telltale beam should betray him, he snapped on an electric torch he had brought and fell to tearing up the flooring over the sacred huckleberry bush. A moment later his frantically clawing fingers had torn away the guardian roots, burrowed into the loosened earth and once more clutched the precious tin box. He sank back on the piled-up lumber for the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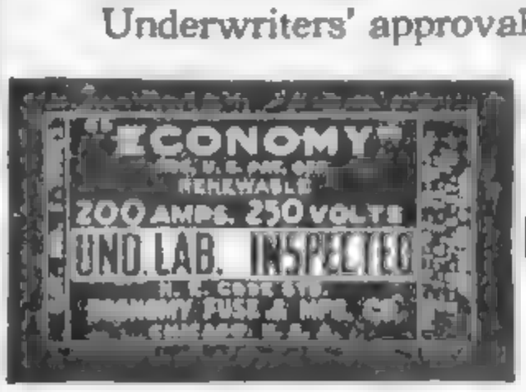

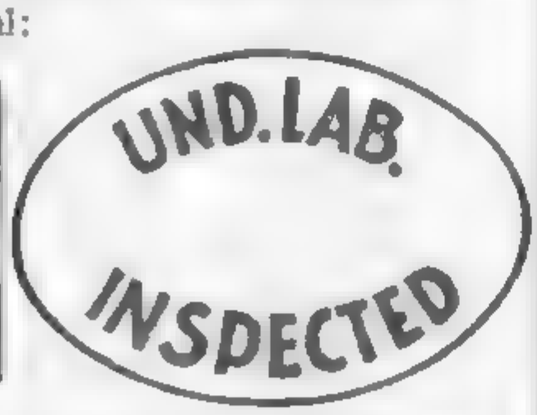

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moment, too weak from reaction to open it. But presently he partially controlled his jumping nerves and snatched off the cover. A moment he stared into the box, then his nerveless fingers failed him and it clattered to the floor. He sank back against the wall limp and half faint.

The money was gone!

Many minutes of soul nausea passed thus before he recovered enough to search again in the empty box, half hoping that his eyes had tricked him. Now he noticed in one corner of the box, stuck to its bottom with mildew, a yellowed bit of folded paper. He snatched it up and with great difficulty read the smudged penciling as follows:

"*Dear Bo:* I seen you dig up the kail wen I was layin' round in the bush watchin' fer a chance to get it and beat it ag'in. I cum near beanin' you, but seen you bury it ag'in, so dug it up rite after and am goin' to beat it now. Sorry to disappoint you.

"Yours,

"THE BANK ROBBER."

Ort could recall afterward only the sketchiest outline of his movements immediately following. His next clear consciousness found him in his own bed a month later. A long illness with delirium and high fever had intervened. He learned that Sarah had found him insensible out in the yard on the night of his discovery that his fortune was gone.

When recollection of the loss of the money returned to him it seemed like an unreal memory of his delirium. He was too weak to care much now anyhow. He learned that Sarah, aided by kind neighbors, had kept the farm going; that the rains had come in time to save the crops and that he was, after all, to have a prosperous year.

From that time on his recovery was rapid. Sarah's patient and unsinging devotion went far toward offsetting the lure of lazy bachelorhood on a South Sea isle. When he thought that had he found the money still in its hiding place that night he would have left her and his comfortable home forever he almost thanked heaven that the money was gone.

Almost, but not quite. As he grew stronger he thought more and more of his loss. He amused himself through his hours of idleness thinking of many ingenious schemes whereby he might have put it into circulation.

He settled finally on a modification of the old green-goods game, a detailed account of the workings of which he had read recently in a Sunday paper.

"I could 'a' worked that right away," he decided. "It would 'a' been honester than these fellers' game, 'cause I would 'a' g'in the come-ons real thousand-dollar bills."

Then again he would decide that if he had the money now he would make a spectacular display of honesty by returning it to the bank.

The debate with himself as to which of these courses he would follow became an absorbing occupation. He was at it one evening in late August when he sat alone in the front room before a wood fire that an unseasonably cool evening had made welcome to his depleted frame. Sarah was at prayer meeting with the older children and the younger ones were in bed.

Ort's reflections on the sad might-have-been had by now reached the stage where they were accompanied by poignant regret. And yet he could never quite decide his debate between prudent and spectacular honesty and an artistic piece of craft which would make his old dream of real wealth come true.

"I'd just like to know, anyhow, which I'd do'f I had a chance ag'in!" he summed up as he opened the stove door to throw in another chestnut chunk.

At that moment he heard a stealthy step on the gravel walk and something thudded against the front door. Then rapid footsteps retreated toward the gate. Wondering, Ort threw open the door. At his feet on the stoop floor lay a small package done up in a dirty newspaper. He took it into the light and examined it curiously, then tore off the wrapper.

The hundred thousand dollars in yellow bills lay in his hand!

He was frozen with incredulous amazement. He feared for the moment that his mind had been permanently shaken by his illness. At length a note pinned to the top bill caught his eye. It was penciled by the same hand that had indited the one he had found under the huckleberry bush. It read:

"Damn you, you hold the baby for a while! I can't make it talk, an' you wanted it bad once. I tried every trick I no to git these yellow fellows goin', an' no good. They won't no fence touch 'em yet, an' I am broke, so you try it. You're rich an' ain't known as a crook. The cops are after me. Leave some money I can spend under the shack in the woods. We'll split fifty-fifty, and don't try any funny bizness like beatin' it or givin' it back to the bank, or I'll squeal. Remember, whil' you hold the kail I got the goods on you—an' don't try to follow me. Yours,

"THE BANK ROBBER."

Ort stood a moment longer in dazed inaction, then through the door he had forgotten to close he heard down near the gate a slight cough. The robber evidently was waiting to note the effect of his proposition. A moment Ort stared into the impenetrable darkness, then at the pile of bills. He heaved a deep sigh, half of regret, half of relief.

"Guess I jest gotta keep on livin' up to it!" he muttered.

Then into the open door of the blazing stove he tossed his hundred thousand dollars.

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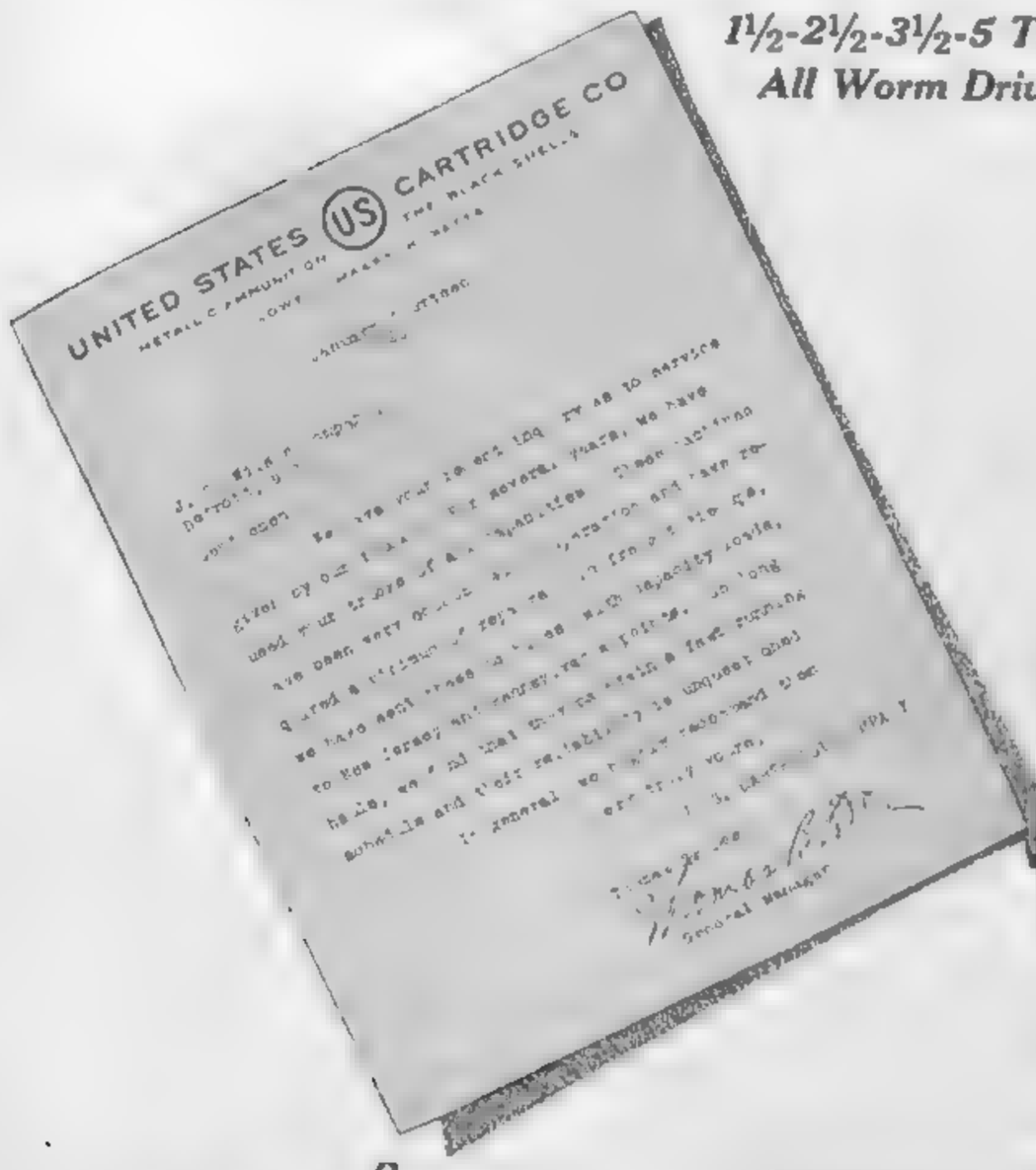

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COURT-MARTIAL

(Continued from Page 19)

"Toot, tiddly-oot, tiddly-oot," said the trumpeters.

"Beer—beer—beer—beer—beer," said the corporals.

Oh, there's none so rare they can compare
With the boys of the British Arm-ee.

In the pause of silence at the end of the chorus the prisoner heard the sentry tramping in front of the barn and grounding his rifle as he halted on the threshold.

Private Mason gave up the effort to write his letter. He did not yet know enough of what was happening to be able to collect his thoughts. He did not know his sentence, for it had not been pronounced in court. He had been found guilty of something or he would have been released, but he did not yet know whether the penalty would be death or some lighter sentence. His general impression was that the charge of cowardice had been sustained, so that he could hardly be let off lightly as a mere absentee without leave. He had been told that the unknown sentence would be promulgated to him by the A. P. M. after its confirmation by headquarters.

Even now it was difficult for him to realize the possibility that any Englishman who had volunteered—least of all an Englishman who had traveled by season ticket to the city so regularly in peacetime and had a wife and child at home—could be shot in cold blood by his own countrymen. If he had failed in his duty he had at least done his best. He had at least volunteered—that was his recurrent thought—and there were others who had not attempted to do so much. He remembered one clerk at the office who had grinned at him for a fool—and was still traveling up and down by season ticket. The whole thing seemed so illogical. There were moments when he almost doubted his own identity—moments when it seemed almost as mysterious as a new birth or a reincarnation to find himself imprisoned and awaiting this judgment.

He tried to remember all that had happened; and as he groped back into the wild bloodshot light of the hour that had tested him and found him wanting he could not remember anything of which he was really ashamed. He had been guilty of certain feelings that are counted as virtues in civil life. They had taken him by surprise at the wrong moment and carried him away in something like a panic of compassion over what seemed to be a useless sacrifice.

It had been a trying day for the nerves in any case. His company had been hurried up to relieve another lot at an awkward point. They had received orders that nothing was to delay them on the way. In the dusk of the early evening they passed a man who had slipped into the mud of a shell hole up to his throat and was slowly sinking. A rope and a plank might have saved him, but the orders were definite. There could be no delay. They passed on at the double. Perhaps it was the cries of the drowning man when he saw that he was going to be abandoned that snapped some obscure nerve in George Mason's brain and made him forget that he was a private soldier.

"Good Lord!" he cried to the company at large. "Aren't we going to do anything to help that man?"

A corporal who had been drinking brandy all day to keep his courage up at once gave him the rough side of his tongue, pointing out that rear-guard philanthropists would find even more work in the front line if they wanted it.

The incident was mentioned in his defense at the court-martial. He thought it was evidence of a state of mind not altogether disgraceful to himself, but to his surprise it seemed to tell against him. To justify or explain himself a complete picture of all that followed would have been necessary. He could not give it to the court, but he remembered it all. He remembered his immediate response to military discipline after his outburst; and also how the face of the drowning man—that screaming white blur under the steel hat—haunted him as he went forward with the rest. It haunted him even when they came under fire a few minutes later in a region of wrecked and abandoned trenches dotted obscurely with the dead and dying of their predecessors.

He remembered how dark it grew. He lived through it all again. The guns from east to west incessantly gave tongue like a crouching pack of gigantic hounds. The men scattered a little as they groped and stumbled forward toward that steady baying. Occasionally he caught sight of red gleams and flashes ahead of him, a green rocket, the swinging sword of a searchlight. Then something happened to the dark figure on his right—something grotesquely horrible. The man plunged toward him with arms outspread. His face looked strangely misshapen in the gloom, the face of a gargoyle with mouth wide open spouting a dark jet of blood. He lurched against Mason, spattering him from head to foot. His first impulse was to curse and strike at the hideous thing. Then as it staggered past him into the night the swift revolt from his own impulse seemed for one dreadful moment to rouse him from the long dream of the last few months like the shock of ice-cold water.

He saw the other men moving obscurely ahead of him, dark patches against the red flares on the horizon. The moment's delay had left him some twenty paces behind. His disciplined body started forward mechanically to overtake them, but a revolution had taken place in his mind; and perhaps because his mind had ceased to guide he stumbled over a broken parapet and fell headlong into the dark cavity beyond. It was half a trench and half a grave. His hands and feet went sprawling among the evil-smelling rags and bones that had once been cheered along the streets of London and Paris and Berlin. It was not easy to distinguish between them now.

He scrambled to his feet and stood there shaking uncontrollably from head to foot. He was not conscious of fear for his own sake, but rightly or wrongly he seemed to have become appallingly conscious of the vast insanity of the whole horrible business.

He stood there in the darkness, a little city clerk, in the throes of a brain storm. He was vaguely aware that every moment of his delay added to the risk of his being punished, or even shot. But he felt as helpless as the child in the dark garden when the ghost clutched him by the hair. For one dreadful moment he seemed to possess an extraordinary clearness of vision, going right back into the past where the maneuvers of smug statesmen had prepared this hell. He saw in a single tempestuous flash, as a man sees a landscape by lightning, the sentimental posters at home, the hero setting out with a vague promise of unlimited love on his return and a shilling a day in the meantime. By the same flash he saw those other men at home, striking, and striking at the army for five times the wage that he was allowed for his own wife and child. Had he been right to leave them? What else could he have done? By the same flash he saw politicians preaching self-sacrifice, drawing large salaries and dining at extravagant night clubs. Now at this very moment he could see them setting out in their luxurious limousines and puffing their fat cigars. By the same flash—for all these things came to him simultaneously, not in a series of reasoned thoughts—he saw the obscure soldier left to drown in the mud on the grounds of military necessity—the very grounds that had made the enemy hateful. He flung his rifle away from him with an oath, dropped on his knees and gripped the stiff arms of the thing at his feet—the thing that had once been a man. He shook it hysterically till the skull rattled loose among the empty shell cases.

"What do you think about it, old bird?" he cried.

Looking back upon this moment he hardly knew whether his behavior was evidence of abject cowardice, nervous exhaustion, or temporary insanity. He didn't know how to distinguish between those things in circumstances of that kind. He only knew that if a politician at home had broken down under a much slighter stress, as politicians sometimes did even in wartime, he would have been sent to a nursing home. It must be understood that there was no argument in all this. He did not reason or think. He merely groped for meanings in the dark and felt that he was in the clutches of an enormous machine. His hysterical fit had lasted only a few seconds when by the brilliant green light of a star shell he saw himself, his hands, his tunic, still red from their recent spattering.

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He scrambled to his feet, saying over and over again, as if to prevent any further thought, "Oh, the wickedness of it, the wickedness of it!"

Then his eyes caught a glimpse of a coil of rope among the rubbish in the trench. His mental riot settled down at once into a single steady thought. He was going to try to help the poor devil in the shell hole. There was still a chance of saving him, for he had been sinking very slowly. He had probably taken hours to sink up to his throat. If so he had died a hundred deaths and seen himself abandoned a score of times.

To save this man was the one clear-cut idea that presented itself to Private Mason. All other duties were as dark and confused as the desolate region lit with red flares into which his comrades had disappeared. But even while he was hurriedly picking up the rope he was vaguely conscious of a still deeper, unformulated decision. He was not only exchanging his rifle for a life-saving apparatus, he was also going to try to escape—to escape from the machine. He did not consider penalties. He concentrated all his thoughts on the task that lay nearest him and hunted along the fire step for a loose plank. He soon found what he wanted, crawled out of the trench and stooping low began to retrace his path as quickly as he could.

It was a very black night and he had almost given up all hope of finding the shell hole when another burst of green stars overhead showed him that he was on the point of plunging into it. There was something in the middle that looked like a tortoise resting on the mud. It was the steel hat, under which the head was still visible, though it had sunk so far that the nostrils must have been already covered.

Mason laid the plank along the soft surface of the mud, lay down on it at full length and wriggled his way out carefully. The plank sunk about an inch beneath his weight. He didn't think that it would sink very far, but he was glad afterward to feel that he had been running some risk. The light died out of the sky and he was left in pitch darkness at the very moment when his hands began to scrape the mud away from the cold face. The nostrils were clogged with mud. He could feel this with his fingers. The mouth was open and full of mud. The head hung lifelessly as he cleared a small space round it. He felt certain that the man was dead, but he wanted the light again to make sure.

In the meantime he tried to get an end of the rope under the submerged armpits, and in the effort to get it completely round the body he tilted the plank to one side and rolled over into the sucking softness of the mud. He felt it laying hold of the whole length of his body and gripping him caressingly like the soft lips of some gigantic black leach. Only the fact that he was lying at full length and had his hands upon the rope saved him. Even then it was only with great difficulty that he was able to haul himself inch by inch back to the plank. He lay there trembling for a few moments, sweating like an exhausted runner and praying for the light. It came, not from a star shell now, but from an enemy searchlight that dropped from the sky and began to sweep the level plain. For a dozen seconds he paused and lay right across the shell hole in a blinding tunnel of light that showed all the porridgelike clots of mud, the slight crow's feet round the staring eyes of the drowned man and the enlarged pores, like black pinholes, in the fleshy part of his nose. The condition of the mouth and nostrils left no doubt that he was dead. The light shut off, leaving a darkness blacker than before, and Mason cautiously wriggled himself backward along the plank, which by that time was about three inches below the surface.

As soon as he reached firm ground he set off in a southerly direction, steering by the stars as he had learned during his military training. He had no definite plan at present except to get away from the sound of the guns and escape from the military machine—escape from the whole inhuman juggernaut.

His recollections of the next few weeks were almost as dreamlike as those of the earlier days. He remembered sleeping in fields by day and tramping by night with the fear of detection dogging him like his own shadow along the poplar-bordered roads. On every road and byroad, even in the dead of night, he met those endless trains of lorries carrying troops and supplies to the north. In narrow country lanes they would lumber down upon him like battleships, clear-cut in moonlight or shadowy and vast in mist and rain. At first he would shrink into ditches and under hedges to avoid the attention of the drivers or the men that plodded beside them. After a time he realized that there were too many millions of soldiers in France for him to be noticeable, and that those other millions of whose affairs he knew nothing were not likely to trouble themselves about his own. For all that they knew the little figure in khaki slipping through the darkness of those country roads might have been running one of a thousand possible errands for the troops in the neighborhood. He realized from his own former experience that the men in the war zone were acquainted with only their own immediate surroundings, a circle about four hundred yards in diameter.

One night when he was very hungry he entered a wayside camp of Canadian troops and in return for his own rations helped the cooks with the evening meal. Nobody troubled in the least about his antecedents. They took it for granted that he was on his way to Dunkirk, which was only a few miles distant. His experience on this occasion emboldened him to ask for a lift on a motor lorry which took a number of Canadians into the city on the next morning. It was probably his safest course. The driver had to show his pass once or twice, but it seemed to cover all the men in the lorry, including Private Mason. There was less chance of his being noticed in those crowded streets than anywhere else, and on his arrival he felt all the joy of a city dweller returning to his beloved crowds. The last few months had taught him how to find sleeping quarters in sheds and outhouses and occasionally even in a bed. He had a certain amount of money in hand, and on his second day in Dunkirk he began to earn a little by running errands and doing other odd jobs for easy-going colonials.

There seemed to be no reason why he should not live in this way for as long as he pleased. He could see no prospect of anything better, though once or twice, stimulated by a moving-picture show, he formed wild projects of getting back to England. They soon faded in the difficulties of the daylight. His only real hope was the ever-receding one that the war might end as unexpectedly as it had begun. In the meantime he would probably be recorded among the missing. He might just as easily have been killed as his right-hand neighbor. But it worried him to think of the suffering that the report might give to his wife.

This difficulty had not occurred to him before. It worried him so much that he did a very foolish thing; and once again he was imperiled by what was best in him. He wrote a very carefully worded letter to indicate that he was quite happy and well, in spite of anything that his wife might hear. He was alert enough to address it to his sister-in-law, and to sign it with a nickname by which he was sometimes called—Pickles, Senior. He was even alert enough to make a long day's tramp out of Dunkirk to post it, but he had not imagination enough to grasp the full size and character of the machine that he was challenging.

A little later he attempted to send some money home in the same way, but without giving any clue to the sender. It was really very easy to earn money in Dunkirk. Once a great windfall came to him. He helped to change a tire on a car containing four newspaper correspondents, each of whom tipped him so handsomely—in a kind of professional rivalry over the proper treatment of the British soldier—that he was relieved of financial anxiety for the next fortnight and able to save his other earnings at the garage. But the interesting part of the incident was that while he was working at the tire he saw a staff officer of gigantic build striding up the road. His face was so startlingly familiar that Private Mason thrust his own under the car. The conversation of the correspondents over his head enlightened him.

"There's old Pym," said one of them. "He grows more like Bismarck every day. Did you ever hear how he got his red hat? Why, it's one of the illuminating parables of this war. At one time he was a recruiting sergeant, getting a minimum of half a crown on every new recruit and ten bob on every guardsman. He must have been pretty successful too. They say he cleared a couple of thousand pounds at it. Then he was put onto a quartermaster's job in a certain district where he had to deal directly

(Continued on Page 169)

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES

Striking in its originality is this Autocrat Case made by Wadsworth for the well-known Illinois movement. Note the individualized bow and pendant and the strikingly-proportioned bezel

THE ILLINOIS AUTOCRAT

—Cases by Wadsworth

Jewelers often obtain watch movements and watch cases from separate sources.

But when a movement maker brings out a distinctive watch—a watch that will be representative of his entire line—he cases the movement at the factory. It is then that the collaboration of the case manufacturer is essential.

When the Illinois Watch Company of Springfield planned the production of a representative watch, they turned to Wadsworth for the case. The Autocrat, with its original bow and pendant, its strikingly narrow bezel, is the result.

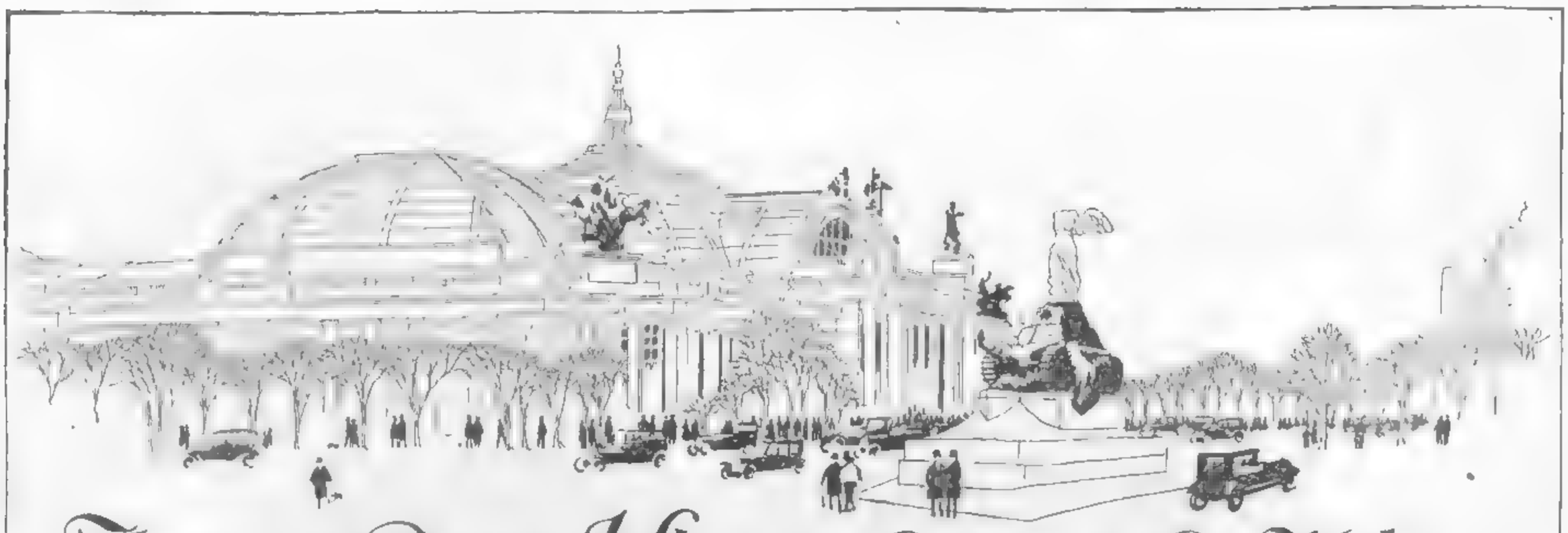
The Autocrat may also be had in several other beautiful Wadsworth cases.

For 30 years Wadsworth cases have been recognized as standard for the movements of leading manufacturers and importers. The name Wadsworth has become a guarantee not only of correct design but of the best possible in material and workmanship.

The Autocrat Case is manufactured by Wadsworth exclusively for the Illinois movement. When you buy this Illinois Autocrat Watch, you are assured a dependable movement in a genuine Wadsworth case.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.



American Design Influences European Car Makers

THE recent Paris Salon showed a decided tendency on the part of European motor car manufacturers to adopt American practice. This is noticeably so in the ignition field. Delco Modernized Ignition has been adopted by the designers of such high grade cars as Hispano-Suiza, Darracq, Lorraine-Dietrich, Suere and Gregoire. This tendency is attributed to the wonderful war time performance of Delco Ignition on Liberty Motors and on Cadillac Cars, and to the fact that European designers know that the majority of high grade American cars are Delco equipped.

Reviews on the Paris Salon

By W. F. BRADLEY

Continental Correspondent for Motor Age and The Autocar

"The ignition field is giving indications of following American practice. Electric starters are on practically all models. * Hispano Suiza has dropped the magneto on its high priced car. Darracq has dropped it on its eight-cylinder job. Lorraine-Dietrich has dropped the magneto on its patented system whereby the magneto and Delco generator are used with two sets of plugs and one distributor."

Motor Age, October 16, 1919.

"* Marc Birkigt, the Hispano-Suiza engineer, has decided that there is no need for it on one of the most costly cars in the show. In its place he is using a special Delco. Darracq has also taken up the Delco to the exclusion of the magneto. Suere has done the same on a small eight-cylinder car."

Motor Age, November 13, 1919.

"* Every * * * * car must carry an electric generator, and it has been considered that this was quite capable of providing the necessary current for ignition purposes. One organ was abolished, or, at any rate, partially abolished, for a distributor has to be added, and a little saving made in the cost of production. Price, however, has not at all been the determining factor, for one of the finest cars built in France is minus a magneto."

The Autocar, September 27, 1919.

"* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

(Continued from Page 166)

with the contractors. Now Pym had always a profound prejudice against contractors. He shared the pretty sound belief that many of them made huge fortunes out of soldiers' lives and he thought that if you shoot a wretched sentry for falling asleep you ought to be logical enough to shoot every contractor at sight. Unfortunately in this case Pym was up against some perfectly honest men. Naturally, in the hurry of war their goods weren't always flawless, and this confirmed Pym in his worst conclusions. Every time they made a proposition to him he used to look upon it as a suggestion that he should open his mouth and shut his eyes. He used to sit there in his office humming from morning to night, 'Oh, what a happy land is England!'

"He never hummed anything else or said anything else. He simply sat there, letting perfectly good business break against his honest bulk like waves against a block of concrete. One day he saw a consignment of boots coming in. He picked one up and looked at it.

"'Wot's this?' he said. 'Take 'em all back at once and tell the contractor 'e can 'ave 'em served up as scrambled eggs for 'is breakfast. I'm not goin' to 'ave boots like that served out to my men.'

"With that he took the condemned boot in both hands and—he's a fifteen-horse-power man—tore it in half like a bit of brown paper. The next morning the contractor and all the little tin gods asked Pym to come and discuss the matter with them.

"'What's all this fuss about the boots, Pym?' they said. 'We've got a pair of them here and we've been examining them all the morning. They look like first-class goods to us.'

"'Of course,' said Old Pym, 'if you go about picking and choosing I shouldn't wonder if you'd find a pearl necklace. Let's 'ave some more of 'em sent up.'

"The little tin gods looked annoyed, but Pym was not to be denied, and sent down for another half ton of the boots. He grabbed one as soon as they arrived.

"'Why, blimey,' he bellowed, ''ere's another of 'em'—rip—rip—'and another'—rip—rip—'and another'—rip—rip. And every time he picked up a boot he tore it in half and threw it on the table under the contractor's indignantly jibbing nose, which—Pym swears—grew not only livid but hooked with guilt and fear.

"Well, of course a fifteen-horse-power man isn't a fair test. But it was very awkward. Pym was too good a man to be kicked downstairs, so they had to kick him up. The only way they could get rid of him was to go behind his back, get him a commission in the Downshires and have him sent out to France. And now he's an A. P. M. of his old division and he wears a red hat. But there's no moral, because the only quartermaster capable of dealing with the other kind of contractor has been lost through beginning at the honest end."

It interested Private Mason greatly to know that his old acquaintance had been acquired by what might be called his own old division. But it was a little startling too and suggested unpleasant possibilities of recognition, even amongst those crowded thoroughfares. For the next few days he spent many hours in what he felt to be his surest sanctuary—the moving-picture theaters. Those dark, crowded rooms, where the pianos tinkled so rapturously at the wrong moment and the world and its emotions traveled past him on the screen, were curiously symbolical of his whole dreamlike state.

They were his Arabian nights, though he felt vaguely that if ever the magic river should cease to flow the danger would be to himself and not to the makers of his entertainment. Yet as the days went by he forgot his fears again and the pictures blended almost imperceptibly into the pageantry of those cosmopolitan streets. He would emerge from the darkness of the theater into the brilliance of the sun-lit town, with dazed eyes, wondering at the many-colored throng—the chattering Frenchwomen; the French and Belgian soldiers; the swarthy Algerian troops; the spahi with his red fez, blue zouave, baggy red breeches and flowing red cloak; the Turco with flashing teeth and dirty white burnoose; the army nurses in their trim gray uniforms; the brown-turbaned Indians; the newspaper correspondents talking English and French in all the accents of the world from Petrograd to Chicago; the British officers with their red and green tabs and their heavy spurred boots; the Chinese coolies with their slack walk and lolling heads; and it all seemed merely another external scene of the moving picture he had been watching within.

Once he stood before a shop window staring at a picture of the Madonna with the Child on the basilica at Albert. Strange legends had clustered about that stricken figure, half dislodged from its high place by a German bombardment and leaning forward over the crowd so precariously. People said it would not fall until the Germans had been defeated. The tears came into his eyes as he looked at it, for he had imagination enough to form a legend of his own. He thought of the precarious position of Ellen and Pickles.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said a voice approaching him. A whiff of brandy blew into his face. A hand touched his arm. He turned and saw with the kind of absurd shock that an absent-minded pedestrian feels when he runs into a lamp-post the fiery-red face of the corporal who—four weeks ago—had expressed himself so forcefully on rear-guard philanthropists.

Private Mason was under arrest.

His chief sensation during the court-martial had been that he was now once more in the clutches of the vast machine from which he had been trying to escape. The proceedings had been eminently fair from the military point of view, as fair as Nature herself when she drowns a child for tumbling into a river. But the very fact that it was all so impersonal and impartial was a kind of indifference—almost a kind of injustice.

The officers who composed the court were all very young men and they had never really understood the case. They saw a great many things on the surface, but they had never gone one inch beneath. They were like men trying to pluck the secret out of Hamlet by debating a printer's error on the title page.

All through the trial he was conscious that everyone was doing his best to be fair and to give him every chance of acquittal if he could only somehow prove that he had lived up to a standard that had never been his own. He could not even express this idea, of course, in his defense. He merely became eloquent in describing his motives and the description was quite enough to condemn him in the eyes of those alien judges.

"Did it occur to you," he was asked not unkindly, "that you were leaving your comrades in the lurch?"

"No," he replied. "I was trying to help one of them. Besides, the others could have done as I did if they wished."

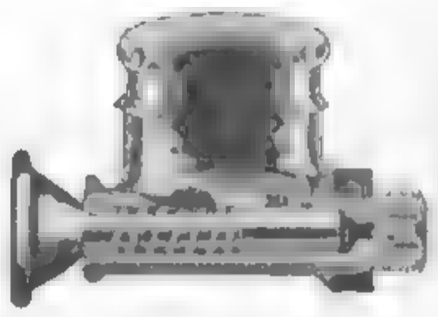
No comment was made upon this remark, but the silence that fell upon the court made the prisoner feel that he had made an impression. The difficulty was that Private Mason was not really a soldier, but a civilian in khaki, and that he and his judges moved in absolutely different worlds.

The presiding officer, moreover, was an unmarried man, and the prisoner felt that the kind of married man who lived at Acacia Villas could never convey certain ideas to him. Probably he could not have conveyed those ideas in any case, but he felt that his full defense would not have been made unless the court could be given the kind of knowledge they could only obtain by looking through the windows of Number Six, Acacia Villas.

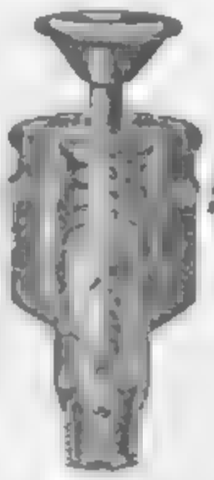
All through the trial he had been vaguely staring through those windows. He could see his wife sitting there reading a letter from the padre—so he imagined the letter that was not yet written, explaining that her husband ——

No, they would not explain. For all that she need ever know, he might have died heroically. They would never be cruel enough to explain. He could see Pickles lying at her feet reading Grimm's Fairy Tales while she drooped over the letter, the skillfully worded letter, and cried. He felt that all this was part of his defense. He could not understand why this thing should happen or why it was necessary that this desolation should come upon the innocent. If it was the law he felt that the law was full of horrible ironies.

It had been pointed out to him while he was preparing his defense that a man might be shot for losing his nerve, but that if he incapacitated himself through intemperate habits he might obtain the best nursing that a grateful country could bestow upon him. The crowning irony, from Private Mason's point of view, was that in the first case he might be regarded as a voluntary offender, while in the second



Cut-away view of Model "K" Oil-Kipp for Spring Pins and other horizontal positions. Kipp-Adapters fit Oil-Kipps to any make of truck or car.



Model "H" Oil-Kipp for Steering Knuckles and other vertical positions.

Because they silence the chassis

Grease gums and cakes on spring-bolts and steering knuckles, and seldom spreads all over the bearing surface.

This causes squeaks and rattles that the car owner can silence by using Oil-Kipps.

Oil-Kipps replace any kind of lubricating cup, gun or similar device.

They are small repeating oil-pumps that one filling loads with twenty or more shots of heavy oil—enough for a month or longer.

A snap of the spring plunger forces a shot of the oil over the entire bearing surface of spring-bolt or steering knuckles.

With them you can lubricate your chassis in three minutes—without dirt or bother.

If your dealer doesn't carry them as yet, send for "Silencing the Chassis."

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Are you fair to yourself?

Do you allow yourself to be at your best when your best is what you need?

What kind of cigars do you smoke?

A 'naturally keen-witted' forceful man puts himself at a distinct disadvantage by smoking the wrong cigars.

And there is no need of it.

You get the full enjoyment—even more—in smoking the Girard.

And it never disturbs nor irritates.

You can enjoy this full-flavored, real Havana smoke and still maintain a clear head and steady hand, all your faculties alert and active.

Be fair to yourself, switch to Girards. Be at your best all the time.

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

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case he might be regarded as an involuntary victim. The corporal who had arrested him had been unable to give evidence at the court-martial because he had been sent back to England suffering from delirium tremens.

He supposed that the root of the whole matter was the radical wrong of war.

He could not understand these things, and he felt that by training and tradition it was impossible for the court to understand him. According to their standards he had been guilty of something like the final sin, but all his previous mental history had been different from theirs. He had been obliged to ferret things out for himself, while their codes were almost like those of a great secret society. When everything else failed they were supported by their *esprit de corps*. He had nothing like that to support him or restrain him at the time when he made his attempt to escape.

His mind grew dazed with its whirl of thoughts. He sat there in the dimly lighted barn, his prison, where the mice rustled through the straw and squeaked. He heard the sounds of that other world—the world that had condemned him. The thrumming of the piano, the voices of the young soldiers in their endless ditty began to have an almost hypnotic effect upon him. For a moment he closed his eyes.

"Time to go to sleep," he said.

"Say it again, daddy," a small voice seemed to reply from a great distance.

His head dropped, jerking him back to consciousness, first of all that the nursery rime was being sung by somebody else, and then that it was only the voices of those incomprehensible happy-go-lucky folk, some of whom had been amongst his judges three weeks ago. He recognized the voice of the soloist.

Then with a great pounding of rhythmic fists and feet the chorus, now some twenty voices strong, floated across the farmyard:

"We'd like a K. C. B.," said the generals.
"What's the next word of command?" said the colonels.
"Blankety—blankety—blank," said the majors,
"We—want—three—months'—leave," said the captains.
"We—do—all—the—work," said the subalterns.
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants.
"Toot, tiddly-oot, tiddly-oot," said the trumpeters.
"Beer—beer—beer—beer—beer," said the corporals.
Oh, there's none so rare they can compare
With the boys of the British Arm-ee!

It was as if the very nursery rimes of Number Six, Acacia Villas, had been caught up in the military machine, but he was untouched by the irony of the accident. It only seemed to deepen his isolation. He felt as if he were the only human being left in the world. He wanted to speak to someone with the ordinary human weaknesses, someone that he could understand.

The answer to his wish came in an unexpected form. The door of the barn was thrust open and, framed against the night sky, a burly figure stood on the threshold with a little cluster of stars glittering over his right shoulder. It was the A. P. M.

Private Mason rose hastily to his feet, clicked his heels together and stood stiffly at attention. The A. P. M. looked curiously sheepish and embarrassed. He mumbled something that sounded like an apology, but was fully understood by the prisoner.

It was indeed quite true that he and his judges had been moving in different worlds. He was to be shot on Monday morning at seven o'clock.

Officially the A. P. M. was part of the military machine. Privately he was almost more kind-hearted than was consistent with his duties, among which was the supervision of military executions.

"I'm about fed up with this job," he had said to a friend immediately before bringing his sentence to Private Mason. "There's a couple of armies withdrawn from the Front and in 'orspital now through their involuntary bad 'abits—involuntary, that's wot the law calls 'em—and 'ere's one o' the pluckiest little volunteers I've ever seen or 'eard of—look at the way 'e stood up to the court-martial—goin' to be shot because 'is nerve gave way. If 'e'd broke 'is leg 'e'd 'ave been sent to Blighty; if 'e'd been a contractor and broken the Bank of England 'e'd 'ave been sent to the 'Ouse of Lords; but because it was 'is nerve that broke—and we don't know nothin' about nerves—we say 'e did it on purpose and we've got to shoot him. We're bloody barbarians, that's wot we are. If we win this war we shan't 'ave the guts to punish the blighters that brought it on. But we put a little chap like this up against a wall and shoot 'im for bein' a volunteer and because we're not afraid of the consequences. I tell you straight—it's 'im that's the 'ero and us that's the cowards. Bloody lot of wild savages, that's wot we are. I've 'ad too many of these shootin's.

"I always do my best to save the pore blighter any unnecessary suffering by painting a white bull's-eye over 'is 'eart so as to 'elp the aim of the men, but the men don't like shootin' their own flesh and blood, even if his eyes are bandaged. It's only to 'elp the firing party that we bandage 'em, though we always pretend it's for the sake of the prisoner. I tell the men that nobody knows whose rifles are loaded, but they fire wide most of 'em on the chance, and then of course I 'ave to go and finish 'im off with a revolver.

"I'm damned if I'm goin' to think of the men to-morrow mornin'. I'm not goin' to be such a crawling hypocrite. I'm goin' to think of the prisoner. I'm goin' to paint a white bull's-eye on 'im as big as 'is 'eart and load every man jack's rifle with my own hands."

The A. P. M. gave no outward sign of his thoughts while he was delivering the cold verdict to the prisoner in the most official language at his command. Before he turned to go he looked hard at this white-faced young man who still stood rigidly at attention, showing no signs of mental stress except the change of color and the long streaks of sweat that made his face glisten in the dim lamplight. The A. P. M. too looked hot and uncomfortable. He stood there holding his red hat in his left hand while he mopped his face with a khaki handkerchief.

"'Aven't I seen you before—in England somewhere?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. You enlisted me."

"Ah, I remember," said the A. P. M., and it was true. His mind traveled back to the thin young woman with large dark eyes who had smiled up at him through restrained tears while he described the advantages of the army to her husband. His promise of what it would do for him physically had been fulfilled even in this short time, he thought, as he looked at the slight upright figure of the prisoner. The army had made a new man of him. The chest had filled out, he had developed a good pair of shoulders and he had taken his sentence more courageously than the A. P. M. had ever seen one taken before. It seemed wasteful to shoot him now.

"I'm very sorry for you," he muttered. "We none of us know what may be coming to us. It's just the fortunes of war. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, sir," said Private Mason. "I'd like to send a message to my wife."

"The padre will do all that for you. I'll send him at once."

"Thank you, sir."

Then the most astonishing thing happened. The A. P. M. seemed to want to say something else—something that he could not put into words. He struggled with it for a moment and decided to express it in another way. He gravely put on his red hat, clicked his heels together, looked straight at the condemned man and raised his hand to the salute.

Private Mason stood there, still rigidly at attention, almost ceasing to breathe, as his eyes caught and answered—across a great gulf it seemed—that momentary gleam of understanding in the other man's eyes. Strangely enough, though it came from the military machine, the gesture helped him as it was meant to do. He discerned for a moment that the other man was almost as helpless as himself, and that if this execution was unjust it was because this temporal habitation of ours, this place of fragmentary knowledge and illusory shadows, was not the home of justice. The salute seemed somehow to be an acknowledgment of this, and it sustained him.

"I'll give your message at once," said the A. P. M., slightly emphasizing the last phrase as his hand dropped from the salute. Then he turned and strode hastily out.

For nearly a quarter of a minute after he had gone Private Mason remained standing there in his frozen attitude of attention.

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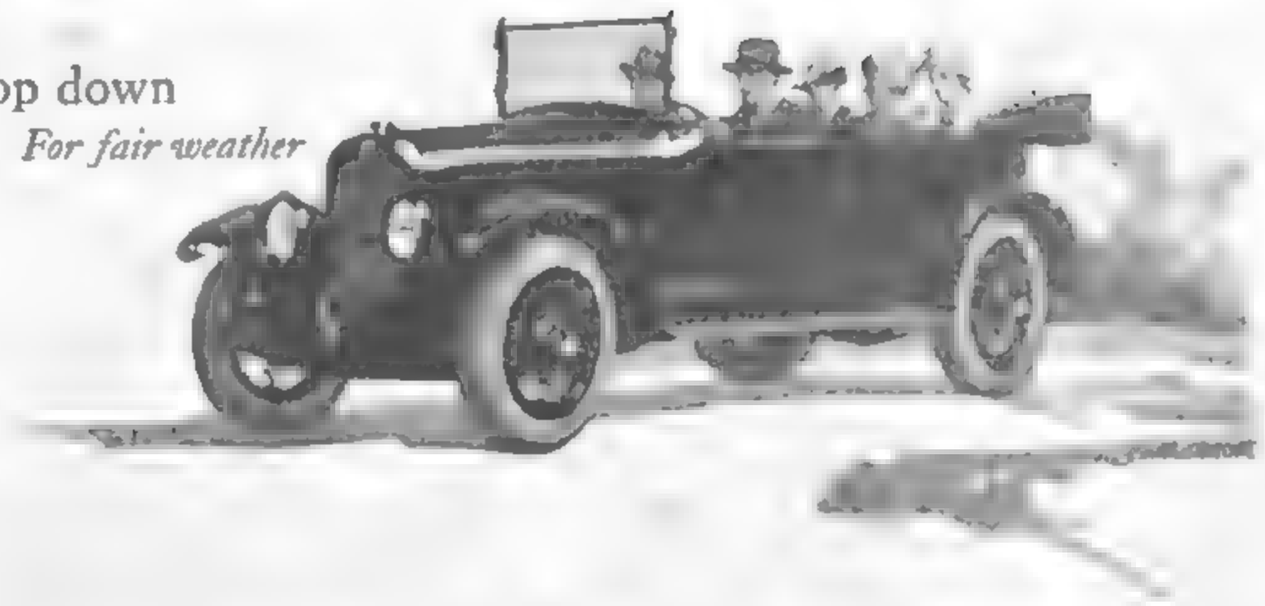
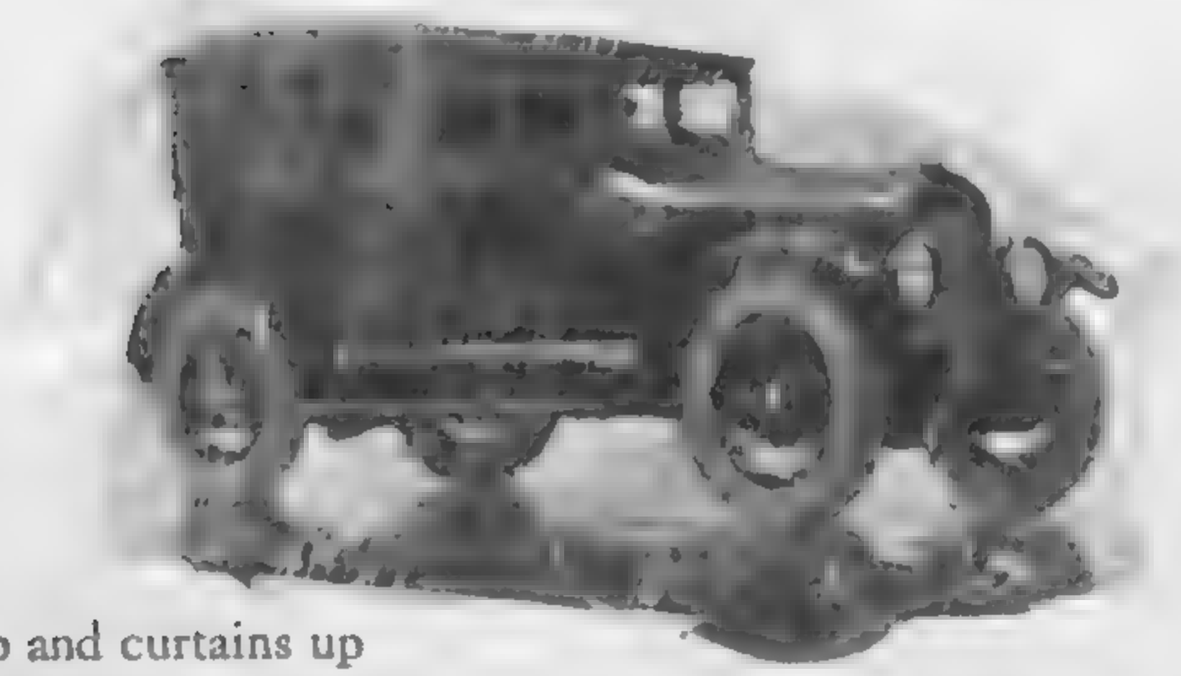


Top up
When the winds blow

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through



Top and curtains up
When the storm beats down

It is an intensely American characteristic to speak well of that which serves us well.

All of us find ourselves now and again going out of our way, even, to say a good word in behalf of that which has earned our good opinion.

So it happens that each intimate circle in which there is a Dort owner comes to hear frequently of the loyalty with which this car performs and the thrift with which it operates.

And these friends and acquaintances thru hearing about the sound qualities of the Dort soon find themselves possessed of a very precise knowledge of the car and a high esteem for its capability.

Then when they come to make their own selection of a car they discover a surprisingly strong preference for the Dort.

All thru the country you will find this tendency to single out the Dort as an especially desirable car to own growing steadily stronger.

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Wire wheels and spare tires extra

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Flint, Mich.

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Chatham, Ontario

(201)

THE DESTINY OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE

(Continued from Page 21)

been going across the Atlantic every day of the year since the Civil War without evening up the financial balance. We had the same chance of overtaking that financial balance as the kitten has of catching its tail.

Our total tonnage in foreign trade in July, 1914, was less than two and a half per cent of the world's shipping. For the greatest consuming, producing, highest-living, most free-handed nation in the world it bordered on the tragic. We had everything within our borders that the bounty of Nature could provide and the genius of man fructify, but our trade boundary was at tidewater. So far as we as a nation were concerned the three-mile limit was a phrase of diplomacy. We had no external distribution system worthy of the name and no feeders picking up cargoes in the corners of the world.

Then came the war! Germany's five million tons precipitately deserted the seas. Some of it fell into British and French hands and was recommissioned, but the bulk sought refuge in neutral ports. Soon the world at large discovered that modern wars are a matter of commissary, metals and oils. The war was in Europe, the base of supplies overseas, in America more largely than anywhere else. The twenty battle fronts in the great ring surrounding the Central Empires, the required reënforcements, the ever-increasing demand for provisions, munitions and mechanical equipment placed a strain on shipping which dangerously imperiled the prospects of the Entente Allies.

The Beaten Trump

Germany's trump card showed itself—the submarine. British yards clanged and hammered by day and by night, but the cumulative demand for ships and the disheartening toll of the U-boats challenged Allied superiority unless some new factor intervened. It was desperately true that without new ships from somewhere the fabric of civilization must crumble. America was still far from being a belligerent, but her shipbuilding campaign was already under way preparing to match the German play. Upon the actual rupture of relations with Germany our Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation were created and placed in the hands of the President, freed from the necessity of appeal to Congress or congressional supervision. It was an hour of necessity which knew little of the orthodoxy of business. In fact, by the Urgent Deficiency Act, approved June 15, 1917, business laws were set aside and the President was "authorized to requisition, construct and operate ships without limitation or conditions (save only as within the appropriation)," and by executive action powers were later delegated to the Emergency Fleet Corporation to build ships and to the Shipping Board "all powers to acquire ships already constructed, to operate, manage and dispose of all ships theretofore and thereafter acquired by the United States."

Jointly the two boards possessed practically limitless authority. The United States took up the burden of building ships faster than the U-boats could sink them, and of operating them as a war measure.

Though not a shipbuilder, the United States had all the requisites of shipbuilding at hand. Between the days of the Civil War and the World War an industrial transition had come over the country. We had become the master ironworker and the master coal miner of the world.

It has been said by some philosopher that civilizations may be gauged by their use of metals. Measured by this standard we stood in the forefront. We had turned to rich account Nature's iron beds, where the hematite is mined with a steam shovel, and a wealth of coal seams of great thickness and easy accessibility insured a permanent position of advantage in industrial supremacy. And we had learned something that the Englishman with his penchant for precedent was slower to adopt. We had discovered how to standardize.

One institution producing one part for our hundred million people effected—as we found—economies such as were impossible in a hundred institutions, each making the same dozen or score of parts in its own way. America had become leader in the industrial schemes of quantity production. And so, when it was put up to America to build ships fast enough to save the situation, the country had but to mobilize its bountiful resources in steel and coal and to apply the science of quantity production and the fabricated ship was already on the way—if not on the ways. But America had almost no shipyards, very few shipbuilders and fewer ship architects. Broadly speaking, the whole mechanism of ship production had to be designed, diagrammed, created and set in motion. With the exception of the few yards where it was known and known well, even the trade of shipbuilding had to be learned—and in the night school. All were busy during the day.

The Romans, who, in similar situations, built their fleet to meet and overwhelm the Carthaginians, had seasons in which to do their building. In America the space was measured by days. Failure to produce ships meant inevitable disaster.

Of the resource shown by our organizers of industry in grappling with this emergency; of the amazing adaptability displayed by our industrial army in this untried occupation, and of the astonishing applicability of the steel plants in synchronizing with this new demand the story will some day be written, when the passing of time has given this drama of shipbuilding its real perspective. Then the historian will surely raise the question of what we expected would be the future of the new merchant marine which these prodigies of shipbuilding were bringing into being.

Though when the shipping crises rose America's few shipyards were turning out creditable vessels upon a cost basis of seventy-five to a hundred dollars per ton deadweight, to create a complete mercantile marine as a rush order the country had to commence with the creation of a national shipbuilding plant. Expense was not the consideration, but time. Lack of efficiency was inevitable. Uncle Sam threw consideration of saving of money overboard when he let the cost-plus contracts. It was not how much but how soon. But had the policy been reversed; if instead of ten per cent being paid the shipbuilders on what was spent an attractive bonus had been paid on what was saved; if labor had been rewarded with some adequate proportion of any saving below the abnormal cost; if the premium had been placed all along the line upon lowering costs instead of upon increasing them, would production have suffered and would not the result have been comparatively cheap ships?

Quantity Production

The situation which ensued, with its soaring prices and labor complications, was a natural financial, industrial and sociological stepchild of the war conditions, but—and this was of greatest moment at that time—the ships were forthcoming. Through the moving-picture film and the popular magazine the American public has become acquainted with the American shipyards, machine shops, foundries and mills rising out of the tide flats. Long avenues of towering hulls on the ways that grew day by day into monster freighters; armies of mechanics coördinating for the creation of the new armada; new keels laid in the smoke where the last leviathan shot into the water; strings of ships along the water front, complete, as like and as bright as new dollars. Quantity production—this to the maximum degree.

Columbia was giving birth to a merchant marine brought into being as an essential item of our war program. Partly by reason of its creation the war was won.

It has justified its existence, but what is now to be our policy? We shall soon have fifteen million tons of shipping on the seas. Do we want to keep the place in peace time that the demands of war compelled us to assume? Can we if we would?

And first, do we want a permanent American merchant marine? That depends a good deal on whether we want our fair share of the trade and markets of the world. Leaving aside any considerations of national prestige or the value of a merchant marine for national defense, forgetting for a moment the balance that other nations

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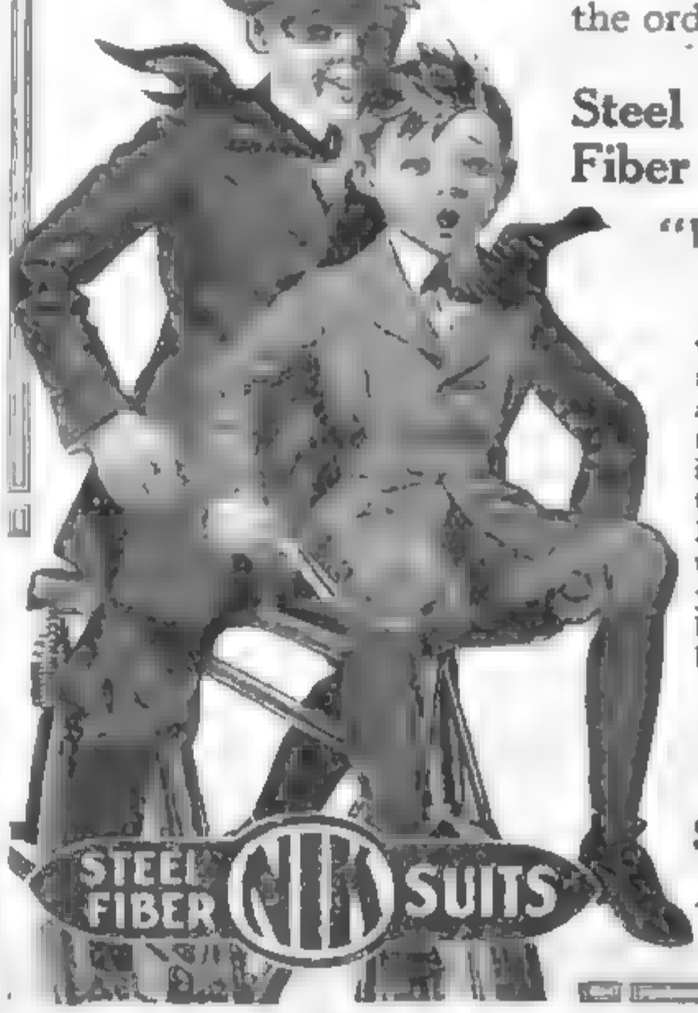

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But because you do not live in the Valley of the Mountain and cannot get these berries ripe and fresh as we get them, you must let us prepare Paul's Fruti Jammi for you at our Kitchens in the berry fields. Ask your grocer today to send you a jar of this fresh fruit jam.

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Look for the name—see that you get The Florsheim Shoe. It is just as important to know what you buy as what you pay, and you pay no more for Florsheim shoes than for ordinary shoes, value considered.

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Write for Book "Styles of the Times"

built up against us by doing our trading for us, let us ask whether we want to hold the foreign trade we have secured and to extend it further.

Prior to 1914 the great bulk of American manufacturers possessed little interest in foreign markets, because the rapidly increasing domestic consumption, despite temporary and generally acute interruptions, had made possible a business growth which was steady enough to be healthful and sufficiently rapid to be satisfying. Other nations carried on the business of the world and supplied America with much costly goods, which its exports of agricultural and other raw material and its yearly accumulations of new capital permitted it to buy. The war, however, brought the foreign market right into the office of the American manufacturer. Enterprise and competition ceased to be elements of salesmanship. Costs dwindled in importance in the problems of production. Patriotism shared with profit making as the incentive of effort and, though business based upon conditions so temporary and artificial could not be expected by the most optimistic to endure, the American manufacturing plant was enlarged far beyond peace requirements. American trade attained a momentous output unparalleled in its history, deliberately ignoring the commercial future and thinking only of the war that must be won.

Peace and victory assured, we turn again to the neglected problems of commerce to find a great manufacturing machine overbuilt in many departments, too large in some directions for the markets which in peace it supplied. The steady improvement of the standards of living of our own people will absorb a great share of our increased productive capacity, but in many a branch of production, if we are not to find ourselves face to face with crisis and stagnation, we must find new outlets abroad. This is self-evident: that if America is to progress or even to hold her present place; if American labor is to be steadily employed and adequately rewarded; if as a nation we are to enjoy the prosperity which is our due; if we are to be secured from the panics and stringencies which have punctuated American industry in the past—we must develop a foreign trade which will embrace the whole world. We must put American products into every home in every clime, and to the end that we may build up a permanent export trade we must import by hundreds per cent more than we ever bought abroad before.

An Easier Task Ahead

We have not the slightest reason to doubt that we can get this trade if we want it. The surging industrial development which followed the Civil War resulted in the conquest of the West, the opening up of vast new territories and the greatest colonization movement the world has ever known. This achievement, bristling with the obstacles of a strained national credit, a depleted treasury, the fresh hatreds and wounds of the war, the puny transportation system and frail machinery of commerce, was much more formidable and hopeless than the development of American foreign trade to-day. The measure of success which we shall attain is almost as much within our own power as when our purpose was to people and develop our own country.

If we want foreign trade we must have a merchant marine. The experience of every trading people, past and present, proves that the two things hang together. No nation has ever built up and held a large overseas trade unless it had its own ships to fetch and carry. If we want to sell our goods we must be ready to do our share in their transporting and their financing. Factories and farms, ships and banks, all must work together. In countless practical ways shipping and trade development are interdependent, and no people who are not masters of their destinies in the one field can succeed for long in the other. Of course there must be give and take. We must expect for many a year that foreign ships will hold much of our carrying trade, just as we may hope that American ships will earn their place in the world's general traffic. But for the most part American ships must carry American goods.

If we must have ships, how are they to be operated? Certainly the proposal that has been made to operate the new tonnage as a government enterprise does not meet the necessities. The Government has no magic to annihilate capital cost. There are intricacies and subtleties of the shipping business which could never be mastered by a bureaucratic administration. There are speculations and adventures which could not properly come within the scope of government activities. There are routings, questions of buying commodities to make up cargoes where no freights are offered, and of contracts with foreign governments such as could not be undertaken by our own except at the risk of international complications. Of all the agencies the Government is the one least likely to operate ships economically.

If then our ships are to be controlled by private owners, what is necessary to insure success and the upbuilding of a permanent American merchant marine? Obviously the first consideration will be the ability to compete with the ships of other nations in cost of transportation. To attain this by the payment of ship subsidies or by government operation at competitive rates would simply mean transferring an additional permanent tax burden to the shoulders of the American people for the benefit of our shipbuilders and those engaged in our foreign trade. There are two factors in the cost of operation of the ordinary cargo carrier—known the world over as the "tramp," which is the vessel one has in mind in the comparisons that follow—to consider and in both of these our shipowners are under a handicap: We must face higher capital charges and we must pay more for operation, particularly for inshore items. As to capital costs, the outstanding feature is that practically all our shipping was built in wartime and at wartime costs, whereas the greater part of the merchant marine of our chief rivals was built at prewar prices.

Comparative Costs

On June 30, 1914, Great Britain, excluding the dominions, standing at the head of the list of maritime nations, excluding sailing ships, had 18,877,000 gross-register tons of ocean-going shipping. Germany, the next highest, had less than one-third that amount—5,133,000 gross-register tons, to be exact. America, surpassed by these and twelve other countries, had 724,874 gross-register tons engaged in foreign trade. There are to-day eight thousand ships on the bottom of the ocean, torpedoed by German submarines, sunk by mines, or otherwise destroyed by war or lost during the war period, a total of 14,224,252 gross-register tons, constituting one-third of the world's shipping as of June, 1914, and of a value for the ships alone of not less than one billion dollars at 1914 prices, or about four billion dollars as ships cost to-day.

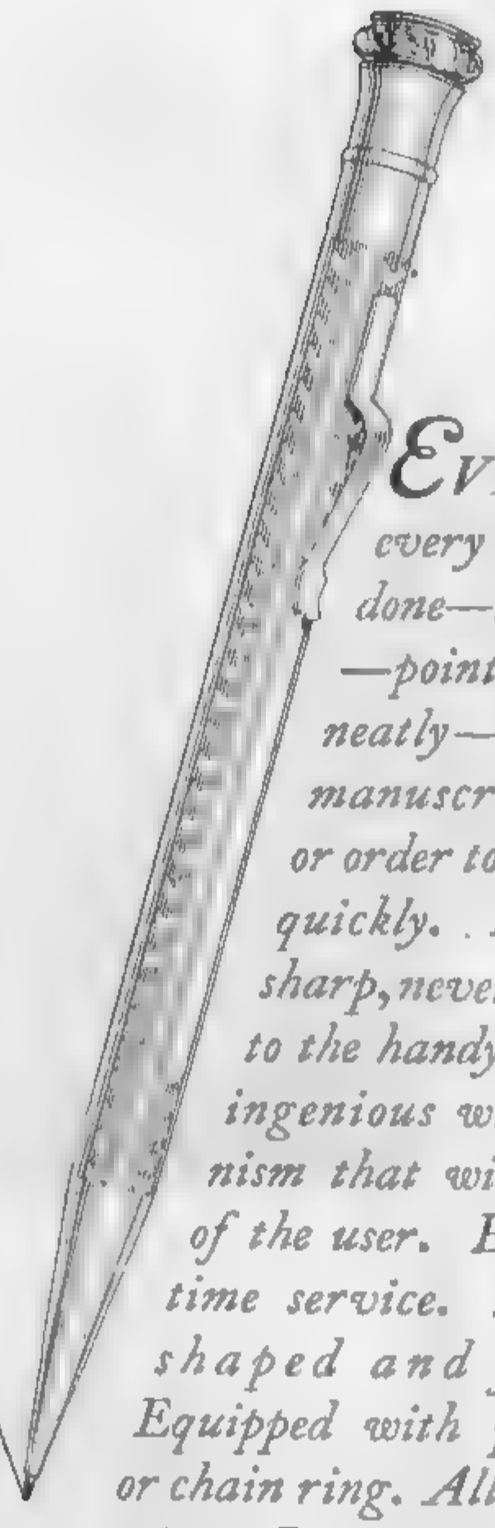
Of these eight thousand ships Britain lost more than the United States, for the double reason that she had more ships to lose and more time in which to lose them. But the havoc wrought to her shipping was proportionately less than America's. Britain's aggregate losses were 8,786,090 gross-register tons, or about forty-seven per cent of her merchant marine, as of June, 1914; but United States ship casualties in the four years of war were 531,038 gross tons, or about seventy-three per cent of her ocean-going tonnage—excluding sailing ships afloat on June 30, 1914. The proportion of the replacements, however, was far from a corresponding ratio.

British gross-register tonnage on June 1, 1919, stood at 16,345,000. The British have about 10,000,000 tonnage of old ships, costing ten to twelve pounds per ton, in their aggregate of 16,000,000 tons; and taking into account enemy ships seized it is probably a conservative estimate that not more than one-third of Britain's tonnage is new at war cost. Prewar ships, of which Britain has two-thirds in her mercantile marine now afloat, cost approximately twelve pounds per ton. Allow one ton of new shipping at, say, thirty pounds per ton, the present cost, and two tons of prewar shipping at twelve pounds, and the British average is about eighteen pounds, or eighty-five or ninety dollars per ton.

America, on the other hand, had as on June 1, 1919, an aggregate of 5,815,625 gross tons of steamers engaged in foreign trade. There are scattered in this some commandeered German ships and some of the prewar ships. The Emergency Fleet Corporation alone had delivered by December first approximately 7,372,000 deadweight tons of steel steamers, and in addition had under construction and ordered approximately 4,216,000 deadweight

(Continued on Page 177)

Everytime



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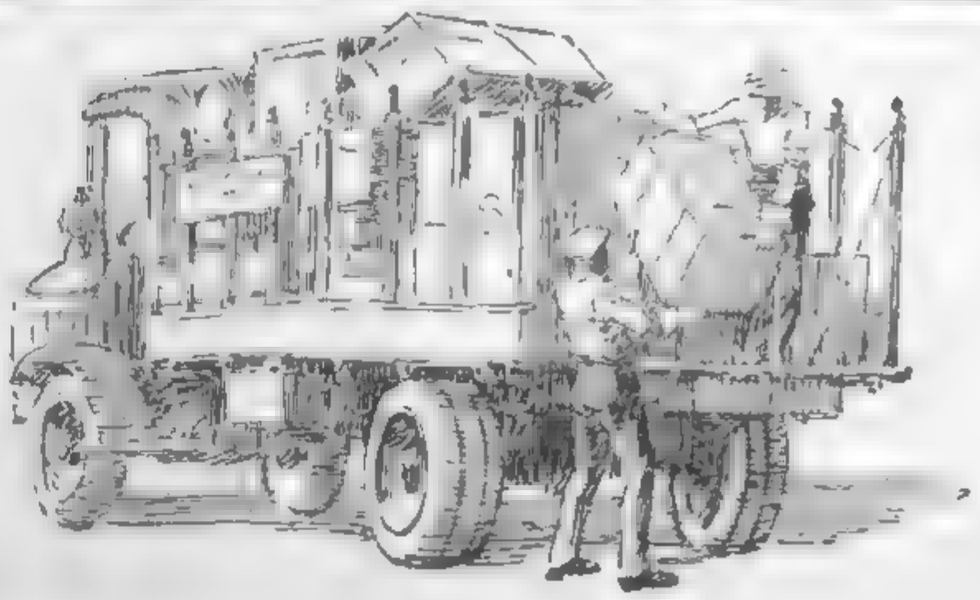

(Continued from Page 174)

tons. It therefore follows, because there is practically none other than war-cost ships, that in figuring cost of transportation by our new merchant marine the war cost of these ships is the only basis that can be used—and that cost very conservatively stated has been between two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars per ton deadweight.

Just what does this situation mean commercially? In mercantile accounting there are certain basic factors common the world over. The cost of marine insurance is one of them. The normal market rate is about five per cent per annum. And depreciation! The average life is about twenty years and the normal writing off for depreciation is therefore five per cent per annum. The two items of insurance and depreciation are thus ten per cent. Omitting the item of exchange and eliminating for the moment the question of interest, the British shipowners taken as a whole have as their first fixed charges to meet insurance and depreciation upon less than one hundred dollars a ton. The American shipowners have the same fixed charges to pay on not less than two hundred dollars a ton. Upon a ten-thousand-ton ship the American must meet a fixed charge of ten per cent on $1,000,000 in excess of the Britisher before he reaches wages, provisions, stores, repairs, fuel and other items of operation.

An arithmetical calculation of the respective operating costs per ton of one British and one American ten-thousand-ton vessel, assuming the recognized provision for depreciation and insurance of ten per cent in each case, works out at approximately $2.30 per ton per month of cargo carried upon the hundred-dollar-per-ton British boat and $2.90 per ton per month of cargo carried upon the two-hundred-dollar-per-ton American boat. In other words, if all the other operating costs were identical the difference in the charges on the capital cost of the two vessels means an advantage of sixty cents per ton per month of cargo carried in favor of the British vessel, equal to earnings of ten per cent upon the investment it represents. The British vessel could meet the rate of the American vessel, forced by competitive conditions to operate at cost, and still have its comfortable margin of ten per cent, and the result will be the same if we drop the specific illustration and substitute the word "fleet" for "vessels."

Mr. Hurley's Proposal

Can these fixed charges be reduced to a competitive level? One factor that assists the American owner is the continuance of high freight rates. So long as current rates prevail it will be possible from earnings to write down the capital investment in some American ships sufficiently to enable them to compete under normal ocean-freight conditions. When shipping is scarce the tariff is fixed not by the most but by the least economical ship. Once, however, the shipbuilding program has overtaken the demand for ships and there are ships to spare, the basis of arriving at freight rates becomes not the maximum that can be charged, which is based on the cost of operating the least efficient ship, but the minimum, which is based on the cost of operating the most efficient ship.

For light upon the future of American shipping in these complex circumstances one turns instinctively to Edward N. Hurley, whose splendid record as chairman of the United States Shipping Board requires no elaboration here. Before relinquishing his onerous task Mr. Hurley made a final report to the President, dated July thirty-first last, and in this document he expressed his confidence in the continuance of high ocean freight during the "next three abnormal years." Forecasts of the period of competitive immunity for war-cost ships are, however, diverse and numerous. The Glasgow Chamber of Commerce recently prophesied a surplus of ocean shipping within a year. If a balance be struck between the estimates of these two authorities, the time during which war-built ships, and particularly those latest launched, could write down high capital costs by abnormal earnings will be brief. What then?

Two suggestions merit consideration. Mr. Hurley, in the report cited, expressed his belief that if Congress acts favorably upon a certain recommendation made to that body by himself those who buy ships now may so strengthen their financial position that they need have no apprehension whatever about their ability to meet successfully whatever conditions the return to normal times may bring about. Mr. Hurley's recommendation is briefly to the effect that:

"Citizens who buy vessels now be permitted to charge off annually out of earnings for three years, in addition to the customary five per cent, a special amortization of ten per cent, the amount of the special amortization so charged off to be exempted from Federal taxation, provided that within the three years the shipowner uses the special amortization fund so set aside from the earnings of all his vessels to construct one or more new vessels in an American shipyard."

In supporting this proposal to the President, Mr. Hurley uses these words:

"This special amortization is a legitimate charge against the cost of transacting current business done on present valuations, which have not been created by the new steamship owners but much of which—especially in ship construction—is known to have been created by various acts of this and other governments while striving to get quick results in an emergency. It seems to me no more than just that at this time, when every value on earth is being questioned, the Government take this step, which is also a help to the uncertain future of the shipping industry, to impart confidence to the men who buy and build ships."

Chargeable to the War

If we have a surplus of ocean shipping in a year or so Mr. Hurley's remedy would seem to offer a palliative rather than a cure. There is, however, another proposal, which though directly unsponsored was on its appearance coupled with Mr. Hurley's name and bore an unmistakable official tinge. It was contained in an Associated Press dispatch from Paris on January 16, 1919, and because it has made a profound impression upon the thought of those concerned with the problem of the existing shipping situation I venture to repeat its substance here:

"Inasmuch as one of the very important factors in ship-operating costs is that part of the overhead cost represented by interest and depreciation, it is recognized that a readjustment of ship values should be made. It is also evident that sound commercial practice and proper accounting methods require a reduction in values at which ships already built and now building under war conditions are carried. It is estimated from the figures so far obtained that the proposed write-off of from thirty to forty per cent would be the minimum amount properly chargeable to the cost of the war.

"The operating cost of the United States government-owned ships is necessarily high because of the high construction cost due to the war. The question of future rates therefore makes necessary a readjustment of the values at which American shipping is carried. The proposed reduction should put American shipping on an adequate postwar footing, both as to values and cost of operation. Similar methods, it seems, might well be applied to a reduction in shipyard values.

"The proposed new valuation of ships would be to put the United States, in so far as the present government-owned ships purchased or built during the war are concerned, in a position to name rates in competition with such rates as may be offered by ships of other nations, and it is the intention of the United States Government that its people shall have ocean rates at least as low as those offered by foreign shipping."

This view frankly recognizes that the war-cost ships belong to the war. They were built for an emergency and their cost was a war cost as much as the munitions and goods which they carried to Europe. They were as definitely a part of the war program as any of the other things we accumulated for military purposes and the value of which we now regard as purely a matter of salvage. The proposal that we look at our war-capitalized ships in the same light and write off a percentage of their cost as an amount properly chargeable to the cost of the war may be sweeping, but it promises one result—and that is, if it is put into effect America will soon be the first mercantile nation of the world.

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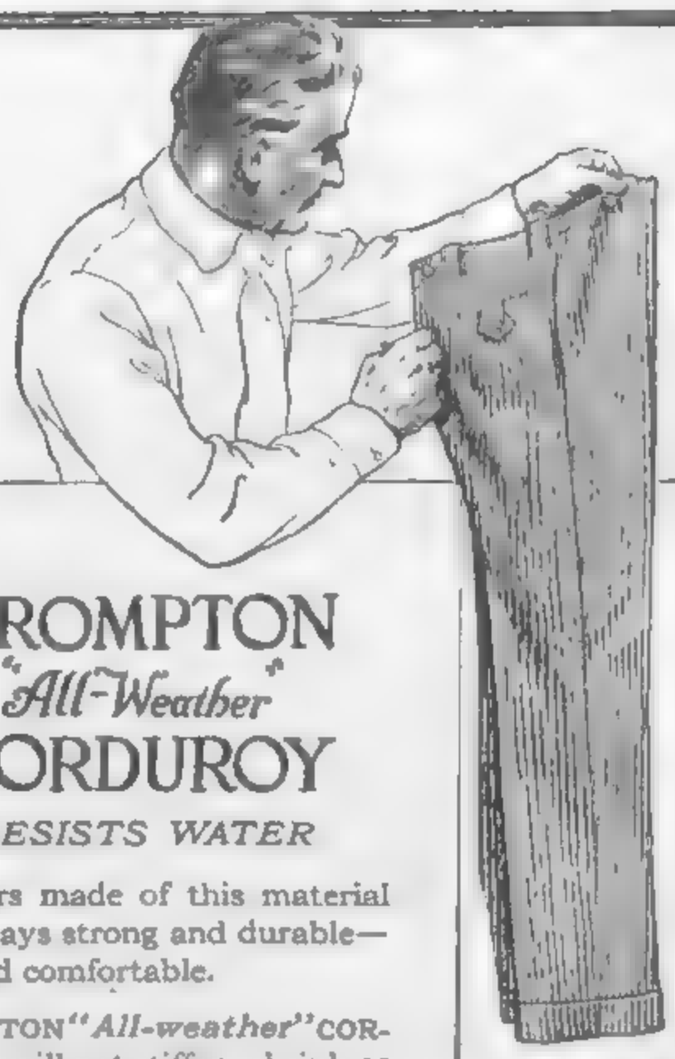

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But there are other handicaps to American ship operation at the present time besides high fixed charges and it may be in order for me here to compare the position of American ships with those sailing under British and European flags in respect to operating costs other than capital charges.

There is a method which constitutes the shorthand of business expression by which actuaries reduce these operating-cost figures to a common denominator, and then set out the results in tabulated form so that the deduction is apparent at a glance. For the purpose of comparison I have obtained from the records of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and from one of the large British tank-steamer companies detailed returns of these costs, and in the instance I present the comparison of three ships of the same class, in the same trade, running over the same routes of approximately the same size, using the same fuel—oil—and in every way furnishing the parallels from which a conclusion may be drawn.

Here are the principal inshore items on three British tankers compared with corresponding items on three American tankers expressed in cost per ton per month of deadweight capacity, being the actual cost figures for the operation of these boats during the last six months of 1918:

COST PER DEADWEIGHT TON PER MONTH

NAME	DEAD-WEIGHT TON-NAGE	COST PROVI-SIONS PER MONTH	COST DECK EXPENSES PER MONTH	COST ENGINE EXPENSES PER MONTH	COST WAGES PER MONTH	COST REPAIRS PER MONTH	TOTAL COST PER MONTH EXCLUDING REPAIRS	
							BRITISH	AMERICAN
S. S.								
Tuscarora (B)	10,500	$.15	$.07	$.04	$.55	$.65	$.64	....
Tamarac (B)	7,388	.14	.08	.06	.42	.12	.82	..
Saranac (B)	16,820	.12	.10	.04	.26	.14	.66	.
Josiah Macy (A)	9,500	.25	.07	.05	.44	.75		$1.13
W. H. Telford (A)	8,130	.32	.10	.10	.55	.55		1.62
Standard (A)	17,000	.13	.07	.07	.27	.82		1.34
Average British	11,569	.13	.08	.04	.42	.11	.61	.
Average American	11,573	.20	.07	.07	.38	.64		1.35
American Increase Over British		.07		.03	.04	.53		.68
British Increase Over American	....	....	.02	....	....	....		.02
Total American Increase Over British								$.66

(B) British (A) American

Depreciation, port charges and fuel are not included in the above table for the reason that the steamers are operating in similar trades and these items would be practically identical. Operating costs on British steamers converted into gold at par of exchange. Averages are arrived at by dividing by the total tonnage in each group to get the true cost per ton per month.

Depreciation, port charges and fuel are not included in the above table for the reason that the steamers are operating in similar trades and these items would be practically identical—operating costs on British steamers converted into gold at par of exchange.

As America is the origin of most of the world's provisions it would be natural to conclude that the larder would be more cheaply supplied on this side than after the goods had been carried across the Atlantic. But actual practice controverts this. In England immense institutions are devoted exclusively to the ship trade, doing on a quantity basis at the very lowest cost the same business which our American houses in years past have carried on as a side line or a thing apart. It is, however, when we reach the item of repairs that the disadvantage of the American position is most obvious. The spread here is so great that it can be accounted for in no other way than that American industry, with its quantity production and its mechanical adaptability, fails to function when an attempt is made to apply its machine shops to the upkeep of the merchant marine. It is not surprising that though ships have been built in America upon a scale never attempted in the world before, the longshore complement of the mercantile marine has not been able to keep pace.

In Britain, where all eyes are turned to the sea, the requirements of the shipping business through the ages have been economically and efficiently met. Catering to those who go down to the sea in ships to the business men in the United Kingdom is not far short of a tribal instinct. It has been said that the occupation of one man in every three in Britain has to do with shipping. Houses there are doing ship chandlery which were in business when Drake sailed—to them the ocean is the world. Their machine shops specialize in marine repairs and enlist the services of mechanics brought up in the world of ships. With our mechanics a marine-repair job is unusual, with them it is normal.

The higher wage item on the American boats will bring to mind at once the time-worn arguments pro and con concerning the Seamen's Act, a measure which has been a political football in this country for years. Multitudes of persons with no practical knowledge of the working of a ship have expressed profound opinions anent this and we read continually that it will never be possible to operate an American merchant marine so long as that act is on the statute books. There is probably as much bias as basis to much of this criticism. What the bill does mainly is to consolidate the seamen's position in demanding wages, but the American shipowner who does not recognize the essential justice of an adequate wage scale for American seamen is a rare individual these days, and becoming rarer.

As a matter of fact wages represent about sixteen per cent of the total cost of operation and the scale of wages paid on American vessels is in excess of the British scale to the extent of about six cents per ton per month, so that in so far as the transatlantic and South American trade is concerned the American wage scale is not a factor affecting the ability of our mercantile marine to compete successfully.

In the Pacific, however, the Seamen's Act is a much greater handicap, the wages paid Oriental crews being materially less than the American scale. Though the American master must never be without a crew which speaks the language of the officers, any European ship may discharge its European crew at an Asiatic port and take on Asiatics for the period of its stay in that trade.

There are other features in the act, however, which require adjustment. There is, for instance, the provision which makes it possible for one or two men in a spirit of sabotage and for no real grievance to tie up a ship by desertion, let the loss to the owner be what it may.

The inherent injustice of some of the legislation governing the American marine will undoubtedly appeal to sailors as well as shipowners when they are firmly united on a conciliatory basis for common interests and when the future is more clearly grasped.

The situation which is facing us then is this: In quantity of ocean tonnage we are to stand within a few months very close to if not at the head of the list. Yet only in times of excessively high freights, which in the general interest cannot continue indefinitely, is there basis for belief that this tremendous mercantile fleet can be operated successfully. If we are to hold the place on the seven seas that our splendid traditions and our present interests demand, there must be a radical readjustment of the items of capital charges and of the home-port costs of operation and a revision of certain clauses of the Seamen's Act. The United States Government and American shipowners have to-day as much money invested in ships already in operation or now building as the total value of all the ships in the world in 1914.

One-quarter of the shipping of the world is under the American flag. The question is, can we keep it there? The time when the answer must be forthcoming is now.

The Cleverest Thief in the World—

I know a thief—

He is the greatest—the cleverest thief in the world.

His hand is in every man's pocket—

—Presidents and princes—hoboes and multimillionaires—the man who bosses and the man who works—the fellow whose middle name is "industry" and the chap who shirks—they're all his victims.

He has stolen from me.

You suffer at his hands.

And the worst of it is that he takes most from those who can least afford to lose.

The court powerful enough to pass sentence upon him was never convened.

The jail has yet to be built that's strong enough to hold him behind its bars.

Why?

Simply because this thief is not a man—it's a habit—and it's called—Procrastination.

Now—right here—I'm going to lose a lot of readers.

They were interested in hearing about a thief but I lost their attention the minute I disclosed the fact that I was talking about a habit that is costing them more cash than a thief ever could steal.

But well and good. By the elimination process my audience now consists exclusively of the people who are interested in themselves and they are the only ones I want to talk to, anyway.

The one place where Procrastination steals the biggest sums of money is where it robs a man of the Opportunity to Progress.

Progress—advancement—the money—the comforts—yes, the luxuries it brings are today almost purely a matter of preparation.

Chas. M. Schwab says in effect that the Captains of Industry of this country are hunting—not money—but *specialized* brains.

Do you get that word "specialized"? Not just "brains" but "trained"—"specialized"—brains.

No, I'm not getting away from my subject—on the contrary I am showing you just how the greatest thief in the world operates.

A man may be smart—clever—have a good brain—but when he looks for a market for his wares—for a chance to trade them for money—where is he going to go—what is he going to do?

The moment he trains himself—becomes a business executive—an accountant—a correspondent—a traffic manager—an attorney—then definite markets for his specialized training open before him—earning power increases and he puts himself into definite channels of positions paying well up in four and into five figure salaries.

Where does Procrastination come in?

In just this way: You realize the necessity of specialized training—you intend to take it up - - - but - - - you procrastinate—you put it off—and next year and the year after find you still plugging away at the old work, no better off in cash or ability than you were when good intentions first made themselves felt.

And the "greatest thief in the world" has stolen from you the extra salary you would have made—it has robbed you of the specialized training that pays dividends every day of your life.

More than two hundred thousand men and women from every walk in life have defeated mankind's great enemy by acting—by taking up one branch or another of LaSalle specialized training. Reports of income increases of two to five hundred per cent from our enrolled members are not unusual here.

We have spent as high as a quarter of a million dollars preparing and developing one of our services alone—we are engaged in that most wonderful work of helping ourselves by helping others cash in on their brains at the high prices which business, both large and small, pays the man who understands one or more branches thoroughly.

The easy thing for you to do right now is to say "Some day I'll look into LaSalle and see what they can do for me."

If that's your verdict, "Good bye"—Procrastination has his hand in your pocket and I can't help you.

But—if you want the money your brains should bring—if you want the comfort and the luxuries of life that are the reward of action—and if you'll spend five minutes filling in and mailing the coupon in the announcement below—then—

I'll help you defeat the thief that's trying to cheat you out of the progress you're entitled to.

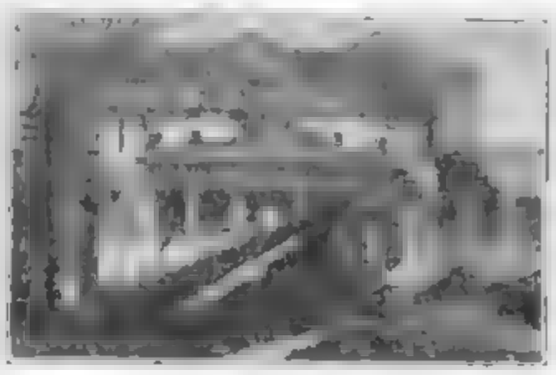
It's in your hands.

J. Chapline

President, LaSalle Extension University, at Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

"Brings Opportunity to the Door of Every Ambitious Man"



for instance—

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD has 2402 men who are increasing their earning power thru LaSalle help. There are 390 LaSalle trained men in THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY employ—309 in the UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION—811 in the AMERICAN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE CO.—364 with ARMOUR & CO. In big corporations and small institutions—villages and cities—all over America, men are turning ambition into money by utilizing the short cuts which LaSalle training offers. Can you afford to stand still?

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No longer is a practical University training available to only a fortunate few. Nothing could be truer than ex-President Taft's recent statement about LaSalle "You, in this school, are facilitating that which we cherish as the great boon of Democracy—that is, equality of opportunity."

LaSalle specialized training can be taken up in evenings at home. Experience acquired in day work, plus LaSalle training, can be capitalized and made to blossom into more money for you and your family—two, three, four and five times as much, if the experience of thousands counts at all.

It is a proven method and offers you a path to promotion that has been trodden smooth by the footsteps of more than 200,000 other ambitious men who have found success the LaSalle way.

GET MEASURED FOR MORE PAY—TODAY

Here lies Opportunity. It needs only action on your part to turn it into Money. Study the list of courses and service scheduled below. Check with an X the department which interests you most, sign your name and mail the coupon. We will send without expense or obligation a catalog, full particulars and the book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," which of itself is worth real money. Getting in touch with LaSalle is nothing more or less than getting measured for more pay. Are you ready?

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A day seldom passes without affording beneficial uses for Listerine.

The Helpful Spray

The daily use of Listerine as a precautionary spray usually results in a delightful freedom from sore throats, colds, and clogged nasal passages.

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As a mouth wash it serves the additional purpose of cleansing those surfaces of the teeth which brushes do not reach.

Listerine is non-poisonous. Its antiseptic properties are derived from balsamic essences and ozoniferous oils which make it unusually safe and efficacious for many uses in the home.

Manufactured only by
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LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 9)

three-fifths of the farm machines in use before the war had been destroyed or damaged beyond repair. Russia's livestock has practically vanished. In 1914, Russia was the greatest horse-owning country in Europe; to-day, in proportion to population, she comes last. Of the 65,000 horses in Petrograd City in 1914 only 10,000 remained in March, 1919; in the Moscow farming district seventy-two per cent of the horses have disappeared; and in different northwestern governments the fall off is between fifty-five and eighty per cent. In the Volga Provinces a quarter of the sheep have disappeared; in the Caucasus, where finer breeds are kept, two-thirds have disappeared; and in a group of central provinces, where there were 1,500,000 cows in 1910, there were last summer only 214,000.

Russian industry, proceeds Volkoff as an inducement to Germans to come to his help, no longer exists. The pig-iron production had fallen by 1917, before the soviets seized power, to 1,700,000 tons; and the production in all Central—soviet—Russia is now only 80,000 tons. Bolshevism has kept alive and has managed to wage wars on four frontiers only because large reserves of iron were accumulated during the war. Iron is a precious metal. Wire nails cost 900 rubles, which is nominally $450, a pound; kitchen utensils average about $300 a pound. Nails, screws and locks are so valuable that frame houses are torn down to get them. A brass plate two feet square used for nailing in front of stoves costs $800. As compared with 1914 paper production has declined sixty-five per cent; and chemical works, excluding about ten mobilized by Trotzky for munition aims, produce only 11.25 per cent of their 1914 output.

The railroads have half disappeared. A reduced mileage of track and some rusty locomotives and cars are still there, but the cars are declining in numbers and the rails are being pulled up. The Bolshevik Council of Commissaries lately decreed that fifty per cent of all rails laid since 1914 should be pulled up and that the other fifty per cent should be pulled up as soon as Comrade Trotzky agreed. The pulled-up mileage up to November last was 11,000 miles. In 1916, 16.5 per cent of locomotives were laid up for repair; in July, 1919, the percentage was 67.5. And the soviet reconstruction commission, whose report is being shown in Stockholm, reports that of 3553 vessels of various kinds on internal waters 2472 need heavy repairs and adds that for different causes 4000 vessels have been sunk or burned since the outbreak of the war.

Russia's Impossible Budget

The report of this reconstruction commission, which Volkoff's agent in Stockholm displays as an indication of the vast restoration work to be done—by Germans, he hints—is a document without precedent in its way. It declares that the capital expenditure necessary for putting Russia upon her legs again totals 32,000,000,000 rubles, or nominally $16,000,000,000; and this is only indispensable immediate outlay, after which Russia would still be in a much worse position than in 1914. The schedule of restorations appended to this fully justifies the statement that Russia's wealth has been almost entirely wiped out. Russia needs for—

Food	[illegible]
Clothing	1,850,000,000
Shoes	[illegible]
Railroad rolling stock, rails, and so on	3,500,000,000
Farm machinery and implements	5,000,000,000
Telegraph and telephone material	[illegible]
Shipping engines and parts	1,500,000,000
Machine tools, printing machines, stationary engines, motors	700,000,000
Electrical machines and apparatus	[illegible]
Miscellaneous manufactures, goods	2,000,000,000
Raw materials—largely cotton	700,000,000
Total	$16,000,000,000

This is about $100 per head of the population if one excludes Poland, Finland and the Baltic Provinces, but not the Ukraine. And as this sum, says the Volkoff report, is calculated at pre-war prices, the real total of foreign imports needed to restore Russia to tolerable conditions is well over thirty billion dollars and probably not far short of forty billions. It is the biggest estimate ever submitted for a specific purpose in the history of mankind.

The estimate, of course, has no relation to possibilities. The whole surplus production of the war-exhausted European states, backed by America, would not supply Russia with the commodities needed. Russia cannot be regarded as a tolerably rich country with an economical system which though temporarily disorganized is, nevertheless, roughly on a European level; a country, that is, with developed communications, shipping and trade. It must be regarded as being for all visible time a poor Asiatic country on a lower level than China with hardly any of the mechanism of modern civilization; a country which has to be developed and Europeanized slowly and from the bottom up, as India and Egypt were developed and as China may yet be. It is this fact which gives a political character to the impending struggle of the Powers. Russia can no more be restored to her former condition without foreign political domination than India or Egypt could have been given their railroads, telegraphs and telephones without the permanent political mastery of England. And that means that unlucky Russia is to be ultimately a subject of exploitation of some stronger and richer Power; and the vital question for her and for the world is, which Power it is to be.

Germany's Advantages

Russia is to be fought for and is being fought for. The European contestants are only two. France is excluded, because France is not an expanding Power; because she has never supplied Russia with anything except luxuries; and because her rentier class would be quite content if some more masterful country did the regeneration work while she reaped the advantage in a restoration of the national debt.

England's motives for politically and commercially conquering Russia are much stronger. England has an expanding population which depends upon foreign trade; she has the vital interest of keeping Russia out of German hands; and she has the equally vital interest of insuring that a reconstructed Russia shall not prove the menace to India that czarist Russia was. A hundred years ago a Scotaman, Urquhart, first raised the Russian-peril panic. Since then England has always watched Russia and she is following her historical instincts and traditions to-day when Winston Churchill, against his colleague, Lloyd George, and against the wishes of the exhausted English people, is carrying on a war of invasion in several corners of Russia. But England has a rival in Germany—the most needy, the best equipped, the most persistent of all expanding Powers. And unless America intervenes with claims of her own, the struggle will be fought out in the main between England and Germany, with a tremendous balance of advantages and only a few disadvantages on Germany's side.

Germany's first great advantage is that she has never broken off relations with Russia and never quarreled with her. The tradition of German advice, intercourse, domination, was so persistent that even war could not break it. Later, the breach between the soviet government and the other countries of Europe did not materially affect Russo-German relations. During the war Germany sold to Russia, via Sweden, drugs and optical instruments; she kept up friendly relations with the Romanoff-Rasputin court; she freely sent her Danish agent to negotiate at Petrograd; she had intimate relations with the traitorous Duma deputy, later Minister of the Interior; for eighteen months of the war she exerted influence upon Nicholas II through the aristocratic Madame Vassiltchikoff; she put the soviet government in power in the way described in Ludendorff's book, by bringing Nicholas Lenine from Switzerland in a sealed railroad car; and she has now, in the persons of Lenine, Trotzky, the Siemens Schuckert director, Krasine, and Volkoff, powerful allies who are convinced in the words spoken by

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NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

That Paris Garters give you the utmost in garter value, comfort and service, is not accidental. It's the result of thirty-two years' painstaking effort to excel and to serve. Hence—

Imitations, at any price, cost you too much

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers
Children's HICKORY Garters

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It was his first month—

And yet his spare time alone brought him over

$135.00

Do you want spare-time work that will enable you to earn generous commissions and big salaries *right away*, without a minute's previous experience and without any period of preparatory training whatever? If you do—here's a true short story:

One day Mr. E. A. Herrick of Massachusetts noticed a coupon much like the one below and sent it to us. *In the very first month of his work with us he earned over $135.00!*

Other workers have been just as successful in their spare time. And you, too, as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will be able to earn big, easy money from the moment you start work.

YOU CAN TOO

Clip here for your chance

The Curtis Publishing Company
706 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: I'd like to know more about your spare-time profit offer. It is understood that I incur no obligation by asking.

Name _____ Street _____

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Krasine to the reconstruction commission on the fourth of September that "o[illegible] cooperation with Germany can R[illegible] [illegible] and industries be [illegible] steel."

In all parts of Europe, but mostly in Berlin, in Stockholm and in Copenhagen, one sees indications that Germany is planning to take advantage of this early start. But diplomatic friendship with Russia is not her only or her chief advantage. Her chief advantage is that she has firm feet in Russia already, not through incompetent politicians and scheming diplomats, but through experienced traders, skilled directors of industry and sharp financiers and concession hunters. It is a double paradox that in Russia to-day Germany has a thousand times as many merchants, financial and industrial experts as she would have had had she been Russia's ally instead of her foe. The tens of thousands of German soldiers who invaded Russia with success and who stayed there as prisoners are pushing Russo-German trade, directing Russo-German factories, organizing Russo-German financial resources, teaching idle Russians to work in diligent German way and, in general, preparing in meticulous, molelike Teuton manner for the day when to the exclusion of all competitors Germany will enter the Russian market on a really great scale and draw to herself a source of wealth and of power far exceeding all that she has lost as the result of defeat in the war.

The story of Germany's 700,000 war-prisoner trade pioneers is an amazing one, no way inferior in interest to the well advertised Odyssey of the Czechoslovaks. One might adapt the epigram of the Berlin teacher, Dubois Raymond, who boasted that Prussia's state-bossed professors were the intellectual bodyguard of the Hohenzollerns, and say that the German prisoners still in Russia are the commercial bodyguard of the German Republic. Wilhelm II's army was all along a commercial and industrial army. Of the seven millions of men whom Germany put into the field between July, 1914, and November, 1918, only one-tenth—to be accurate, just 635,700 men—were professional soldiers who were serving in the army when war broke out. The rest of the bellicose hosts who invaded Russia and partly stayed there as prisoners were trained industrial producers or competent merchants' assistants; and the officers who led them were not professional fighters. They were industrial and commercial organizers and chiefs who in peacetimes—though they did proudly put *Leutnant der Reserve* on their business cards—put as their chief description "Director" or "Merchant."

By coincidence the cream of this militarized commercialism went to Russia, not to the west. To France, as the more dangerous Front, was sent the most of the active army, most of the younger industrially untrained soldiers and most of the aristocrat officers who had served in the army all their lives. To Russia, a relatively weak opponent, went the traders, mill hands, financial bosses.

German Infiltration

This coincidence, as I witnessed myself, succeeded better than did the most ingenious German plots. In April, 1917, when I visited Ekaterinburg in the Urals, the local mayor assured me that without the German and Austro-German prisoners all business would come to an end. Seventy thousand Austro-Germans and about twelve thousand Germans proper occupied the city and surroundings. They had their own commercial and industrial [illegible]; they speculated in Russian state securities and lent money; they ran petty businesses; and the then government of Prince Lvoff, fighting Germany as it was, had come to depend upon them. It could no more dispense with Germans than could the czarist government before it, than could the last czars of the Rurik dynasty and the first Romanoffs, who had to turn to their so-called German suburb in Moscow for political advice, money, industrial organization and every factor that then constituted a progressive state.

On October 1, 1919, seven thousand German prisoners of war formally petitioned the soviet government for permission to become Russian citizens. Their action was precisely like that of the Baltic soldiers of the adventurer Bermondt-Avaloff, who preferred a career full of possibilities in unaccountable Russia to a debt-ridden, constrained, tedious career in defeated Germany. The soviet government [illegible] immediately granted the de[illegible] prisoners of war as [illegible] to-day.

The second [illegible] consists of the Russian citizens, [illegible] ing and German thinking, settled on the Volga and in the south, the descendants of colonists invited by Catherine II. They number a million and a half. Just as with the prisoners, it was the war which turned these colonists into German pioneers all over Russia. When war broke out the colonists were concentrated in a few districts and a few villages. The Petrograd government took up the queer notion of weakening German influence and with this aim it broke up the colonies and scattered their German-speaking inhabitants all over East Russia and Siberia. The Bolshevik Commissary of Finances, Krestinsky, issued a curious report on the result:

"Being deprived of their farms and driven to find new means of subsistence," reads the report, "these Germans took to petty trading, petty industries and petty finance in the towns. They are prospering amazingly under conditions which would spell ruin to Russians. They have their own German business centers everywhere. They hold secret contracts selling them land, forests and mines, which agreements will be recognized, they imagine, if the soviet government falls; and meantime they keep on good terms with our soviet authorities and are protected in exchange for the services they render."

Russo-German Bonds

Well protected these Germans are. In fact, the local soviets absolve them from paying their share in the famous ten-billion-ruble levy on the middle classes; tacitly allow them to hold land above the legal maximum area; and even look on indifferently while Germans establish self-government of their own on antisoviet lines. The Germans have lost no time. Through their efforts and organization the dirty little townlet of Ekaterinostadt has been turned into a New Berlin, the German pioneers' capital, with German banks, factories, social institutions, canalization. But as the colonists have long been cut off from connection with Germany it needed new bonds to turn them into allies of the Germans of Central Europe in their efforts to conquer Russia's industry and trade—and these bonds are now being supplied.

The bonds are being supplied by the third and fourth German elements in Russia. These are, first, Russian citizens of German race and language, most of whom originally came from the half-Germanized provinces, Livonia, Courland and Esthonia; and, second, Germans who entered Russia after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. The first element never completely lost touch with Berlin. Before the war it played a tremendous rôle in Russian finance and industry. The second element came specially in order to win Russia. It is so far small, but it is increasing in numbers and improving in caliber.

All four elements—the prisoners who became commercial bodyguard of the German Republic, the colonists, the Baltic province business men and the new Germans from Berlin and Westphalia, have the enormous advantage over American or English financiers and concessionaires that they are on the spot; that they were winning Russia at a time when the Allies' vacillating policy left the soviet oligarchy in power while making it impossible for ally subjects to stay in Russia. But the prime advantage of the German invaders is that the soviets welcome and encourage them. The reason for this soviet policy is that the indolent Russian will not work voluntarily; that he works well only under a taskmaster and that the taskmaster has always been foreign—and usually German.

"Russia is open to Germany," said Nicholas Lenine, after commenting bitterly on native indolence in his speech of the thirteenth of May last. That is a fact. Last September the Northern Commune—Petrograd and the nearest provinces—established an Institute for the Study of International Trade.

They appointed as vice president a German citizen, Siechert.

Siechert deserved the job, for he rendered Trotzky enormous services in organizing an iron supply for munition purposes out of Russia's dissolved iron industry. In October the soviets resolved to restore order

(Continued on Page 185)

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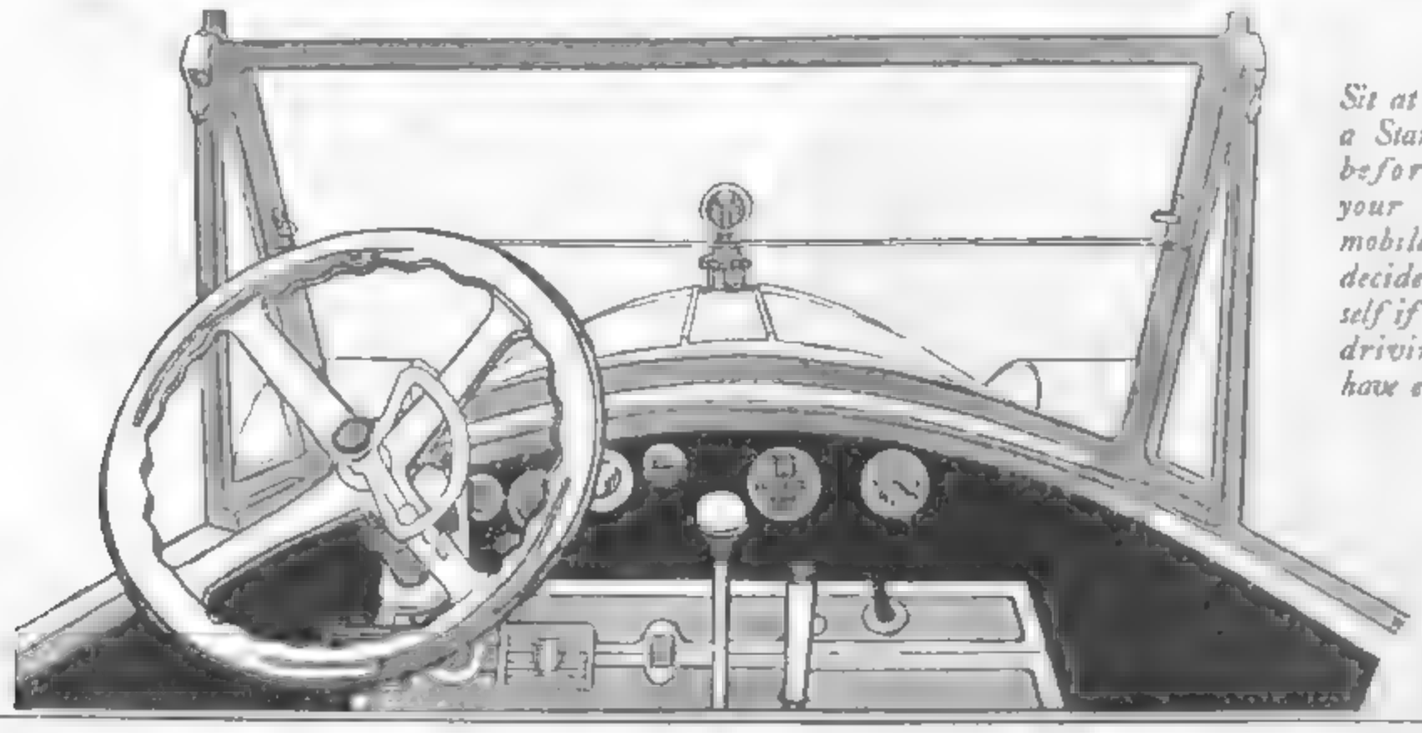

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The Leather for Fine Shoes

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(Continued from Page 182)

in the Sormova railroad shops near Nijni-Novgorod. They sent there Herr Phillip Kanth, also a discovery of Trotzky, who lost a leg and his liberty during Hindenburg's assault on Novo-Georgievsk in 1915. The latest industrial magnate, Anatole Volkoff, in reality Kurt Hartung, hails from Altona, near Hamburg.

Leonid Krasine, the ex-Siemens Schuckert man, is Germanizing harder than ever. It was Krasine who set a German at Sormova; and Krasine, backed up by Vorovsky, ex-Bolshevik minister to Sweden—also a Siemens Schuckert man—who resolved deliberately to Germanize the Ukraine. When Commissary Rakovsky, a Germanophile Rumanian, last winter conquered the Ukraine, Krasine put Germans in charge of the ruined chemical works. Krasine's greatest blow for Germanism was his attempt to reorganize the Ukraine's general industries.

Had not Denikine won a victory and expelled the red army the industrial Ukraine would to-day be almost as German as Brandenburg or Saxony. Krasine had decided that nationalization did not pay. He resolved to leave the Ukrainian steel mills, the chemical works, the great sugar refineries in their owners' hands. The owners were to get salaries and ten per cent of the profit. Krasine's only condition was that soviet collectives—that is, committees of political spies—should be set in every mill or factory and that soviet supervisors should work beside the owners. The first four supervisors were pure Germans. The result was good; the chemical works in the Kieff district doubled their output. This confirmed Krasine in his pro-German course, and at the time I write he is at Dorpat ostensibly negotiating with Esthonia and Lettland for peace but in reality also holding mysterious meetings with German financiers who have drifted opportunely in.

Those German business men who have visited Russia since the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk know precisely what they want. They want Russian timber, minerals and grain; and they want to increase still further the proportion of Russian trade in Germany's hands. Before the war Germany from year to year became more and more emphatically Russia's commercial master. Between 1870 and 1913 the proportion of Germany's export to Russia rose from 39.5 per cent to 52.6 per cent; and the absolute figure of trade rose to $332,622,000, which is $246,300,000 more than in 1870. In the same years the proportion of Russia's exports going to Germany rose from 21.1 to 31.8. At no time in her modern history could Germany do without Russian food; and since the Treaty of Versailles she is helplessly dependent upon Russian wood products. The territory she has lost to Poland is largely forest. Russia is the world's greatest and the world's least developed timber country. Her forest land covers 1,125,000,000 acres against the 81,000,000 acres of Scandinavia, which comes second in Europe; yet before the war she exported only $89,250,000 worth of timber against the $129,489,000 exported by Scandinavia.

Germans are determined to change that. One of numerous post-peace German business delegations to Russia was headed by the vice president of the Westphalian Coal Syndicate, who offered Trotzky and Krasine the loan of thirty mining experts in exchange for forestry concessions. This is only one of several German groups working in Russia—and not only in soviet Russia.

After the Soviet Collapse

The British Government lately discovered that a party of big German business men had managed to get through to Rostoff on the Don, in the extreme south, where they were negotiating with Denikine for concessions—this at a time when other Germans were working hand in hand with the soviets. An earlier attempt was made immediately after Brest-Litovsk, when representatives of the Deutsche Bank approached Lenine.

Next in November, 1918, only a few days after the Armistice, a German delegation appeared in Petrograd and applied to the local boss, Zinovieff—whose real name is German Apfelbaum—for mineral and timber concessions in Olonetz and Kostroma. These are two thinly peopled but potentially rich northern provinces. If Germany was only allowed to take home the minerals and wood, suggested the delegation, she would content herself with a mere five per cent profit on invested capital.

Zinovieff actually signed a contract, which has been published in the anti-German Bolshevik newspaper Biednota. The deal failed only because the astute Germans, after inquiry on the spot, came to the conclusion that Zinovieff could not guarantee tranquillity and a sufficient labor supply. That is the obstacle facing all German attempts to exploit Russia from a distance. The always pro-German Bolsheviks are ready to grant concessions on liberal terms; but they cannot convince Germany that willing labor will be found, that railroads will run and that civil war may not some day obtrude on the peaceful work of exploitation.

This discovery has led to a complete change in Germany's Russian policy. The new policy is for the present to invest no large sums in Russia. It is to wait for the result of the present peaceful and costless penetration by the ex-prisoners of war who are still in Russia. In that way, without any risk, will be prepared a ground upon which the Deutsche Bank, the German Eastern Districts League, the German Union for Exploration of East Europe, the German International Wares Exchange Company, and all the scores of private German corporations organized for Russian trade may in future work. This time will inevitably come. It will come when—as the German economist, George Bernhard, predicts—the soviet system collapses and a middle-class government takes its place; or it will come when Lenine and his attendant semi-Germans, Brönstein-Trotzky, Apfelbaum-Zinovieff and Hartung-Volkoff, consolidate their power on new capitalistic principles and are strong enough to insure to foreign capitalists and exploiters opportunities to work in peace.

Men Shot for Speculating

Germany is preparing for this day by buying up Russian securities at breakneck pace. She is buying up both state-loan stock and the stocks and shares in private Russian banking, industrial, commercial and transport corporations. She is enabled to do this by the terrific fall in the exchange of the ruble. Germany's own currency has fallen so low that all foreign stocks except Russian and Austrian are unattainably costly luxuries. With the dollar, whose peace value is four German marks, one can, at the time this is written, buy fifty German marks. But the ruble, which in peacetime was worth 192 öre in its chief foreign market, Stockholm, is now worth only four öre. So that even for Germans the ruble is cheap. Therefore Germans in Germany, and still more so the commercial bodyguard of the German republic, are buying up Russian stocks.

Before the war a fifth of all German capital invested abroad, a sum of 5,000,000,000 rubles, was invested in Russia. When war broke out Germany heavily sold her Russian securities to neutralists. But in February, 1918, she had still invested in Russian state loans about 1,000,000,000 rubles and about 2,250,000,000 rubles in other Russian stocks. The Treaty of Versailles practically sequestered all German property in enemy country, but it cannot affect secret German holdings of bearer securities.

Only one obstacle has Germany to overcome in her design to accumulate Russian stocks for a song. That is the soviet law punishing with death the buying or selling of stocks, an offense which the rhetorical Trotzky defines as the third degree of counterrevolution. The bloodthirsty extraordinary commission against counterrevolution and speculation shoots men for this crime.

But last spring the soviets unconsciously set themselves to encouraging speculation. They decreed that the state loan stocks, annulled and theoretically worthless since December, 1917, should be valid currency and legal tender in settlement of accounts between state institutions; and they decreed also that for certain purposes the detached coupons of loan stock are legal tender. This gave stock and coupons a certain limited immediate value, and speculation was encouraged.

Smolensk in West Russia and Nijni-Novgorod in the east are the great centers of stock trading. Both towns have regular stock exchanges, which the corrupt local Bolshevik officials wink at. The stocks sell at well above par, because the ruble in which they are quoted has hardly any value for buying commodities, though the loan stocks have a potential value which varies daily according to the prospects of the soviets' overthrowal.

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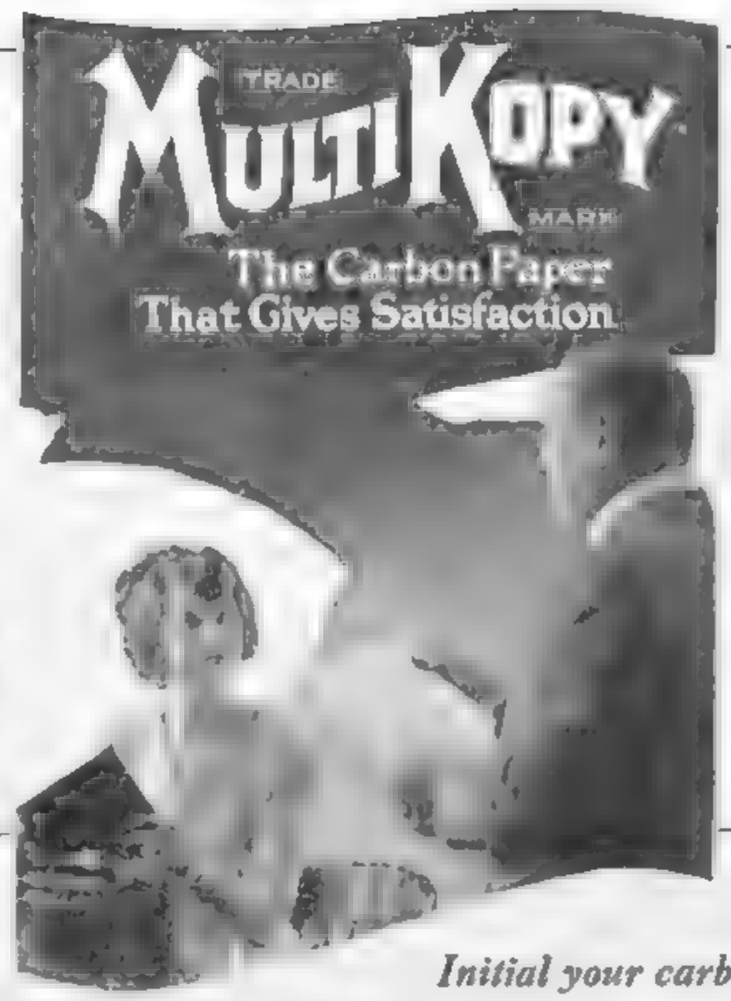

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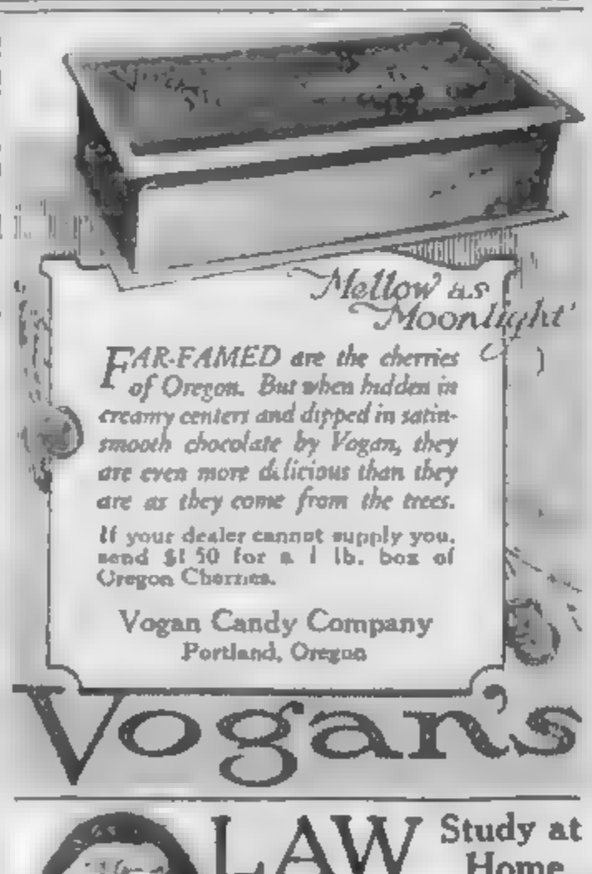

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In September last 100 rubles of liberty loan, 1917, stock sold at 145 rubles; 100 rubles of four per cents at 180 rubles; and 100 rubles of five and a half per cent at 190 rubles. This is a magnificent chance to anyone with access to the Russian unofficial stock exchanges; and Germany, the only country with such access, is taking advantage of it. At the present mark and ruble exchanges she pays for every 100 rubles of Russian liberty loan stock the ridiculous sum of fifty-eight reichsmarks, or a fraction more than one dollar; for every 100 rubles of four per cents, seventy-two reichsmarks, or under $1.50; and for every 100 rubles of Russian five and a half per cents seventy-six reichsmarks, or a little more than $1.50. If one remembers that each of these 100 rubles of stock has a nominal value of fifty dollars gold; that every prospective Russian Government has pledged itself to restore the national debt; and that even the Bolsheviks in their recent peace offers have given the same pledge, one sees the enormous potentialities for enrichment and power that are falling into German hands.

When Germany, with her tool, Herman Skoropadsky, dominated the Ukraine, the market for these Russian securities was Kieff. On the Kieff Bourse were quoted in karbowantzi—Ukrainian rubles—the stocks of the Putiloff and Briansk iron and steel corporations, of the great Petrograd cotton mills and of the Treugolnik and Provodnik rubber corporations, which are the greatest of their kind in Europe. In the summer of 1918 Germans at Kieff bought up stock in the corporations mentioned at rates varying from thirty-nine to seventy karbowantzi for 100 rubles of stock, which at the exchanges of that time meant that each 100 rubles of stock cost between twenty and thirty-five marks, or at most a fifth of the nominal value. In July, Germans on the Kieff exchange actually physically fought for the stock, but even that did not raise the stocks much over the fifth fraction. What amount of Russian state and private stocks Germany holds it is now impossible to say, for most of the scrip is in the hands of the commercial bodyguard and of other Germans settled permanently or temporarily in Russia. But the anti-Lenine and anti-German Bolshevik newspaper, Biednota, declares that 3,000,000,000 rubles of state stocks have passed from Russian into German hands and that German holdings in Russian registered corporations and unregistered partnerships is considerably more. At present this is merely a giant speculation; the soviet state pays no interest on the loans; and the Putiloff and Briansk cotton and rubber corporations are all nationalized. But when restoration begins the legal dominators of a great part of Russia's governmental and private finances will be Germans.

Germany, in fact, will seek regeneration in Russia; and Russia will help her simply because Germany is on the spot; because Germany having nothing to lose is not afraid of risks; and because Germany has no hampering conscientious prejudices as to what Russian government she will assist and exploit. *Pecunia non olet*—cash from any quarter is equally good—said the sound old Latin proverb. When the English statesman, George Canning, encouraged the South American provinces of Spain in their struggle for emancipation he said: "I have called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old."

Russia is Germany's new world; the balance of the old was irrecoverably upset by the Peace of Versailles. Through that peace Germany lost territory, food-bearing farms, mines, forests, capital and colonies. In Russia she can redress the balance by getting new territory, farms, mines, forests, capital and even colonies.

America and the Allies have blundered. They might have recognized Bolshevism as a permanent evil and tried to make the best of it; or they might have resolutely overthrown Bolshevism and established a civilized government which would have proved their friend. Instead, they chose to irritate the Bolsheviks without weakening them and to disappoint and disillusion all anti-Bolsheviks. Everyone informed in Russian affairs knows that this is so. The most anti-Bolshevik newspaper in the Russian language reported with perfect truth that "the attitude of Russia is viciously against the Allies and indifferent toward Germany.

Unless the Allies act, this passage means, Russians of all parties will call in German help. That will result, as it has resulted everywhere, in the loss first, of industrial and financial, and later, of political independence. And so with a renascent, restored, militant and pro-German Russia the whole problem of Germany, of Europe, of the world, will be raised again. For America, whose only foreign aims are the world's peace and the equitable division of economical opportunities, nothing more need be said.

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